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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE BASIC TRAINING OF PAYLO HUMMEL—This first play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed. William Atherton is the soldier, Albert Hall is his invisible mentor, and Joe Fields is his first sergeant. All of them are fine. The rest of the large and capable cast performs very well under Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

BLACK GIRL—J. E. Franklin's short, rich play, which is both poignant and funny, about a seventeen-year-old who, faced with many obstacles, manages to leave her bickering black family in Texas and go North to college. Kishasha gives a superior performance in the title role, and she receives strong support from, among others, Gloria Edwards, Arthur French, Minnie Gentry, and Louise Stubbs. Shaunelle Perry directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

DANCE W/ ME; OR, THE FATAL TWITCH—A complex, highly disciplined comic exercise, which originated at La Mama and was written by Greg Antonacci. Mr. Antonacci also plays the leading role—a clownish young man who retreats from the jangled nineteen-seventies into fantasies of the nineteen-fifties. Parts of the show are very funny, and parts are just as tiresome. Obscenities abound. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

A DOLL'S HOUSE—A shallow production of a great play, but Claire Bloom is a charming Nora. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly at 7:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 26.)

THE HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES—John Guare's ferocious, sad, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

HOW THE OTHER HALF LOVES—A dreadful English farce, much mutilated by having been turned into American. With Phil Silvers and Sandy Dennis. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly at 7:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 26.)

THE LAST ANALYSIS—A revival of the Saul Bellow play, with Joseph Wiseman, Louise Troy, David Brooks, and Grayson Hall. Directed by Theodore Mann. Opens Wednesday, June 23. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LENNY—A brilliant production of a play about the late standup comic Lenny Bruce. The author is Julian Barry, the director Tom O'Horgan, the scenery designer Robin Wagner, and the designer of costumes Randy Barcelo; they are all nearly equal partners in the success of the play. Cliff Gorman gives a sensationally good performance as Lenny. Jane House and Joe Silver are also admirable. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT—Robert Ryan, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Stacy Keach, and James Naughton are the anguished Tyrones,

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and Paddy Croft is their maid. Arvin Brown, of New Haven's Long Wharf, is the director of this highly satisfactory revival. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—Friedrich Dürrenmatt's merry new comedy, **PLAY STRINDBERG**, a takeoff on Strindberg's "Dance of Death." (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, July 3.)

SLEUTH—A marvellous mystery by Anthony Shaffer, superlatively acted by Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

STORY THEATRE PRESENTATIONS—THE METAMORPHOSES: Ovid was a fastidious sensualist, a little too far-out for Caesar Augustus, who, after all, was minding the store. Paul Sills' scintillating company brings Ovid's stories to life with

wit and grace. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 7:30. **STORY THEATRE**: A delightful playing out, with music, mime, and recitation, of ten or twelve classic fairy tales. Also invented and directed by Mr. Sills. Fridays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Closes Saturday, July 3.)

THE TRIAL OF THE CATONSVILLE NINE—A documentary drama by Father Daniel Berrigan, based on actual testimony at his trial and that of his brother, Father Philip Berrigan, and seven of their Catholic colleagues for burning draft records in Catonsville, Maryland. The effect of the play is slightly dimmed by its moral complacency, among other things, but it is moving all the same. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly at 7:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 26.)

WAITING FOR GODOT—This production has deteriorated greatly since it opened. No good. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE: Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) **THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN**: An inflated claim. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. May move on Tuesday, June 29, to another theatre, not specified at

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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this writing.)... **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** A middle-aged man attempting his first extramarital fling is the subject of Neil Simon's comedy. With Dom DeLuise, Cathryn Damon, Barbara Sharma, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

FOLLIES—Stephen Sondheim's songs and Harold Prince's exuberant production make up for a dreary book about dreary people. Alexis Smith is triumphant as an old Follies girl who has come up in the world. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

GODSPELL—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

No, No, NANETTE—A very pretty, very romantic revival of an immortal work of the twenties, which can't have been that delightful, but who cares? With Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE PROPOSITION—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin and Judy Kahan provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE ROTHSCHILDS—Hokum on a lavish scale, having far more to do with Broadway than with early-nineteenth-century England and Europe. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TOUCH—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat smug, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of drop-outs who come together to form a commune. The cast is young; Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-four years old. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

TWO BY TWO—Lifeless in book, music, and lyrics, this account of Jehovah, Noah, and the Flood is bound to give the Old Testament a bad name. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG RUNS—APPLAUSE: A descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **COMPANY:** Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a book by George Furth, and a cast that includes Larry Kert, Jane Russell, and Susan Browning. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** He wants that key. It is mine, I paid the rent. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Now I eat his salt bread. Give him the key too. All. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through

Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** He will ask for it. That was in his eyes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** They must retrench; that did not admit of a doubt. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** But she was very anxious to have it done with the least possible pain to him and Elizabeth. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly at 7:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 26.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** She drew up plans of economy, she made exact calculations, and she did what nobody else thought of doing. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

... **OH! CALCUTTA!** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PURLIE:** An old-fashioned black musical, one cut above a minstrel show. With Patti Jo and Cleavon Little. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **1776:** A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring John Cunningham and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

BALLET

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of a MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM will close out the season. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Wednesday through Friday, June 23-25, at 8; Saturday, June 26, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, June 27, at 1 and 7.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Opening performances of a six-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Aug. 8—Tuesday, June 29, at 8:15: "Les Sylphides," "The River," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Theme and Variations."... Wednesday, June 30, at 8:15: "Les Sylphides," "Pillar of Fire," "Le Corsair Pas de Deux," and "The River."... Thursday, July 1, at 8:15: "Swan Lake."... Friday, July 2, at 8:15: "Theme and Variations," "Fall River Legend," and "Gaieté Parisienne."... Saturday, July 3, at 2:15 and 8:15: "Giselle." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

MISCELLANY

RODEO—Calf-roping, saddle-bronc-riding, steer-wrestling, girls' barrel-racing, and such. Starts Thursday, June 24, and will run through Sunday, July 4. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesday, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Tom Paxton will be singing his own songs—which

manage to gratify the ears and the mind at the same time—through Sunday, June 27. Singer-composer-guitarist John Denver starts Wednesday, June 30. On Tuesdays, ringers fill the regulars' seats. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks. Closed Monday, June 28.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Everybody looks comfortable enough in this West Village restaurant, whether partaking of soul food or just listening. Tuesdays and Wednesdays, guitarist Hal Waters performs. Thursdays through Sundays, June 24-27 and July 1-4, Bobby Timmons will be on electric piano. Music nightly, except Mondays, from nine-thirty to three.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—The jazz in this congenial spot can be in the foreground or background, depending on how you listen. Piano (electrified) and bass (sometimes electrified) are the usual instruments. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy is here with a bassist. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—A quite small Hall of Fame, so the famed must arrive two by two. Marian McPartland, whose piano is polymath instead of monolith, provides (along with Jay Leonhart on bass) glee from dinnertime until late in the evening, but rests on the seventh day, which is devoted, from seven until midnight, to the other notable, Sammy Price, who dwells with fondness and firmness upon the years of boogie-woogie.

GASLIGHT, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—The recent opening, or reopening, of this coffee-house that was once known as the Café au Go Go has been a cause for celebration in folk-blues-jazz-rock circles. The walls are brick, the benches wooden, and the entertainment policy enlightened. Dick Gregory will be aiming his barbs at multifarious targets through Monday, June 28. A rock group called Sawbuck will share the bill with him. On Wednesday, June 30, Muddy Waters will come in with his Blues Band. Tuesdays are given over to visiting entertainers.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—A small, friendly sort of place where the jazz guitar has been getting its best exposure in New York. Through Sunday, June 27, Bill Lawrence's duo will be on the stand. On Wednesday, June 30, Chuck Wayne and Joe Williams will arrive to play two guitars. Activity from nine-thirty to three or four. The Deep South kitchen has affinities with Mother Hubbard's.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Come on down, if the spirit moves you, to hear some solid, mainstream jazz produced by tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims, pianist Ross Tompkins, bassist Victor Sproles, and drummer Mousey Alexander. Fridays through Sundays, old-time blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in. On Mondays, Clark Terry's seventeen-piece band performs. Some light Italian dishes are available.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Energetic and smooth—sometimes simultaneously—jazz pianist Eddie Thompson plays solo on Tuesdays through Thursdays. His aide, Fridays through Sundays, is bassist Herbie Wright. Mondays, another competent pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in. Fresh-popped popcorn is sold.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Some like it straight, which is the way the band in this Dixieland headquarters hands it out. The bandsmen: Jimmy McPartland, Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, and Chuck Folds. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

PEEWEE'S, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A plus for the community, despite its dreary location and its bare-bones interior. Cool cats fill the house, and small wonder, when some of the sounds are considered. Music Fridays through Mondays. Soul-food dinners. Friday and Saturday, June 25-26, Eddie Gale's quartet will be up. Sunday and Monday, June 27-28, the Quartet Noire will perform. (For experienced jazz buffs only.)

PEGLEG'S, 1738 Second Ave., at 90th St. (860-2065)—This little ship has got some good things going—notably the trio consisting of Red Garland, Philly Joe Jones, and Wilbur Ware, which plays Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten to three. Tuesdays offer pot-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

luck entertainment. Silent Sundays, closed Mondays.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Where "now" people can play at being "then" people, with a vengeance. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More of the same—two banjos and a piano six nights a week from nine to three or four. Whoops and hollers are permitted, and fake straw hats and frilly garters are for sale, as are beer and peanuts. Closed Sundays.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Good listening in an improbable, lonesome part of town. McCoy Tyner's fast-moving quintet will be going at it through Sunday, June 27. Music from nine until three or four. Closed Mondays.

THIRD PHASE, 545 W. 111th St. (749-9520)—The stalactites are synthetic in this collegiate cave, but the sound is real. A spirit-rock group called the Amazing Grace is being directed by a cat who calls himself the Reverend Ronnie Baker. Music from nine to two Thursdays through Sundays. Italian food.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleeker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Lee Konitz's quartet entertains nightly except Monday, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. . . . Downstairs: All quiet except on Saturdays and Mondays, when the big room vibrates to Latin bands. Dancing.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Thelonious Monk, the less-is-more pianist, leads his quartet through Sunday, June 27. On Tuesday, June 29, reed man Rahsaan Roland Kirk arrives to lead his Vibration Society. Stimulating vibrations can be expected. Mondays are reserved for the big, dynamic Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. The evening entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere west of the moon—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass, from eight to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Monday through Wednesday, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday.

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (675-4630)—Each Sunday from five-thirty to eleven, Balaban & Cats play Dixieland with skill and vigor. On Sunday, June 27, clarinetist Herb Hall will sit in. Other nights, other music: the plinking of a banjo band. The place is known for its fabricated nostalgia.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'EST MOI, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—An informal room with a lot of arches, underneath which people shake or glide—now you see them, now you don't. The disc jockey switches from hot to cool without warning. Wear sensible shoes. Activity until three-thirty every night.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The atmosphere here gets progressively farther from the nominal one—the late eighteenth century—but does it really matter? A French menu and dancing to records (from ten to three or four). Closed Sundays.

L'ETOILE, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A little glitter, a little glow, and dancing to discs, but only on Saturdays, from eleven to three. Dinner and supper are aimed at epicures.

HIPPOPOTAMUS, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. An ample menu except on Sundays, when only roast beef is available. Reservations are required for dining.

SHEPHERD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Long ago and far away, some pharaoh's palace might have borne a resemblance to this ornate restaurant. Three times a night, the records are inter-

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rupted by Esther Marrow, who will be singing with soul and a good deal of force through Saturday, June 26. On Monday, June 28, Carol Denmark will succeed to the microphone. Dining. Closed Sundays.

THURSDAY'S 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A well-patronized house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a gleaming brass bar, a more subdued bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between Floors I and II. Dancing to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Basic rock, in a shiny room where nobody cares what you wear or how you move, the whole scene being a groovily appointed dancing-and-listening arena. Freeway plays for dancing at ten-thirty and again at one, but at eleven-thirty it bans kinetics and just plays. In between all this, people move to 45s. Closed Mondays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—*Savoir faire, savoir danser*—this pulsating downstairs den is marked by civility and contemporaneity, but on fewer nights than in the past, for the doors are open only Thursdays through Saturdays. Large drinks and a knowledgeable crowd. Reservations—for what they're worth—are suggested.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—Prince Charming the Second of Württemberg is getting married, and all the merry villagers are singing, dancing, oompahing in his honor. Act II, later in the evening, is practically the same thing. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—A ringside seat on the Spanish Main, which is the scene of vast and complicated maneuvers by a Spanish armada devoted to native song, native dance. This castle keep is in session every night but Sunday. . . . In the adjoining **FLAMENCO ROOM**, a minute theatre in the round, there occurs (well along in the evening) other outbursts of Iberian foot-and-mouth exercises, barely inches from one's face. No Sundays here, either.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—It hasn't become Fillmore North yet, and it never will, quite, but the switch is on—Edwin Starr, one of the 1971 Motown sports models, singing heart and Soul. But to hold its old franchise, the Copa still clings to its standup comics; the current one is Mickey Marvin, or something. On Thursday, June 24, Phil Flowers, for whom the Birth of the Blues is a continuing event, takes over. No silent nights, under any circumstances. . . . In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is music ap-

propriate to the occasion, night after night.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave., at 61st St. (838-8000)—A fond farewell on Saturday, June 26, to **LA FORÊT**, a Forest of Arden. Phil Wayne's quartet, which has a Pipes of Pan flavor, will move next door to the **Café**, from which those old Vienna cronies Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty (food-of-love violin, piano, and concertina), will depart the same night. The Café will be in service every evening—the Wayne crew Sundays and Mondays, Herb Winner's trio the rest of the time.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—It's story time, and well past bedtime, these nights, for Myron Cohen is recalling in perfect vernacular his pilgrimage from Seventh Avenue *ad astra*, and reenacting in exquisite detail the many characters he met en route. This work of art takes place during dinner and supper, along with an item styled the Barry Smith Revue. Dance tunes, some of them from memory cells and some of them live, happen the rest of the time. Nothing doing on Sundays.

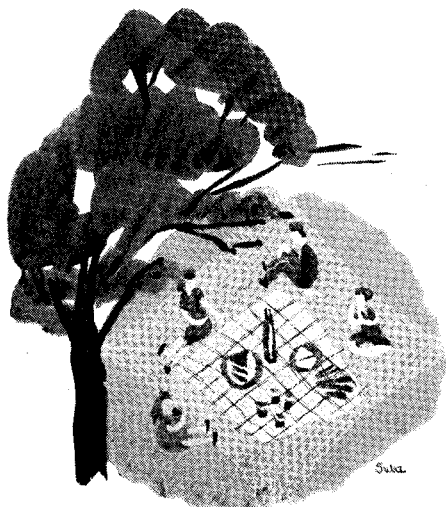
ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE**, the capital of this empire, goes on midyear furlough as of Saturday, June 26, and the uncorking of champagne, the unravelling of dance music, will cease until a cooler day. . . . **LA BOITE**, designed for non-levitating diners who are content with a bird, a bottle, and a mild barrage of piano, desists the same evening. . . . The **ST. REGIS ROOM**, on the entresol, will, though, keep right on, every night but Sunday, to the unprecedented (for this establishment) sound of the twin guitars plied by George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli, who come onstage at half past nine. . . . The **OAK ROOM**, conscious of the fact that some of us are still theatregoers, commences its buffet dinners at five-thirty, and supplements them with a piano background as far as nine every night.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Melba Moore, arriving at the bottom half of the ninth inning in the **EMPIRE ROOM'S** season, puts on a rally that (against many odds, orchestral and managerial) saves the night. She sings during dinner and supper. Saturday, June 26, is season's end here.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): On Saturday, June 26, the seats of the mighty begin to empty, for Bobby Short will be singing the last of his songs, all of them precious in the very best sense, and summer vacation will be setting in. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, and Athenian glee. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS**, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens (in Kifisia, say), the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. No Sundays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S**, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Nourishment at all hours; closed Sundays. . . . **TRUDEHELLER**, Sixth Ave. at 9th St. (254-8346): On Tuesday, June 29, the return of a native who had to go to London to meet up with fame: Blossom Dearie, whose baby face and baby voice try to deny the merry sardonicism of her words and piano. This witicism occurs at ten-thirty and at suitable occasions thereafter, except Mondays. Other music, too, but Miss D. is the whole evening. . . . **EL AVRAM**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): A house of cards (Avram Grobard is the joker in the pack, and the house never falls flat) that is sturdy, Mediterranean, cheerful, and continual. Yoel Sharr and Itamar, imports from Israel, are vocal; George Myrdichian is one of our leading oud fellows. The instrumentation is wild but not woolly, the dining is an *entente cordiale* between East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, be-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Often standing room only, and no standing on ceremony, in this bar-and-grill. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Bubber Johnson, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. ... **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The violinists who patrol the battlements seem never to be bowed down, except, of course, when Leyna Gabriele, daughter of the regiment, turns loose a foursome of choristers (herself included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. ... **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner hour (supper time, too, on Fridays and Saturdays) and chirrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. ... **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Everybody gets into the act (usually Act I of "Tosca," or some such), and everybody means everybody, right down to the busboys. The final curtain comes down on Sunday, June 27. ... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Betty Walker, one of the young ladies eager to know who Harry Kellerman is, is also interested in knowing what night life is, and is reporting, in her own words, her findings to the guests. Not before ten, usually. Closed Sundays. ... **AL MOUNIA**, in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): Undoubtedly for their own amazement, two entrepreneurs, Hassan Berrada (Marrakesh) and Arthur Kettler (Manhattan), have made the old Whaler Bar over into a restaurant and bar-lounge that would look great in absolutely any medina. Couscous, yes, and such, and piano in the bar after six. Closed Sundays. ... **MYKONOS**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, looking its very best, and kept vibrant during the evening by a threesome that cannot be long out of Athens. Closed Sundays. ... **PETER RUMSEY'S PLACE**, 140 W. 51st St. (246-8731): No Peter, either Saint or Sinner, but there is plenty of to-do (to be expected in a theatre-district bar-and-grill), as well as Dan Ruskin on piano from five-thirty to midnight. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that is nothing if not Roman. ... **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. ... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. ... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm. On piano, and decorously, is Tony Gorody, whose course runs from six until one, but not Sundays or Mondays. ... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. He performs from seven to twelve Tuesdays through Thursdays; from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. ... **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The piano of this exemplary restaurant is plied in Hapsburg fashion by George Feyer, who now and again anoints his études with words of his own devising. He can be heard until long after the theatre. No music Sundays. ... **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley makes the piano in this chancellery rejoice from five-thirty to

eleven-thirty. He is off duty Saturdays and Sundays. Dining until ten. ... **MONSIEUR**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): An Appian Way of life, and a sort of celestial accompaniment (voice, harp, guitar, piano) for the guests' prandial activities is provided from seven until a late bedtime. Closed Sundays. ... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, who has so many well-remembered tunes at his fingertips, keeps those fingertips on the piano in the bar of this two-level royal nonesuch from six until one every evening but Monday. ... **GERALDINE'S**, 36 W. 48th St. (265-2291): The minuscule revival of "The Boys from Syracuse," that stalwart Rodgers and Hart musical, comes to a halt on Thursday, June 24, to make way for a conglomerate compiled from half a dozen equally valid words-and-music shows, enacted by a good little parcel of players set right in the middle of the dining-room tables. Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight, and Fridays and Saturdays at seven-thirty and nine-thirty. ... **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hospice at the top of the stairs that lead from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, a casual pianist (Dan Edwards) from eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays. ... **MARYMARY**, 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): Mary McCarty, fun-loving Rover Girl from the time when nobody went home until dawn, shows up (but not until after her stint in "Follies") on the top level of her duplex to bring her good nature to bear on good songs, many of them from that memorable time. She stays home Sundays and Mondays. ... **PLAZA**, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. (PL 9-3000): The piano and violin that have been musing seven to ten-thirty every night, in the placid but noble **EDWARDIAN ROOM**, check out on Saturday, June 26, and then the **PALM COURT** becomes the hotel's only music room. Here, from four-thirty until six-thirty every afternoon, the same sort of musicale takes place, and it is repeated, every evening but Sunday and Monday, from nine to one. Wednesdays through Saturdays, the nightingale is the violin of Gunnar Hansen, and a better man for the job would be hard to find.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

KAREL APPEL AND DAVID GILHOOLY—Small color caricatures in oil of types inhabiting the Chelsea Hotel by the former and ceramics of animal subjects by the latter; through July 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Saturdays.)

HARRY BOURAS—Drawings by a Chicago artist who is also an art critic; through July 10. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

THOMAS COUTURE—Drawings by a mid-nineteenth-century French artist who taught many Americans; through Wednesday, June 30. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

JANET CULBERTSON AND MAL LUBER—Silverpoint drawings of a nostalgic Midwest by the former and paintings of machines, real and imaginary, by the latter; through Friday, July 2. (Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

VICTOR VASARELY—A hundred and twenty graphics covering the past two decades; through July 22. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

ANDY WARHOL—A survey of twelve years of the artist's work before his first Pop art productions—it consists of advertisements, dust jackets, greeting cards, and items for friends; through July 17. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: A rotating exhibit of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by sixteen artists, among them Ben Bishop, Ernest Briggs, Don David, Lynne Drexler, Martin Hurtig, Marty Kalb, Golda Lewis, and Ron Lusker; through July 30. (Closed Mondays.) ... **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, watercolors, drawings, posters, and prints by Schiele, Klimt, Kokoschka, and others;

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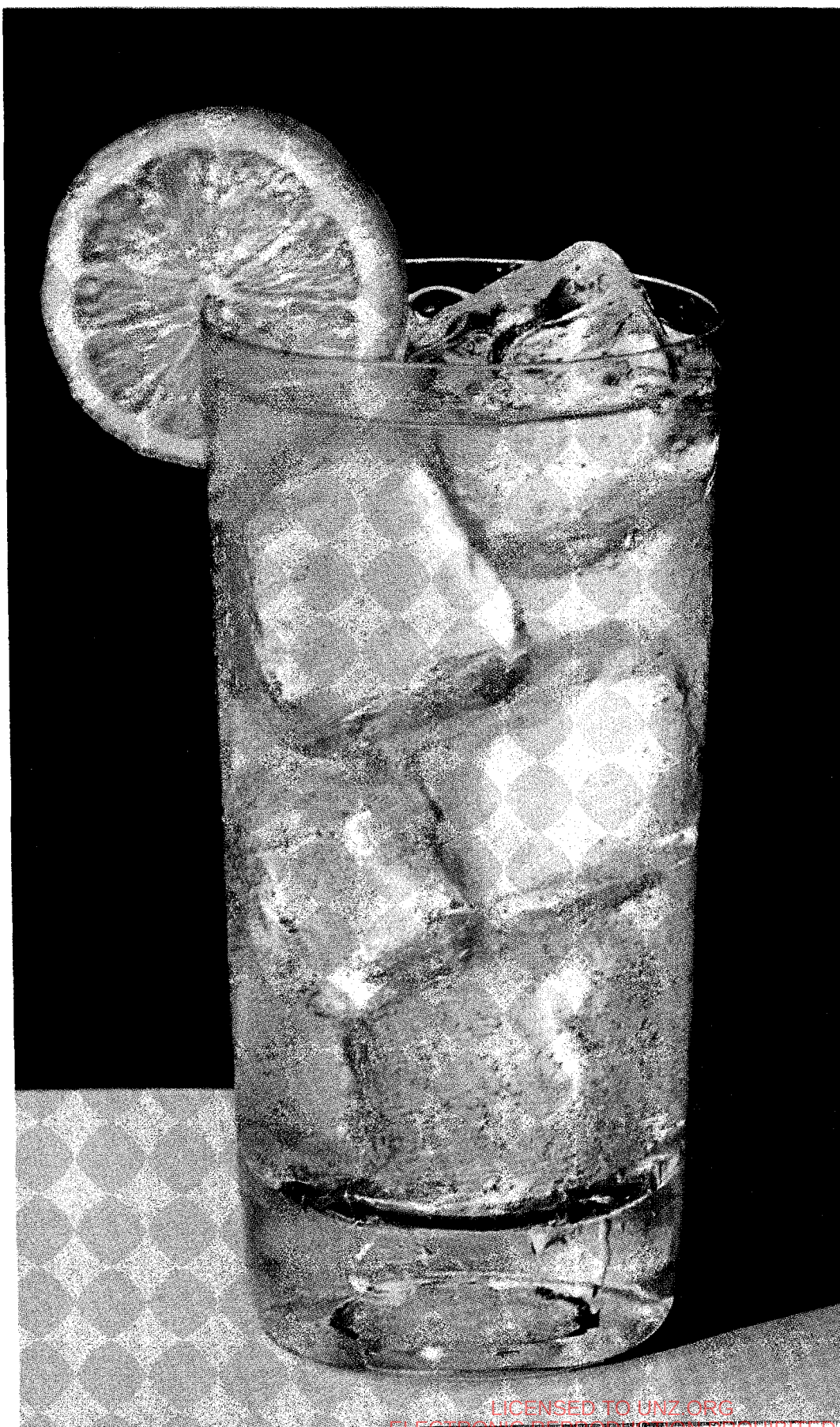
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through July 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **DE NAGY**, 29 W. 57th St.: Stanley Boxer, David Budd, Robert Goodnough, and Jacqueline Gourevitch are four of the gallery artists represented in a showing of paintings; through July 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **DWAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Works by such gallery artists as Andre, De Maria, Flavin, and Smithson; through Friday, June 25. ... **FISCHBACH**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and prints by gallery artists, who include Alex Katz, Robert Ryman, Ray Parker, Gene Davis, Doug Ohlson, and Robert Mangold; through Sept. 29. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Remington, Russell, and other artists of the West; through Wednesday, June 30. (Closed Saturdays.)... **KRUGIER**, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Tantra art of India from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth; through July 10. (Closed Mondays.)... **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Gallery artists, among them Dubuffet, Krushenick, Nevelson, Samaras, Trova, and Youngerman; through Aug. 13. (Closed Saturdays.)... **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 41 E. 57th St.: The first showing in New York of paintings with Optical effects by Richard Cramer and Richard Vaux, and shaped canvases by Stephen Tarant; through Friday, July 2. (Closed Saturdays.)... Many galleries are closed during the summer or mount rather casual shows that may vary in content from day to day. The following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are at least open: **GRAHAM**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.; closed Saturdays. ... **HAMMER**, 51 E. 57th St. ... **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St. ... **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.; closed Saturdays. ... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.; closed Saturdays. ... **PALLEY**, 93 Prince St.; closed Mondays. ... **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St.; closed Saturdays.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—The newly acquired Velázquez, "Juan de Pareja," is now being shown. ... More than a hundred and thirty paintings done in Florence, mostly in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—including masterpieces by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Fra Filippo Lippi, Botticelli, Andrea del Sarto, and Bronzino; through Sept. 7. ... A hundred sculptures from Nigeria and Cameroon; through Sept. 26. ... Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir, done between the seventh century and the nineteenth. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection by the "second generation" Abstract Expressionists Joan Mitchell, Larry Rivers, Grace Hartigan, Helen Frankenthaler, Alfred Leslie, John Chamberlain, Robert Mallery, Raymond Parker, and Richard Stankiewicz; through Aug. 29. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NOTE:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 4 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, except Saturday, June 26, from 6 to 11.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A chronological survey of twentieth-century art taken from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 12. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Approximately fifty paintings by twentieth-century Americans from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 6. ... Fifty-four etchings and lithographs by Wayne Thiebaud on his favorite themes of cakes, pies, and other food displays, plus flowers, landscapes, and animals; through July 18. ... Recent acquisitions of work by sixty-six artists, as well as thirty-eight paintings by young Americans done between 1960 and 1971, grouped under the classification of "Lyrical Abstraction;" through July 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Prints, drawings, photographs and photo-collages, and illustrations on the theme of woman from the fifteenth century to the present by artists of both sexes: Cassatt, Peggy Bacon, Isabel Bishop, Nevelson, O'Keeffe, Goya, Matisse,

Picasso, and Toulouse-Lautrec, for instance; through Sept. 12. ... "Russian Art of the Revolution," consisting of sixty-five paintings, drawings, prints, constructions, and costume and stage designs by such artists as Kandinsky, Chagall, Larionov, and Malevich; through July 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The million-dollar new Hall of Peoples of the Pacific offers hundreds of artifacts and specimens (from the simple boomerang of the aborigines to the refined theatrical paraphernalia of the Indonesians) dating from the fourteenth century to post-World War II. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—Ecclesiastical vestments dating from the twelfth century to the early sixteenth, along with sculptures, enamels, ivories, and paintings related to them; through July 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition of three hundred black-and-white pictures, tracing the history of the State of Israel; through Sept. 6. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—Drawings, costume and scenery designs, and caricatures (by Braque, Gris, Picasso, Tchelitchev, and the like), plus photographs and other memorabilia, from the private collection of Boris Kochno, Diaghilev's collaborator and friend; through July 31. ... Symbolic sculptural interpretations, in different mediums, of dramas and dramatic personae by Angela Conner; through July 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A radiant collection of a hundred and fifty sixteenth-century gold-tooled bookbindings; through July 30. ... Sixty-four portrait drawings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through July 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—More than a hundred works by seventeen British artists who, according to the director of the Center, represent "The British Avant-Garde;" through Aug. 29. ... Fifty objects, works on paper, and photographic documentation of performances done by Alex Hay during the past ten years; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Drawings and watercolors by Lloyd McNeill, accompanied by recorded selections of music written by the artist and performed by his quartet; through July 4. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, a series of four special concerts—Aaron Copland conducting on Wednesday, June 23, at 7:30 (with Michael Rabin, violin, and William Warfield, bass-baritone). ... Robert Shaw conducting on Thursday, June 24, at 7:30 (with Lorin Hollander, piano). ... Michael Tilson Thomas conducting on Friday, June 25, at 7:30, and Sunday, June 27, at 3 (both with Misha Dichter, piano).

RECITALS

INTERNATIONAL JOSQUIN FESTIVAL—The last two in a series of concerts—Thursday, June 24: Schola Cantorum Stuttgart, directed by Clytus Gottwald. ... Friday, June 25: Capella Antiqua München, directed by Konrad Ruhland. (Alice Tully Hall. Evenings at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

ELVIN JONES GROUP—Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, June 24, at 7:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

JOHNNY WINTER AND EDGAR WINTER'S WHITE TRASH—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Thursday, June 24, at 8 and 11:30.

BARRY MILES TRIO—Jazz Center, 57 W. 57th St.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Friday, June 25, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.

ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND AND J. GEILS BAND—Fillmore East. Friday through Sunday, June 25-27, at 8 and 11:30.

BUFFY SAINTY-MARIE—With Jonathan Edwards. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, June 26, at 8 and 11.)

JOE LEE WILSON'S BAND—Jazz Center. Sunday, June 27, at 5. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.

TIM HARDIN AND CHASE—Museum of Modern Art Garden. Thursday, July 1, at 7:30.

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 22—Friday, July 2, at 7: A program by the Boston Symphony String Trio. . . . Friday, July 2, at 9: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony, with Carole Bogard, soprano; John McCollum, tenor; David Clatworthy, bass-baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . Saturday, July 3, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Joseph Silverstein, violin, and Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute. . . . Sunday, July 4, at 2:30: Michael Tilson Thomas directing, with Mr. Silverstein and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Saturday, June 26, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting a symphony orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Patricia Brooks, soprano; Susan Marsee, mezzo-soprano; Gary Glaze, tenor; and Michael Devlin, bass. . . . Sunday, June 27, at 5:30: The Prague Madrigal Singers, directed by Miroslav Venhoda, in a program of Renaissance music. . . . Saturday, July 3, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting Monteverdi's "Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda" and Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas," with Maureen Forrester, contralto; Benita Valente, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Andrea Velis, tenor; and Richard Stilwell, baritone. . . . Sunday, July 4, at 5:30: A piano recital by Garrick Ohlsson. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, July 18. Buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets, and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL—Friday, July 2, at 8: Duke Ellington's orchestra, Roberta Flack, Buddy Rich's orchestra, Stan Kenton's orchestra, and the Dave Pike Set. . . . Saturday, July 3, at 2: Ornette Coleman's quartet, the Charles Mingus sextet, the New York Bass Violin Choir (directed by Bill Lee), Willie the Lion Smith, Eubie Blake, and Freddie Hubbard's quintet. . . . Saturday, July 3, at 8: Dionne Warwick, Dave Brubeck's trio (with Gerry Mulligan), Mary Lou Williams, and Chase; and a jam session with Jimmy Smith, Cannonball Adderley, Dizzy Gillespie, Freddie Hubbard, Herbie Mann, Sonny Stitt, Illinois Jacquet, and others. . . . Sunday, July 4, at 2: Aretha Franklin, Les McCann's trio, Rahsaan Roland Kirk & His Vibration Society, Donny Hathaway, and the King Curtis orchestra. . . . Sunday, July 4, at 8: "Schlitz Salute to the Blues," with Ray Charles, B. B. King, the Allman Brothers, T-Bone Walker, Joe Turner, Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson, Buddy Tate's Band, and the James Cotton Blues Band. . . . Monday, July 5, at 2: Miles Davis's sextet, The Soft Machine, Ammons and Stitt, Phil Woods European Weather Machine, and the New Heaven Blue. . . . Monday, July 5, at 8: Billy Eckstine, George Shearing's quintet, Cannonball Adderley's quintet, Herbie Mann and Air, Dizzy Gillespie's quintet, and Louis Bellson's orchestra. (Festival Field. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Friday, June 25, at 8:30: Mary Travers Show. . . . Saturday, June 26, at 8:30: The Temptations. . . . Sunday, June 27, at 7: David Cassidy. . . . Wednesday, June 30, at 8:30: Blood, Sweat, and Tears. . . . Thursday, July 1, at 8:30: Duke Ellington Show. . . . Friday, July 2, at 8:30: Al Hirt. (Saratoga Springs. Through Saturday, Sept. 25. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Opening performances of the season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Thursday, June 24, at 3; Friday, June 25, at 8:40; and Saturday, June 26, at 3 and 8:40: A program by eleven selected Northeast civic ballet companies, plus Marina Eglevsky and Salvatore Aiello. . . . Tuesday and Wednesday, June 29-30, at 8:40; Thursday, July 1, at 3; Friday, July 2, at 8:40; and Saturday, July 3, at 3 and 8:40: Susan Hendl and Edward Villella, and the Cincinnati Ballet Company. (Lee, Mass.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Detroit, Wednesday, June 23, at 8. . . . Yankees vs. Washington, Friday, June 25, at 8; Saturday, June 26, at 2; and Sunday, June 27, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . Yankees vs. Cleveland, Monday, June 28, at 5 (two-night doubleheader), and Tuesday, June 29, at 12:30. . . . **SHEA STADIUM**: Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Wednesday, June 30, at 8:05, and Thursday, July 1, at 2:05. . . . Mets vs. Atlanta, Friday, July 2, at 8:05, and Saturday, July 3, at 2:15.

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At **BELMONT**: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, June 26. The National Stallion (for fillies), Wednesday, June 23, and the Saranac, Saturday, June 26. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday between 11 and 1:45, and Saturday between 10:30 and 1:45.) . . . **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, June 28, through Saturday, July 31. The Tremont, Monday, June 28, and the Sheephead Bay Handicap, Saturday, July 3. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.**: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, Aug. 9. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

SOCCER—Greek All-Stars vs. A.C. Milan, for the United States Cup of Champions, (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. Saturday, July 3, at 5:45. For information about tickets, call 524-9547.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, July 22. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 23 at 2 and 5:30: "Innocents of Paris" (1929), directed by Richard Wallace, with Maurice Chevalier. . . . June 24 at 2: "Flight" (1929), directed by Frank Capra. . . . June 24 at 5:30: "Dirigible" (1931), directed by Frank Capra, with Jack Holt. . . . June 24 at 8: "American Madness" (1932), directed by Frank Capra, with Walter Huston. . . . June 25 at 2 and 5:30: "Broadway" (1929), directed by Paul Fejos, with Glenn Tryon and Evelyn Brent. . . . June 26 at 11:30: "The Covered Wagon" (1923), directed by James Cruze. . . . June 26 at 3 and 5:30: "On with the Show" (1929), directed by Alan Crossland, with Betty Compson and Sally O'Neil. . . . June 27 at 2 and 5:30 and June 28 at 1: "The Desert Song" (1929), directed by Roy del Ruth, with John Boles and Louise Fazenda. . . . June 28 at 6: "By the Law" (1926), directed by Lev Kuleshov. . . . June 29 at 2: "The Hollywood Revue of 1929" (1929), directed by Charles Reisner, with over fifty M-G-M stars, from Asther, Nils, through Sisters, the Brox. . . . June 29 at 5:30: "By the Law" (1926). . . . June 30 at 2 and 5:30: "The Hollywood Revue of 1929" (1929). . . . July 1 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Hearts in Dixie" (1929), directed by Paul Sloane, with Clarence Muse and Eugene Jackson. (A limited number of reservations

are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—June 23: "Oliver Twist" (1948), directed by David Lean, with Robert Newton and Alec Guinness. . . . June 24-25: "The Rocking Horse Winner" (1949), directed by Anthony Pelissier, with Valerie Hobson and John Howard Davies. . . . June 26-27: "Sparrows Can't Sing" (1963), directed by Joan Littlewood, with James Booth and Barbara Windsor. . . . June 30-July 1: "Transatlantic Tunnel" (1935), directed by Maurice Elvey, with Madge Evans and Richard Dix. (Showings Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2 and 4, and Fridays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... "The film as art" is the announced raison d'être of the **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 472-1003 for news.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Shepherd Strudwick, Michael Dunn, and Marco St. John in **TIMON OF ATHENS**. The first in a series of three plays to be presented by the troupe. Free performances start on Friday, June 25, and will run through Sunday, July 18. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 677-6350.)

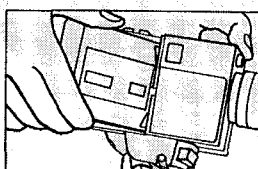
METROPOLITAN OPERA, CONCERT PRODUCTIONS—Final performances—**CLOVE LAKES PARK**, Staten Island: Wednesday, June 23, at 8:30 (rain date, June 24), "Faust," with Nadja Witkowska, Ivanka Myhal, Batyah Godfrey, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Justino Diaz, Dominic Cossa, and Russell Christopher. . . . Friday, June 25, at 8:30 (rain date, June 27), "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Judith DePaul, Joann Grillo, Carlotta Ordassy, Richard Tucker, and Russell Christopher. . . . **CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW**: Saturday, June 26, at 8:30 (rain date, June 27), "Fidelio," with Inge Borkh, Joy Clements, Robert Nagy, Morley Meredith, John Macurdy, and Justino Diaz. . . . Tuesday, June 29, at 8:30 (rain date, July 1), "Faust," with Colette Boky, Ivanka Myhal, Jean Kraft, George Shirley, John Macurdy, Russell Christopher, and Louis Sgarro. . . . **CROCHERON PARK**, Bayside: Wednesday, June 30, at 8:30 (rain date, July 1), "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Judith DePaul, Joann Grillo, Carlotta Ordassy, and Enrico DiGiuseppe. . . . **PROSPECT PARK**, Brooklyn: Friday, July 2, at 8:30 (rain date, July 4), "Fidelio," with Inge Borkh, Joy Clements, Robert Nagy, and Morley Meredith. . . . **BOTANICAL GARDEN'S DAFFODIL HILL**, Bronx: Saturday, July 3, at 8:30 (rain date, July 4), "Faust," with Colette Boky, Joann Grillo, Jean Kraft, George Shirley, John Macurdy, Dominic Cossa, and Louis Sgarro.

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts, which will run through Thursday, Aug. 12. (First concerts on Friday, June 25, at 7, for picnickers; Thursday, July 1, at 8; and Friday, July 2, at 7, for picnickers.) . . . Frank Brieff conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra. (Wednesday, June 23, at 8.)

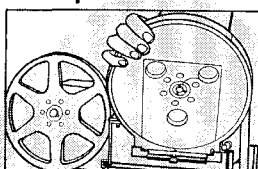
WOLLMAN RINK—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval, running through Saturday, Aug. 28. Thursday, June 24, at 7 and 9:30: Nancy Wilson and the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra. . . . Monday, June 28, at 7 and 9:30: Buddy Rich and Chase. . . . Wednesday, June 30, at 7 and 9:30: The Band and Happy & Artie Traum. . . . Friday and Saturday, July 2-3, at 8: Beach Boys, Ike and Tina Turner, and Kate Taylor. (For information about tickets, call 229-8870.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in another series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts, which will start on Wednesday, June 23—in the event of rain, next evening—and will run through Sunday, Aug. 15. (Wednesdays and Sundays at 8.)

BE A DROP-IN



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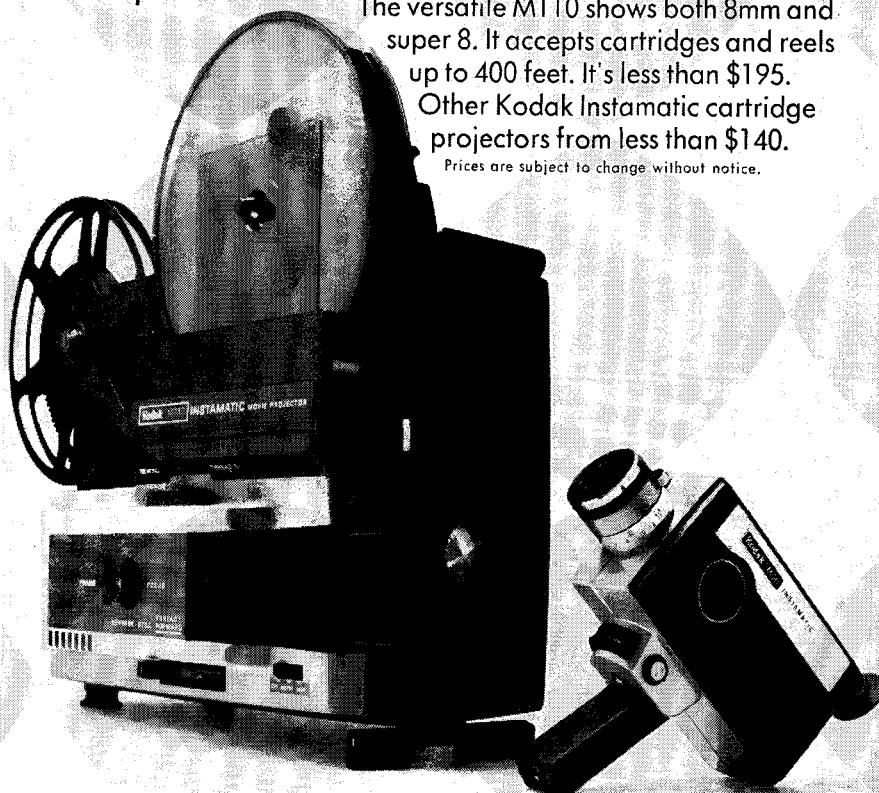


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
 June 23: "Passage to Marseille" and "Marked Woman."
 June 24-27: "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" and "The Petrified Forest."
 June 28-29: "High Sierra" and "King of the Underworld."
 From June 30: "Little Murders."
ORPHEUM REPERTORY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (982-6410)
 June 23: "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang."
 June 24: "Letters from My Windmill."
 June 25: "Murders in the Rue Morgue."
 June 26: "A Hard Day's Night."
 June 27: "Blonde Venus."
 June 28: "Red River."
 June 29: "The Public Enemy."
 June 30: "The Hatchet Man."
 July 1: "The Bride Wore Black."
CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
 Through June 29: "Pigeons" and "Hi, Mom!"
 From June 30: "The Confession" and "Little Fauss and Big Halsy."
GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
 Through June 29: "Summertime" and "The Things of Life."
 From June 30: "Language of Love."
MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
 "Klute."
34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
 "Wild Rovers."
SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
 "Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?"
TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
 "Fortune and Men's Eyes."
FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
 "Summer of '42."
PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
 Through June 30: "Taking Off."
 From July 1: "The Panic in Needle Point."
BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
 Through June 28: "10 Rillington Place."
 From June 29 (tentative): "Glory Boy."
CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
 "Bananas."
R.K.O. 59TH ST. EAST TWIN CINEMAS, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
 "Willard."
CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
 "Le Mans."
CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
 Through June 29: "The Andromeda Strain."
 From June 30: "Carnal Knowledge."
CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
 "Unman, Wittering and Zigo."
BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
 "They Might Be Giants."
68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
 "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich."
TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
 "Drive, He Said."
72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
 Through July 1: "Where's Poppa?" and "The Landlord."
JULIET 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
 Through June 29: "Little Fauss and Big Halsy" and "The Out-of-Towners."
 From June 30: "Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
 "Wild Rovers."
TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
 To be announced.
U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
 "Little Big Man."
ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
 "The Anderson Tapes."
LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
 June 23: "Lawrence of Arabia."
 From June 24: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller."
86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
 Through June 29: "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea."
 From June 30: "What's the Matter with Helen?"

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
 June 23: "King of Hearts" and "A Thousand Clowns."
 From June 24: "Dirtymouth."
WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
 "10 Rillington Place" and "Rosemary's Baby."
8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
 "Gimme Shelter."
5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
 Through June 24: "Une Femme Douce."
 From June 25: "Fidel."
GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
 "Love Story."
ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
 June 23: "Sansho the Bailiff" and "Floating Weeds."
 June 24-26: "Last Year at Marienbad" and "Lola Montes."
 June 27-28: "Cul-de-Sac" and "Purple Noon."
 June 29-30: "Eclipse" and "La Guerre Est Finie."
 From July 1: "The Exterminating Angel" and "Viridiana."
R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
 Through June 29: "Red Sky at Morning."
 From June 30: "Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory."
BIJOU CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
 Through June 24: "Yang Kwei Fei" and "The Island."
 June 25-28: "Machibuse." (No performances Sunday, June 27.)
 June 29-30: "High and Low."
 From July 1: "Red Angel" and "Bandits on the Wind."
GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
 Through June 29: "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea."
 From June 30: "Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
 Through June 30: "Plaza Suite."
 From July 1: "Murphy's War."
ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
 Through June 29: "Ryan's Daughter."
 From June 30: "Peter Rabbit and Tales of Beatrix Potter."
FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
 "Blue Water, White Death."
CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
 "Summertime."
LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
 "Death in Venice."
CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
 Through June 29: "The Lady Vanishes" and "The 39 Steps."
 From June 30: "Language of Love."
LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
 "The Clowns."
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
 "The Crook."
PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
 Through June 27: "They Might Be Giants."
 From June 28: "The Hellstrom Chronicle."
CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
 Through June 29: "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea."
 From June 30: "What's the Matter with Helen?"
REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
 Through June 29: "Where's Poppa?" and "The Landlord."
 From June 30: To be announced.
EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
 "10 Rillington Place."
NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
 June 23: "Days of Wine and Roses" and "12 Angry Men."
 June 24: "12 Angry Men" and "The Letter."
 June 25: "The Letter" and "Sweet Smell of Success."
 June 26: "Sweet Smell of Success" and "Wild Boys of the Road."
 June 27: "Wild Boys of the Road" and "These Are the Damned."
 June 28: "These Are the Damned" and "Mickey One."
 June 29: "Mickey One" and "The Crowd Roars."
 June 30: "The Crowd Roars" and "Little Caesar."
 From July 1: "Arsenal" and "Boudou Saved from Drowning."
SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
 Through June 29: "Catch-22" and "Downhill Racer."
 From June 30: "Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory."
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
 June 23: "Male Hunt" and "Cartouche."
 June 24: "The Organizer" and "The White Sheik."
 June 25: "Meet Me in St. Louis" and "Gigi."
 June 26: "The Gold Rush" and ten U.P.A. cartoons.
 June 27: "Casablanca" and "High Sierra."
 June 28: "Repulsion" and "Bedazzled."
 June 29: "Fanny" and "César."
 June 30: "Moulin Rouge" and "Oscar Wilde."
 July 1: "Arsenic and Old Lace" and "The Big Sleep."
MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
 "Gimme Shelter."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

THE ANDERSON TAPES—With Sean Connery and Dyan Cannon, directed by Sidney Lumet. (Orpheum.)
THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN—Biological invasion from outer space. The rapidly expanding green muck is like the various slimy menaces in the unpretentious sci-fi thrillers of the fifties, but Robert Wise, who made this expensive version of the Michael Crichton novel, has chosen a fanatically realistic documentary style and has failed to solve the dramatic problems in the original story. The suspense is strong, but not pleasurable. (Cinema I; through June 29.)
ARSENAL (1929)—Alexander Dovzhenko was the poet of the great Russian revolutionary film movement—not a mushy-headed poet but a poet whose startling imagery had a heat and pitch that Eisenstein and Pudovkin never approached. This classic film is an original and

experimental celebration of social revolution. (New Yorker; starting July 1.)
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE (1944)—Maybe the success of the play rubbed off on the movie because it was inexplicably popular. Frank Capra directed this laborious farce in which Cary Grant gives one of his rare terrible performances—he runs around in a frenzied, dithering manner, doing enormous double takes. With Raymond Massey and Peter Lorre, and, as the little old murderesses, Josephine Hull and Jean Adair. (Thalia; July 1.)
BANANAS—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny, with Woody Allen shyly keeping his end up in a world of girl activists who love him for talking about Kierkegaard even

if he doesn't make the faintest sense. There is a nice scene when he is Christ, for some reason, and runs into a traffic problem with another Jesus—also nailed to a Cross, but not too painfully to have an irritable argument about rights to a parking space. Woody Allen maybe needs to watch that he doesn't milk his distraught and henpecked personality at the expense of his superior and reckless lunacy. (Coronet.)
BANDITS ON THE WIND (1961)—Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting July 1.)
BEDAZZLED (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme in a comedy directed by Stanley Donen. (Thalia; June 28.)
THE BIG SLEEP (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller, which is peo-

A Fragrance

Blue Grass
is to step freely through
bath-time and
sun-time and
star-time.



Blue Grass
is to splash, to
spray, to touch,
to dab,
to soothe.

Blue Grass
is to wear the wisdom of
jasmine, the innocence of
lavender, the coolness
of moss.

Blue Grass
is 21 fragrant
variations on
one timeless theme.

Elizabeth Arden

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The beer taste for the champagne pocketbook.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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pled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innendoes. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot got so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn't exactly figure it out, either. Howard Hawks directed, smashingly. (Thalia; July 1.)

BLONDE VENUS (1932)—Marlene Dietrich in one of those forgettable stories about women who "sacrifice" their bodies for the noblest of reasons (sick husband Herbert Marshall, child Dickie Moore); the gangster she sells herself to is played by the young and not yet sufficiently stylized Cary Grant. The director, Josef von Sternberg, caps the silliness by putting Dietrich into a monkey suit to sing "Hot Voodoo"—a number that may define camp. With Sidney Toler as the detective and Cecil Cunningham as the night-club hostess. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; June 27.)

BLUE WATER, WHITE DEATH—Chatty documentary about sharks. It was made by fish maniacs and has that charm. (Festival.)

BOUDU SAVED FROM DROWNING (1931)—Despite the problems of sound recording in 1931, Jean Renoir went out of the studio and shot this film on the streets and along the banks of the Seine, and so it is not only a lovely fable about a bourgeois attempt to reform an early hippie (Michel Simon is the shaggy-bearded tramp who spills wine on the table and wipes his shoes on the bedspread) but a photographic record of an earlier France. A beautifully rhythmed film that makes one nostalgic for the period when it was made. Not released in the United States until 1967. In French. (New Yorker; starting July 1.)

THE BRIDE WORE BLACK (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 1.)

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE—With Jack Nicholson and Candice Bergen, directed by Mike Nichols. (Cinema I; starting June 30.)

CARTOUCHE (1963)—Philippe de Broca's spoof of cape-and-sword romance almost makes up in high spirits and occasional beauty what it lacks in wit and apparent purpose. Jean-Paul Belmondo is admirable as the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. In French. (Thalia; June 23.)

CASABLANCA (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors gets in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (Thalia; June 27.)

CATCH-22 (1970)—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Symphony; through June 29.)

CÉSAR (1936)—The last film of the Marcel Pagnol trilogy is named for the pivotal character, played by Raimu. After Raimu's death, J. B. Priestley wrote, "We can magically command him to return out of those flat tins of film, and show us again his rich humanity and massive, deliberate art. . . . The French should erect a monument to the memory of this player, who reminded us that France had known a Rabelais, a Molière, a Balzac." In French. (Thalia; June 29.)

THE CLOWNS—Fellini's new picture, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between solitaires eccentrically made up in a world of truly dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar, tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Lincoln Art.)

THE CONFESSION—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected

movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (Charles; starting June 30.)

THE CROOK—The hero of Claude Lelouch's new film, a thriller, is played by Jean-Louis Trintignant and called Simon the Swiss because he is invincibly methodical. Once a lawyer, he has turned criminal. The plot, romantically sadistic, is about the kidnapping of a child whose rabbit-faced parents are tricked into leaving him alone while they pick up a prize in a Simca-promoted television show. Skillful, well acted, impossible to leave, topped with a cruel piece of nursery morality at the end. In French. (Paris.)

THE CROWD ROARS (1932)—The Howard Hawks version, not the later film of the same name with Robert Taylor. This one has James Cagney and Joan Blondell in a racing-driver tale made with the usual Hawks skill and unpretentious technical flair. It is physically expressive, though it can't really be said to have all the metaphysical meaning awarded to his work by French critics who don't speak the language. (New Yorker; June 29-30.)

CUL-DE-SAC (1966)—A slapstick comedy of horrors about an ugly, bald, whimpering, middle-aged homosexual (Donald Pleasence) whose beautiful young French wife (Françoise Dorléac) dresses him up in her nighties. This strange form of connubial bliss is interrupted by an American gangster (old gravel-voiced Lionel Stander himself). Roman Polanski directed this freak show. Gross and sadistic. (Elgin; June 27-28.)

DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES (1963)—Blake Edwards directed this film about alcoholism, which seems a peculiar mixture of shrewdness and priggishness. Jack Lemmon marries Lee Remick, to no avail. Irrevocably dated. (New Yorker; June 23.)

DEATH IN VENICE—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carry-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the beauty of

Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Little Carnegie.)

DIRTYMOUTH—Cashing in on Lenny Bruce. Maladroit, witless, cowardly. (Bleecker St. Cinema; starting June 24.)

DOWNHILL RACER (1969)—Some exciting ski footage and a minimal story. With Robert Redford and Gene Hackman. The director, Michael Ritchie, comes up with occasional surprises in this promising debut. (Symphony; through June 29.)

DRIVE, HE SAID—With William Tepper and Karen Black, directed by Jack Nicholson. (Tower East.)

ECLIPSE (1962)—Some like it cold, Michelangelo Antonioni on alienation, this time with Alain Delon and, of course, Monica Vitti. In Italian. (Elgin; June 29-30.)

THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the members that it can't be broken up, but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Elgin; starting July 1.)

FANNY (1932)—Though the three films of the Marcel Pagnol trilogy are interrelated, each is complete in itself. This second one was directed by Marc Allégret, with the same cast as the first, "Marius." After Marius (Pierre Fresnay) goes to sea, Fanny (Orane Démazis), who is pregnant, marries a middle-aged sailmaker (Chapin); Marius's father César (the great Raimu) acts as godfather to his grandson. A film famous for its detailed characterization and its fine comic invention. In French. (Thalia; June 29.)

UNE FEMME DOUCE—Bresson's modern-Paris transcription of Dostoevski's "A Gentle Creature"—his first film in color, though it turns into black-and-white in your head afterward. The teen-age heroine, a mysteriously ominous mixture of the docile and the stubborn, marries a stuffy pawnbroker. The film begins with the last act—with her suicide. What follows is a narrative of their life together that Bresson's technique throws deliberately into the past tense in our minds. This is one of his big films. Like "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé," "Pickpocket," "Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne," and all his others, it is really about confinement and flight—an account of a character pledged to escape. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema; through June 24.)

FIDEL—A documentary film on Castro and Cuba today, directed by Saul Landau. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting June 25.)

FLOATING WEEDS (1959)—Machiko Kyo in a story about the jealousies and liaisons within a troupe of travelling actors. Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (Elgin; June 23.)

FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES—Based on John Herbert's play, with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer, directed by Harvey Hart. (Trans-Lux East.)

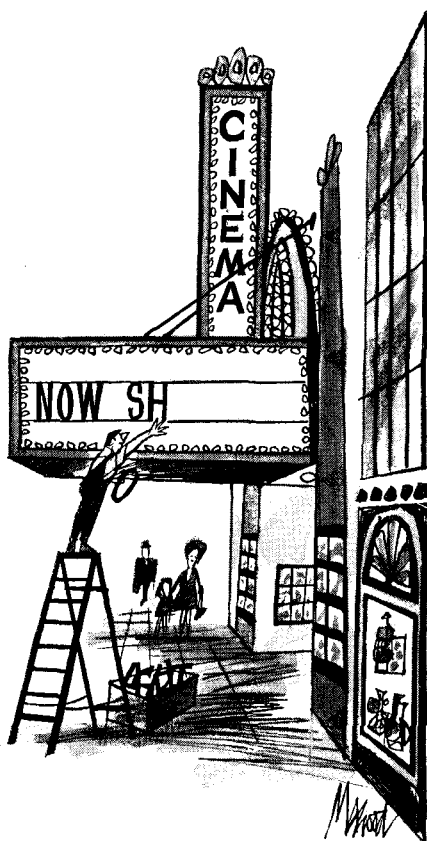
GIGI (1958)—A handsome and melodious adaptation of the Colette tale about a young lady who is tutored to be a courtesan and winds up the betrothed of the richest young fellow in Paris. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by Frederick Loewe, costumes by Cecil Beaton, and a fine cast, headed by Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Louis Jourdan. (Thalia; June 25.)

GIMME SHELTER—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (8th St. Playhouse and Midtown.)

GLORY BOY—With Arthur Kennedy and Mitchell Ryan, directed by Ed Sherin. (Baronet; starting June 29, tentative.)

THE GOLD RUSH (1925)—Chaplin is the helpless perfect gentleman in the world of Klondike bears and Klondike brutes. One of the great comedies of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim and Georgia Hale as the girl whom Charlie wins. (Thalia; June 26.)

LA GUERRE EST FINIE (1966)—Jorge Semprun wrote and Alain Resnais directed this am-



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bivalent study of a failed radical. Yves Montand is a Communist courier who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. With Ingrid Thulin and Geneviève Bujold. In French. (Elgin; June 29-30.)

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. Their first film, and wonderful. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; June 26.)

THE HATCHET MAN (1932)—With Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young, directed by William Wellman. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; June 30.)

THE HELLSTROM CHRONICLE—Directed by Walon Green. (Paramount; starting June 28.)

HIGH AND LOW (1963)—A first-rate detective thriller about a kidnapping. It happens to have been made in Japan, but it is very like the best Hitchcock. Directed by Akira Kurosawa and starring Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; June 29-30.)

HIGH SIERRA (1941)—This Humphrey Bogart picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, which has been imitated widely both abroad and here, set a new style in gangster movies—the gangster as anachronism in a changing world. Bogart's performance as the weary Dillinger-like gangster is a classic, and about half of the movie is definitive in setting the new pattern. With Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie (as a lame girl, in an expendable subplot), Arthur Kennedy, Alan Curtis, and Cornel Wilde. John Huston and W. R. Burnett adapted the Burnett novel. (Thalia; June 27.... Art; June 28-29.)

Hi, Mom! (1970)—A breezy, cant film by Brian De Palma, about—well, what's happening, and it's got its head together, and this is where it's at, and right on. A white boy back from Vietnam and dully crazed by New York capitalism takes to making blue movies and then acts with a modish theatre of revolt called "Be Black, Baby." The inanities are sometimes funny, sometimes pretty forced. Many a lumbering flight of fancy now is helped into the air by people's general longing to dignify the real as surreal. (Charles; through June 29.)

I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG (1932)—One of the best of the social-protest films—naïve, heavy, artless, but a straightforward, unadorned story with moments that haunted a generation, such as the hungry hero (Paul Muni) trying to pawn his Congressional Medal of Honor. Those involved in making the movie hoped it might help to ameliorate the condition of convicts, but it did more to ameliorate financial conditions at Warner Brothers and was a factor in making it the "socially conscious" studio. With Glenda Farrell, Edward Ellis, Helen Vinson. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; June 23.)

THE ISLAND (1962)—Kaneto Shindo's film about a family subsisting on an island without water. No dialogue. Very sparse, very disciplined, rather fine, if you can buy an aesthetic of blood-thinning. (Bijou Cinema; through June 24.)

KING OF HEARTS (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 23.)

KING OF THE UNDERWORLD (1939)—Humphrey Bogart as a gangster with power complexes who watches a terrific married pair of surgeons performing in the County Hospital surgical theatre and decides to enroll the husband on his own staff. But never part a husband and wife—not in a Warner Brothers picture. Directed by Lewis Seiler, with a screenplay by George Bricker and Vincent Sherman. For Bogart lovers. (Art; June 28-29.)

KLUTE—With Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland, directed by Alan J. Pakula. (Murray Hill.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a charming old lady who boards a train and disappears on it has some of the best examples of his comedy and his pleasurable perversity. In movie history, it is a quintessential suspense thriller. The hero is Michael Redgrave (making his film debut); the heroine is Margaret Lockwood; the lady is the memorable Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas and Cecil Parker. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through June 29.)

THE LANDLORD (1970)—Fair-to-middling story about Manhattan real estate and racism. A

rich white (Beau Bridges), ridden by a wildly overdrawn boozing mother (Lee Grant), buys a tenement to learn what it's like to be poor. With Pearl Bailey. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Regency; through June 29.... 72nd St. Playhouse; through July 1.)

LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Elgin; June 24-26.)

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA (1962)—Though it fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, it is perhaps the most literate and tasteful and exciting of the modern expensive spectacles. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn. David Lean directed. Written by Robert Bolt. (Loew's Ciné; June 23.)

LE MANS—With Steve McQueen, directed by Lee H. Katz. (Ciné Malibu.)

THE LETTER (1940)—William Wyler directed this Somerset Maugham melodrama, which was originally a Broadway vehicle for Katharine Cornell and here becomes a pretty great playground for Bette Davis. She plays the freezing proper-looking wife of a rubber-plantation owner. Though she has a lover, and though she murders him, nothing can impeach that formidable, furious air of rectitude. Quite a study in pharisaical women. (New Yorker; June 24-25.)

LETTERS FROM MY WINDMILL (1955)—Marcel Pagnol's treatment of three stories by Alphonse Daudet, which deal with life in Provence and, in particular, with the comical dilemmas a number of priests get themselves into. In French. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; June 24.)

LITTLE BIG MAN—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (U. A. East.)

LITTLE CAESAR (1930)—Edward G. Robinson's Rico is the prototype of the movie gangster, but Mervyn LeRoy's direction is sluggish, and the actors seem to be transfixed by the microphone. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Glenda Farrell. (New Yorker; June 30.)

LITTLE FAUSS AND BIG HALSEY—Michael J. Pollard and Robert Redford as buddy-buddy motorcycle racers in a crass attempt at a raunchy youth picture. Sidney J. Furie directed this bucolic wheeler. (Juliet 1; through June 29.... Charles; starting June 30.)

LITTLE MURDERS—Jules Feiffer's wisp of a satirical comedy about living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould plays another of the new catatonic heroes. (Art; starting June 30.)

LOVE STORY—The weeper. (Gramercy and Greenwich.)

MACHIBUS (1969)—Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; June 25-28. No performances Sunday, June 27.)

MALE HUNT (1965)—Belmondo as an eligible Frenchman being trailed by rapacious French girls on the scrounge for wedding rings. A sub-Comédie-Française fluster reigns. All right for a hot evening, just. In French. (Thalia; June 23.)

MARKED WOMAN (1937)—Bette Davis as a nightclub hostess in a story about protection, made by Lloyd Bacon. Bette Davis has a fine scene of pegged-down fury on behalf of a fellow-hostess; she is always a sort of conduit to the most savage and primal emotions of women, and in this baddish film she has some big Hollywood/Ancient Greek emotions. Humphrey Bogart plays the man of probity as an assistant district attorney. (Art; June 23.)

MCCABE & MRS. MILLER—Warren Beatty and Julie Christie in the title roles, directed by Robert Altman. (Loew's Ciné; starting June 24.)

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS (1944)—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent musical-comedy adaptation of Sally Benson's stories.

With Margaret O'Brien as Tootie, whose Halloween adventure is the high point of the movie. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Thalia; June 25.)

MICKEY ONE (1965)—An over-freighted allegory by Arthur Penn, fancily put together and fancily photographed. If "art-cinema" means anything, it means something portentous—something that hints at more intellect within the portals than there actually is. "Mickey One" is Arthur Penn's piece of art-cinema, though anyone who cares a lot for Penn's work will still find rewarding signals in it of his true talent. The film was mostly over-criticized in its time. Warren Beatty plays a night-club comedian looking for a better way to cope. (New Yorker; June 28-29.)

LOLA MONTÉS (1955)—Max Ophüls' masterpiece, shown in its full form. His command of baroque style and of comic detail transforms the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus-trapeze artist—a story fairly trite in itself—into a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carol, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French. (Elgin; June 24-26.)

MOULIN ROUGE (1953)—John Huston's fictionalized re-creation of the life of Toulouse-Lautrec (José Ferrer, standing on his knees in tricky boots). With Colette Marchand, Suzanne Flon, and incredibly pretty Zsa Zsa Gabor as Jane Avril, singing the famous Georges Auric song in a dubbed voice. Eliot Elisofon was the color consultant; the movie could have used a script consultant. (Thalia; June 30.)

MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE (1932)—Bela Lugosi in a rather good horror movie by Robert Florey, which works by its sheer primitivism. Technically compelled to rely on the invocation of huge terrors rather than on the depiction of frighteningly real little details, it works in quite another way from the mechanically gifted future-films of our own day. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; June 25.)

MURPHY'S WAR—With Peter O'Toole, directed by Peter Yates. (Music Hall; starting July 1.)

ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF IVAN DENISOVICH—Casper Wrede, a Finn living in England, made this careful depiction of a great text by Solzhenitsyn. Siberian labor-camp: the squeak of feet on snow, boiled grass to eat, snatches of talk between intelligent men put to futile jobs. Tom Courtenay plays Ivan, obdurate, skeptical. Like much work from great Russian literature, the film is less about a character than about a state of soul—about a state of surviving by saying no. (68th St. Playhouse.)

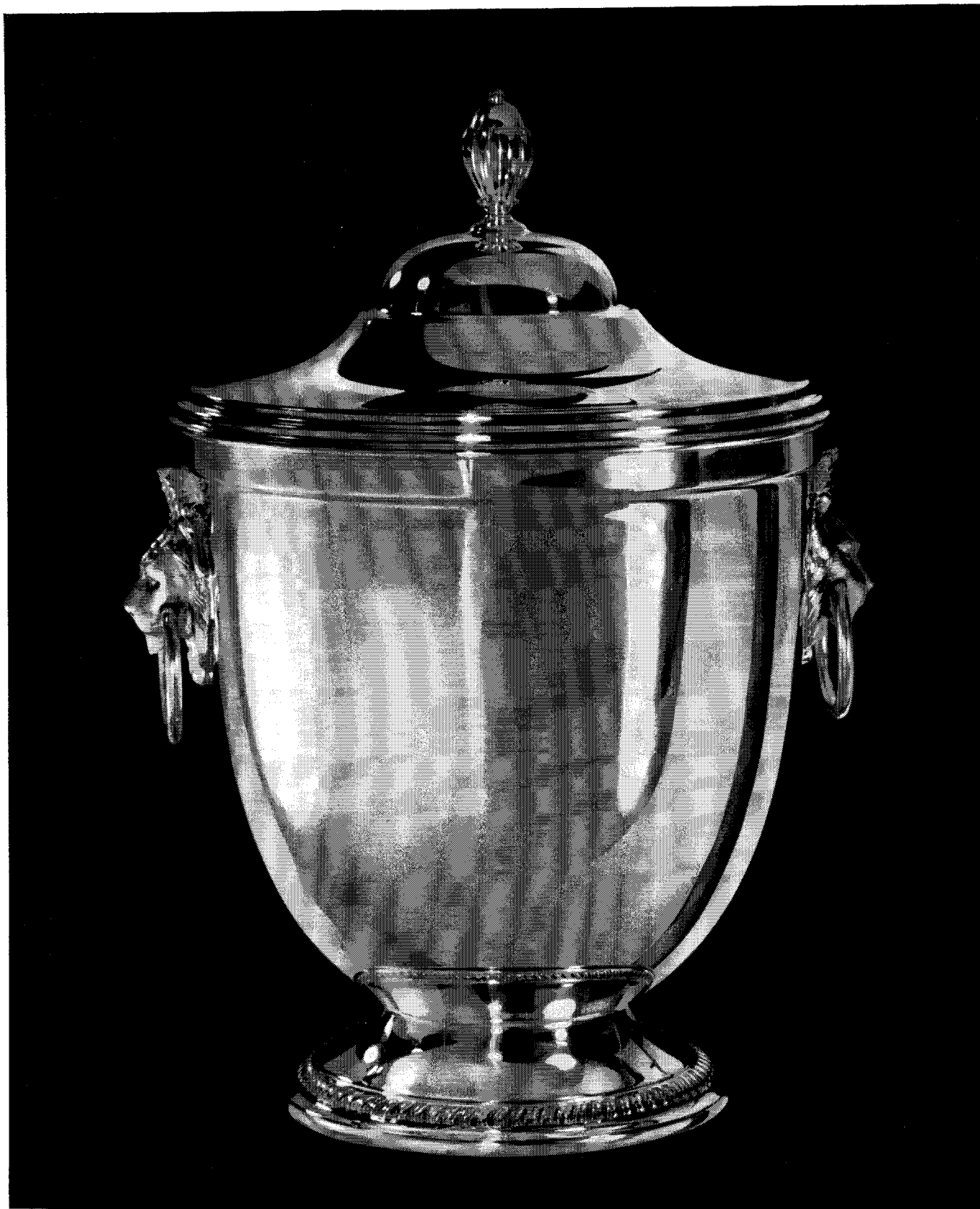
THE ORGANIZER (1963)—Marcello Mastroianni in a fine performance as a slovenly, bespectacled ex-professor who gets involved in the struggle for social justice at the turn of the century. A modest, though over-simplified, film, directed by Mario Monicelli, with a cast that includes Annie Girardot, Folco Lulli, Renato Salvatori, and François Périer. In Italian. (Thalia; June 24.)

THE OUT-OF-TOWNERS (1970)—The tribulations of a pair of innocent immigrants from Ohio to New York City, written and directed with an audience of similar innocents in mind, by Neil Simon and Arthur Hiller. Starring Jack Lemmon and Sandy Dennis. (Juliet 1; through June 29.)

THE PANIC IN NEEDLE POINT—With Al Pacino and Kitty Winn, directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Plaza; starting July 1.)

PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE (1944)—Bogart plays Matrac, a French journalist escaped from Devil's Island. He was arrested on a false charge of murder and treason because of his opposing appeasement over Munich; the story is very much of 1944, when the film was made, but Bogart's witty, tired-eyed skepticism stands like steel. (Art; June 23.)

PETER RABBIT AND TALES OF BEATRIX POTTER—For children, but even more for us. The Royal Ballet's halcyon transposition of Miss Potter's stories into dance. We are in Cumberland, Greenest grass, stone walls, lakes like glass that support flotillas of squirrels on homemade rafts; a world of picnics where Mr. Jeremy Fisher, a frog dressed in galoshes and the most beautiful brocade waistcoat, does amazing leaps while mice trample joyfully in the jam tarts and two pigs in love have a pas de deux. The film looks like Miss Potter's watercolor drawings. Sir Frederick Ashton did the choreography. A day off, prodigal. (Ziegfeld; start-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing June 30. Nightly at 8. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, Saturdays at 12:30, 2:30, and 5, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5.)

THE PETRIFIED FOREST (1936)—Archie Mayo turned Robert Sherwood's famous play into this pretty good movie about the ironic ascendancy of a strongly physical man in a society of sophisticates. An escaped gangster, played by Humphrey Bogart, holds Leslie Howard and Bette Davis hostage at a roadside restaurant in Arizona. Bogart is at his best, the irresistible type of the sardonic bandit. (Art; June 24-27.)

PIGEONS—It has been said that this movie about an alienated youth turned New York cab-driver improves as it goes along, but who wants to stick around long enough to find out? Static direction by John Dexter. With Jordan Christopher and Jill O'Hara. (Charles; through June 29.)

PLAZA SUITE—Neil Simon's continuing parish-pump Manhattan comedy—the one thing about the island that no one seems to want to pull down—is here further propped up as a horribly malevolent and unfunny three-part thing about loveless marriage in overprivileged circumstances. Walter Matthau is a souring presence; Barbara Harris and Maureen Stapleton contribute their own gentle skills. (Music Hall; through June 30.)

THE PUBLIC ENEMY (1931)—William Wellman's gangster classic, with James Cagney, Jean Harlow, and Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke as the girl who gets the grapefruit shoved in her "kisser." A good picture, even if the theme music is "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles." (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; June 29.)

PURPLE NOON (1961)—Maurice Ronet and Alain Delon as decadent Americans loafing in Italy—Ronet rich and vicious, Delon poor, amoral, and murderous. The director, René Clément, keeps this thriller (taken from Patricia Highsmith's "The Talented Mr. Ripley") in the sun-drenched-holiday style of travel posters, with homosexual hatred and envy festering. With Marie Laforêt as the shared girl friend. Cinematography by Henri Decaë. In French. (Elgin; June 27-28.)

RED ANGEL (1963)—Directed by Yasuzo Masumura. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting July 1.)

RED RIVER (1948)—A Howard Hawks film. John Wayne plays the heavy, and a magnificent young actor called Montgomery Clift is the stepson in a cattle Western full of stampedes and bang-bang battles with Indians. Hawks worshippers claim much too much for this film, but Clift is elating. He glitters with audacity and talent. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; June 28.)

RED SKY AT MORNING—With Richard Thomas and Catherine Burns, directed by James Goldstone. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through June 29.)

REPULSION (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous, terrified girl (Catherine Deneuve). (Thalia; June 28.)

ROSEMARY'S BABY (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film, some of it shot in the expensive brown depths of the Dakota, on Central Park West. Directed by Roman Polanski: funny, horrible, spiked with know-it-all and thriller-twinges. The exiled Polanski expends a lot of seriousness on transcribing a book that is a piece of daredevil local trivia. (Waverly.)

RYAN'S DAUGHTER—"Ecstasy" blown up to the proportions of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." (Ziegfeld; through June 29.)

SANSHO THE BAILIFF (1954)—Mizoguchi's astonishing epic of the generations of a family that rises from slaves to masters and is then shattered. The work of a master film artist. In Japanese. (Elgin; June 23.)

SUMMER OF '42—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Fine Arts.)

SUMMERTREE—With Michael Douglas and Jack Warden, directed by Anthony Newley. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous. . . . Kips Bay; through June 29.)

SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS (1957)—Clifford Odets' idiomatic dialogue and Alexander Mackendrick's crisp direction make something very

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special out of this melodrama about big city corruption. With Burt Lancaster as a columnist and Tony Curtis (amazingly good) as an ingratiating, blackmailing press agent, and Barbara Nichols and Sam Levene. Photographed by James Wong Howe. (New Yorker; June 25-26.)

TAKING OFF—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Firemen's Ball," works for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding that both sides in the generation war are old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors carried out with a hermetic intenceness and ardor possible only in a lucky, uninvaded country. (Plaza; through June 30.)

10 RILLINGTON PLACE—Richard Fleischer directs a piece of tabloid-press verisimilitude about the grisly John Christie murders in Notting Hill, which sent the innocent and mentally deficient Timothy Evans to the gallows while the absurdly hypochondriac Christie was still burying bits of new raped victims under his vegetable garden. Richard Attenborough is technically very proficient as Christie, and John Hurt plays Timothy Evans beautifully. The film is taken all too slavishly from a book of 1961, by Ludovic Kennedy, that helped to change the law in England; Fleischer adds nothing and subtracts thought. (Waverly and Embassy 72nd St. . . . Baronet; through June 28.)

THESE ARE THE DAMNED (1965)—Joseph Losey's film, with Viveca Lindfors as a sculptor called Freya. Her sculptures are by Elisabeth Frink, and they are the real stars of the picture. They have the repose and classical sense of conflict that Losey struggles for with an effort that strains muscles. The plot is relentlessly serious and concerned with the big themes. Shirley Anne Field and MacDonald Carey end the picture about to die of radiation sickness. Losey always casts very well: the film includes a most interesting performance by Alexander Knox. (New Yorker; June 27-28.)

THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS—With George C. Scott and Joanne Woodward, directed by Anthony Harvey. (Beekman. . . . Paramount; through June 27.)

THE THINGS OF LIFE—A French love story that turns out to be heartbroken about the wreck of a car. A man with a mistress and a wife (Michel Piccoli, Romy Schneider, Lea Massari) resolves the awful question by crashing into a truck. Directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (Kips Bay; through June 29.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Hitchcock's suave, amusing spy melodrama, directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll are the pair handcuffed together until hate turns to love. Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie are the couple joined together by marriage chains, and the villain is Godfrey Tearle, looking astonishingly like F.D.R. From the John Buchan novel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through June 29.)

A THOUSAND CLOWNS (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy that, despite its crudeness as a film, was a huge box-office success. Jason Robards is the rebellious TV writer (whose rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV). With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, sort of. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 23.)

THE TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE (1948)—One of the strongest of all American movies. Three Americans stranded in Mexico strike it rich, and the director, John Huston, lets them stew in their own juice. Humphrey Bogart is the paranoid tough guy, Fred C. Dobbs; Walter Huston the toothless, shrewd old prospector; and Tim Holt a blunt, honest young man. With Alfonso Bedoya, as a primitive bandit who makes one appreciate civilization, and the director as the victim of Bogart's cadging. From the B. Traven novel. If one is prepared

for the terrible Max Steiner score, it may be easier to shut it out. (Art; June 24-27.)

12 ANGRY MEN (1957)—A group of jurors have to decide the fate of an eighteen-year-old accused of patricide. Sidney Lumet directed the performances beautifully. Henry Fonda is the single juror who gradually wins over the majority to his just view. In the present context, the film expresses an agonizingly optimistic idea of the possible winning powers of the outnumbered and out-of-step. Cast includes Lee J. Cobb and Jack Warden. (New Yorker; June 23-24.)

20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA (1954)—James Mason stalking the ocean bed in a scientific submarine, tracking down the fleet of a wicked belligerent country. Paul Lukas and Peter Lorre are with Mason underwater. O.K. family stuff; Peter Lorre, with his look of a wise and humorous cod, is forever an actor for the grownups. (86th St. East, Guild, and Cinema Studio; through June 29.)

UNMAN, WITTING AND ZIGO—David Hemmings plays a schoolteacher who has just left advertising, looking for a new life, and finds himself in the mayhem world of Form VB in a minor English public school. The script is by Simon Raven, a writer who rather savors the vicious snobberies that Evelyn Waugh wrote about with more scorn, though he has a true enough ear. The story is a melodrama about a course of victimization imaginatively executed by privileged boys whose delight might be said to lie in pulling the wings off houses. The film is a great deal more local than "If. . . ." let alone "Zero for Conduct," and a great deal less poetic than either, but it is done with talent, and some of the acting scenes carry a powerful charge. (Cinema 11.)

VIRIDIANA (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Elgin; starting July 1.)

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HELEN?—With Debbie Reynolds and Shelley Winters, directed by Curtis Harrington. (86th St. East and Cinema Studio; starting June 30.)

WHERE'S POPPA?—Carl Reiner's comedy has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, though some of the skits are clumsily freaky. George Segal is wonderfully amiable and foolish, but his senile adversary—his mother (Ruth Gordon, doing her usual)—isn't an altogether satisfactory comic target. Fortunately, there's a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (Regency; through June 29. . . . 72nd St. Playhouse; through July 1.)

THE WHITE SHEIK (1951)—An affectionate satire on glamour and delusion by Fellini—pleasant but a little flat. Brunella Bova is the star-struck bride who leaves her husband on their honeymoon when she meets a cheap actor—Alberto Sordi, in a marvellous performance. With Giulietta Masina and Leopoldo Trieste. In Italian. (Thalia; June 24.)

WHO IS HARRY KELLERMAN AND WHY IS HE SAYING THOSE TERRIBLE THINGS ABOUT ME?—With Dustin Hoffman, directed by Ulu Grosbard. (Sutton.)

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD (1933)—With Frankie Darro and Rochelle Hudson, directed by William Wellman. (New Yorker; June 26-27.)

OSCAR WILDE (1960)—The Gregory Ratoff version, with Robert Morley, which is nothing like as good as the Peter Finch version of the same time, but it is a harrowing and touching real tale of an age. Hypocrisy doesn't die, it just changes; you recognize the same society that hounded Profumo, and there are moments in the film when nerves are made to jump like fleas. Ralph Richardson plays an eminent English barrister, and the film is worth seeing for that alone, as well as for Morley's theatricality. (Thalia; June 30.)

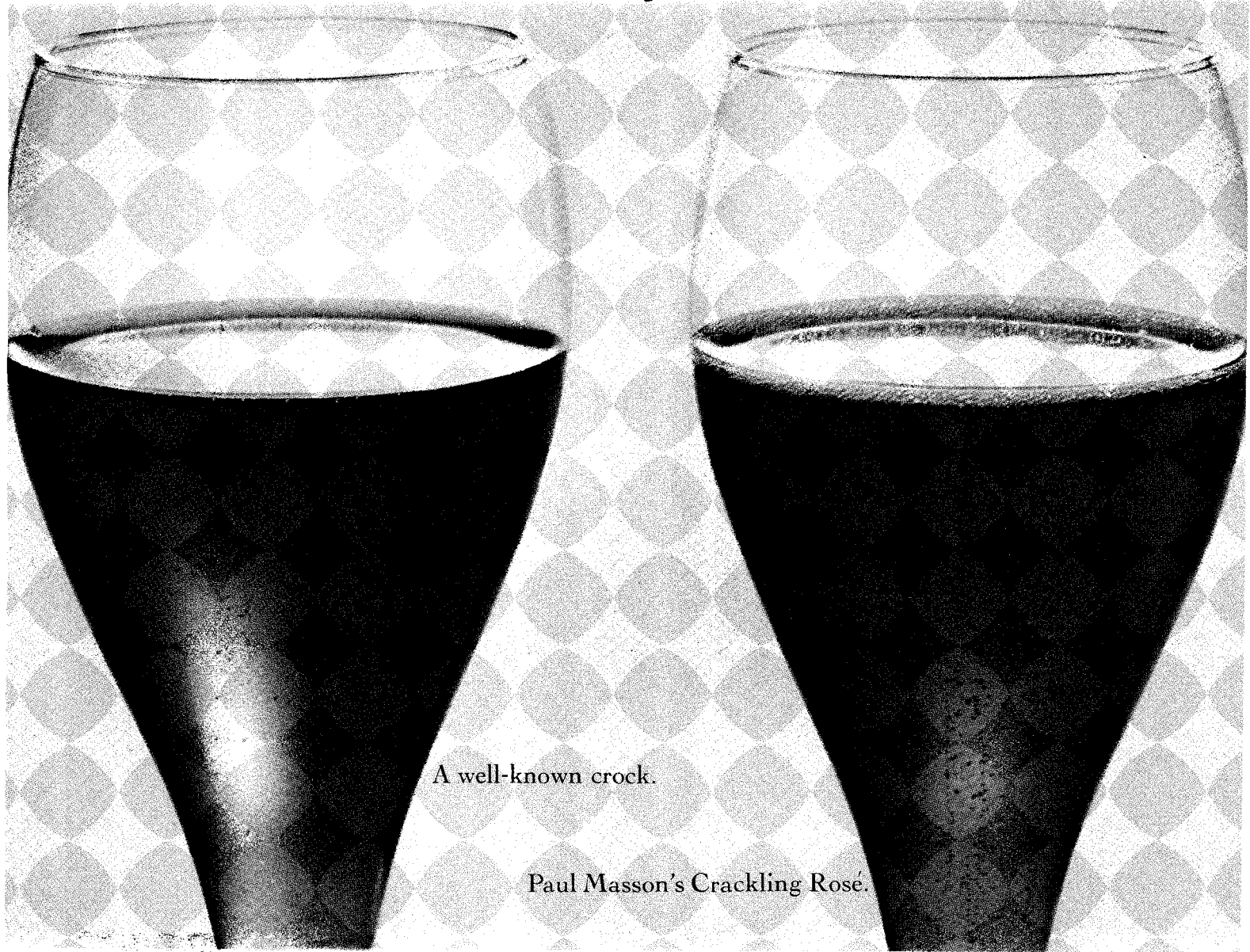
WILD ROVERS—With William Holden and Ryan O'Neal, directed by Blake Edwards. (34th St. East and Juliet 2.)

WILLARD—With Bruce Davison, Sondra Locke, Elsa Lanchester, and Ernest Borgnine, directed by Daniel Mann. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

WILLY WONKA AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY—With Gene Wilder and Jack Albertson, directed by Mel Stuart. (Juliet 1, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, Guild, and Symphony; starting June 30.)

YANG KWEI FEI (1955)—Directed by Kenji Mizoguchi. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; through June 24.)

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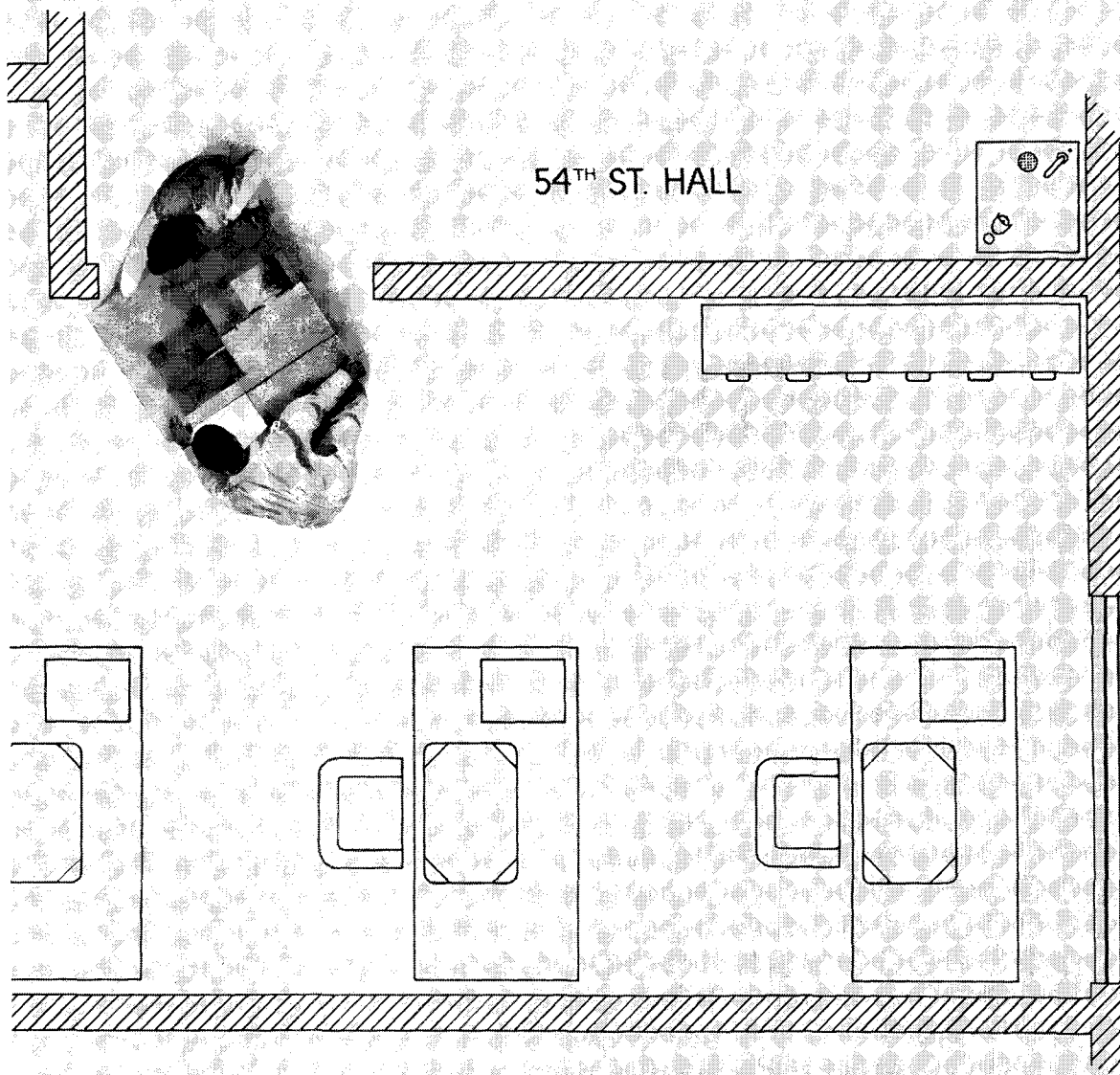
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE *Times*' courageous and astounding story on the Pentagon's secret study indicates that for years the democratic system in this country has been largely short-circuited at the highest levels. In the current atmosphere of governmental lawlessness, no one can say when, or even whether, it will be possible for democracy to be restored. The country can now see that it was as much deceived about the highest levels of policymaking on the war as it was, before the massacre at My Lai was disclosed, about the day-to-day conduct of the war. Almost none of us, it turns out, were cynical enough or ungenerous enough in judging the policymakers, and almost all of us were living in a dream world furbished by official lies and by our own innocent, or complacent, desire to trust our government. Unlearning the misinformation we lived by for years is going to be as difficult and painful as reversing the effects of a brainwashing. Each of the study's revelations so far is shocking in itself—that we had secretly waged war in Laos and North Vietnam from the beginning of 1964, that the Tonkin Gulf incident was used as a pretext to whip the Congress into a crisis fever so that it would pass a resolution that the Pentagon had drawn up months before, that President Johnson's war-policy councils were planning the very military moves that Johnson, in the election campaign, was condemning his opponent for even suggesting, that President Johnson covertly sent ground troops into combat in South Vietnam. But what is most shocking of all is the growing independence of a bureaucratic machine—its feeling free enough from constraint to make decisions like these. What had emerged at the highest levels of government was a conspiracy. The weaknesses of "the conspiracy theory of history" have often been pointed out, but what other word than "conspiracy" can you use when a small group of men seize virtual control of the nation's for-

eign policy, and take the country into war by devising and executing elaborate plans that are carefully concealed from the public, the press, and the Congress? This is not to say that these men realized what they were doing. The popular impression is that the government got us into the war through fumbling and mistakes, and this impression need not be discarded—only added to. These men did fumble, but they fumbled secretly, and in knowing disregard of the public will. Of course, the conspirators believed that they were conspiring in the public interest, but then radical groups who throw bombs believe that they are acting in the public interest, too. The question is, Who has a right to define the public interest? In a democracy, it is supposed to be the public. A democracy has no place for men who think it is up to them to betray the public in the name of interests that the public is supposedly too foolish to recognize.

Back in the mid-nineteen-sixties, as we members of the public listened to statements by government officials and other politicians and read the reports and opinions available in the press, most of us believed we were hearing the voices that really counted. But the voices that counted in that period, and the voices that still count today, are speaking out of earshot, in secret, to each other. Part of the shock one gets in reading the documents in the *Times* comes from the effort to cross the seemingly unbridgeable distance between those documents and the world of public statements we lived in. We were not living in the real world. The "facts" on which we based opinions that inspired us to vote and to take political action were largely fake or beside the point. We didn't know what we were talking about or what we were voting for. No wonder government officials soon began to tell us we were unable to pass judgment on such complex matters without access to material that

was classified and was available only to the officials. They had classified that whole period of history. In the *Times* story, we can overhear the voices that counted, and they are cold, cold voices. The secrecy that prevented the world from discovering what was going on within the councils of policy seems to have also prevented the men within them from seeing out. The men writing these memos seem to have suppressed all human faculties except certain overdeveloped accounting abilities, which are too narrow even to be called intellect. Seen through such lenses, the world grew remote and dim. One is left with the impression of diminished men straining to manipulate a vague, denatured world by means of deception and coercion.

In one memo, written late in March of 1965, an official in the Defense Department summed things up this way: "EVALUATION: It is essential—however badly SEA may go over the next 1-3 years—that US emerge as a 'good doctor.' We must have kept promises, been tough, taken risks, gotten bloodied, and hurt the enemy very badly. We must avoid harmful appearances which will affect judgments by, and provide pretexts to, other nations regarding how the US will behave in future cases of particular interest to those nations—regarding US policy, power, resolve and competence to deal with their problems. In this connection, the relevant audiences are the Communists (who must feel strong pressures), the South Vietnamese (whose morale must be buoyed), our allies (who must trust us as 'underwriters'), and the US public (which must support our risk-taking with US lives and prestige)." But who is this "we" whose risk-taking the "audience" of the American public will have to support with its lives? The opinions and actions of mankind are reduced to a series of "problems" to be solved, and the peoples of the earth are reduced to



the single level of "audiences." At the center, at a point that seems to be equidistant from all the audiences and more remote from any of them than the highest-flying B-52, the detached problem-solver begins his ghastly, invisible performance. One audience he deceives. To another audience he whispers fragments of the truth. Another audience he kills. Among the problems he faces is that of how to go on smiling at one audience while he kills people in another audience. All his methods—lying, telling the truth, killing people, giving economic aid—are alike in his eyes, and have equal moral weight, which is to say no moral weight. All are "messages" to "audiences." The basic problem is to find the most efficient "mix." The subjects of the messages are life and death, but the atmosphere is that of a large corporation. One Presidential adviser could write of a bombing campaign that it might not succeed, but still, "measured against the costs of defeat in Vietnam, this program seems cheap," adding, "And even if it fails to turn the tide—as it may—the value of the effort seems to us to exceed its cost."

All this is now a matter of public record, and nothing that has happened in the last three years encourages one to believe that the present Administration's record has been any better. On the contrary, the invasions of Cambodia and Laos have expanded the spheres of arbitrary action. And, as the formal suppression of news during the Laos invasion showed, this Administration has not reduced the element of secrecy, it has tried to make it respectable. We look to Congress for redress, but we find that in its latest vote Congress has turned down a bill that would help reestablish congressional control—which in this case means public control—over the war-making power. It is as though Congress had said, "We, like all the other audiences, have been lied to, and our trust has been abused and our power usurped—but we like it. Give us more of the same." Perhaps in a later vote Congress will reverse itself. But for the time being the American system of government remains suspended.

Man of the Theatre

DEREK WALCOTT, author of the Obie Award-winning play "The Dream on Monkey Mountain," is a tall, lithe West Indian of forty-one who has striking hazel eyes, longish hair (sideburns but no Afro), and a



kind of casual, mussed elegance that stamps him as a man of the theatre. He has had two books of poetry published commercially, and one of plays (which includes the text of "Monkey Mountain"), and is the founder-director of the Trinidad Theatre Workshop, a group of twenty-odd actors who travel around the Caribbean presenting plays to audiences that often have very little contact with live drama. We met Mr. Walcott when he was here during "Monkey Mountain's" successful run at the Negro Ensemble Company Theatre, on Second Avenue, and we arranged to have a talk with him one evening after a performance. We arrived at the apartment of a mutual friend with the sounds of Mr. Walcott's magnificent, almost Shakespearean sentences still ringing in our ears, and immediately asked him to explain some of the thinking behind the plot.

"On the surface, your play is the story of an old and ugly charcoal burner named Makak who comes down from his hut on the mountain to sell his wares, gets drunk, and spends a night in jail, where he has vivid hallucinations about Africa," we said. "But what are you really getting at? There seem to be as many theories as there are critics."

Mr. Walcott smiled gently and lit a cigarette. "'Monkey Mountain' is about many things," he replied, in the lilting cadences of the Caribbean. "It's about the West Indian search for identity, and about the damage that the colonial spirit has done to the soul. Makak and the people he meets in the play are all working out the meaning of their culture; they are going through an upheaval, shaking off concepts that have been imposed on them for centuries. They live in the West Indies because I live in the West Indies, but the basic situation is true of any society where man has been downgraded to a primitive, uninformed, unpurposed existence. Makak is an extreme representation of what colonialism can do to a man—he is reduced to an almost animal-like state of degradation. When he dreams that he is the king of a united Africa, I'm saying that some sort of spiritual return to Africa can be made, but it may not be necessary. The romanticized, pastoral vision of Africa that many black people hold can be an escape from the reality of the world around us. In the West Indies, where all the races live and work together, we have the beginnings of a great and unique society. The problem is to recognize our African origins but not to romanticize them. In

the first half of the play, the concept of the beginning of the world and the evolution of man is—shall we say?—basically white. Then, when Corporal Lestrade, the brainwashed colonial servant, retrogresses to become an ape and emerges as a man to walk through the primeval forest, the play swings over to a black Adamic concept of evolution. But the same sins are repeated, and the cycle of violence and cruelty begins again. When the two criminals, who are virtually brothers, fight, that's where the dream breaks for Makak. He thought he was going to an Africa where man would be primal and communal. Instead, it's back to original sin, with the tribes killing one another. He ultimately rejects both insanities—the extremity of contempt for the black and the extremity of hatred for the white. At the end, having made a spiritual trip to Africa and survived the middle passage, he compares himself to a drifting tree that has put down roots in the new world."

"But at the end of the play, when Makak returns to his hut on the mountain, isn't he rejecting both white and black societies?" we said.

"You forget that Makak is a charcoal burner," Mr. Walcott said. "He has to face reality, too. He has to come down to the market every Saturday to make a living."

While we were absorbing this piece of information, Mr. Walcott added, with a grin, that the character of Makak, an elderly, poetic alcoholic, was based on a man he'd known when he was a child in the Windward Islands. "I was born in St. Lucia," he said. "A very green, misty island, which always has a low cloud hanging over the mountaintops. When you come down by plane, you break through the mist, and it's as if you were entering some kind of prehistoric Eden. Monkey Mountain, where Makak lives, is really a peak called La Sorcière, and the town where he is put in jail is Castries, where I grew up. St. Lucia changed hands thirteen times during various wars. The people there speak the same Creole that people do in Haiti; we learn English in school almost as a foreign language, and perhaps that makes us value English the more. Islands are great places to live in, because the sea is close and there is the elemental feeling of things that are bigger than you are. And so, when I started to write this play, I remembered an almost inhuman man named Makak Rougier—I suppose his name meant 'Rougier's monkey,' because he worked for a man named Rougier—who used to come into town and get

terrifyingly drunk. He'd roar up and down the main street, fling things around, and get arrested. At the same time, I was influenced by Japanese Nō plays and the whole Kabuki thing. I thought that I could see in the truly ethnic West Indian dances—some of the surviving celebrating or warrior dances—the same kind of force you get in the Japanese theatre. We have a similar percussive feel—we use flute and drums—and we have a great oral tradition in the islands that gives us a reference for speech. So I tried to combine these elements into a play that could be done on a completely bare stage with just light, because we in the West Indies are also very poor."

"How did you get interested in writing in the first place?" we asked.

"I grew up with a terrific mother in a house full of books," replied Mr. Walcott. "My father died when I was one, and my mother, a schoolteacher, who never remarried, loved to act. I have an older sister, and a twin brother who is also a playwright and lives in Canada."

By the time Mr. Walcott was eighteen, he had written three books of poetry, which he published himself. "Shortly afterward, I got a scholarship to the University of the West Indies, in Jamaica, where I took a degree in French, Latin, and Spanish," he said. "I taught for a few years in Jamaica and Grenada, and in 1958 I was commissioned to write an epic pageant to celebrate the first meeting of the West Indian Federal Parliament. On the strength of that, I got a Rockefeller grant to study in New York, and it was here, twelve years ago, that I began thinking about St. Lucia and writing 'Monkey Mountain.'"

At the present time, Mr. Walcott lives in Port of Spain, Trinidad, with his wife, Margaret, who is a psychiatric social worker, and two young daughters and a son. "Trinidad is a fantastic island," he said. "It's such an amalgam of races that it's perhaps the best place for the development of a genuine West Indian culture. And it's an enormously creative society; if you include all the people who work on Carnival, there are probably seventy thousand artists on the island. I could never become a

Trinidadian, though, because there's also a basic irresponsibility in the Trinidadians' nature, which I, with my Methodist, St. Lucia bringing-up, find delightful but immoral. Last year, for example, we had a revolution, and right after it failed everybody said, 'Shoot those criminals! Hang them!' The government held a long, expensive trial, but the final judgment was suspended, because Carnival had begun. By the time it ended, the whole affair had started to bore the Trinidadians so much that public sentiment had changed to 'Well, give the boys a break.' So you have a whole country with not only compassion but a kind of shrug concerning a very serious political matter. In any Latin-American country, those boys would have been shot the next day."

We asked Mr. Walcott if he had ever tried to capture the Trinidadian

spirit onstage, and he replied that his latest play, "In a Fine Castle," is the story of a bourgeois French Creole family who live in one of Port of Spain's elaborate Victorian mansions. "When I began it, I was just interested in the characters," he said. "But the revolution came along, and they got mixed up in it. Now I guess the play deals with the contrast between Carnival and revolution. Trinidad is a society where Carnival is regarded as a serious matter and revolution as fun. It's the ambiguity of this view that makes life there so interesting."

Gathering

THE other evening, we went to a formal dinner aboard the M.S. Sea Venture, a brand-new twenty-thousand-ton cruise ship, after she ar-



"It sounds like a good scene, but I don't think I can help you out on it. I'm already overcommitted."

rived here from Oslo, Norway, and before she left on her maiden voyage to Hamilton, Bermuda. We were invited by a couple of Norwegian shipping companies—Oivind Lorentzen and Fearnley & Eger, both of Oslo—and by Flagship Cruises, Inc., of Bermuda, a hands-across-the-sea owner-builder-operator partnership that has supplied the Sea Venture with Norwegian deck and engineering officers, a Norwegian, Italian, and Australian medical staff, an English-speaking Italian cabin, kitchen, and dining-room staff, and American hostesses and an American cruise director. The dinner was preceded by an inspection of the ship. We were led around by a lot of uniformed, pleasant, guttural, refreshing Norwegians, including the captain of the Sea Venture, Erik Bjurstedt, who is six feet three, who has the kind of solid Scandinavian maritime background that makes people feel like plunging confidently into the cold waters of the fjords, and who has a staff with names like Hauge, Vaage, Larsen, Nilsen, Hansen, Arnesen, and Knutzon. Our companion guests included a large number of pasty-faced, beleaguered New Yorkers like us—Comptroller and Mrs. Abraham Beame, Deputy Mayor and Mrs. Timothy Costello, Police Commissioner and Mrs. Patrick Murphy, and people in the travel or tourist or tugboat business. Everybody was in formal dress—in a bedraggled way. We found ourselves alongside Comptroller and Mrs. Beame, he in a small dinner jacket with a bow tie at a tilt, and she in a spangly, sparkly light-blue sleeveless silk gown. Mrs. Beame, whose eyelashes are very long and very black, was cheerful as we all examined the equipment described to us in a press handout as designed for “modern, luxurious American living at sea.” Mr. Beame looked as though he might be considering how much it all had cost: the boat-deck staterooms with full tub baths, showers, re-

frigerators, and television sets; the two outdoor heated swimming pools, one with a sun deck for all-weather use and a retractable glass Solardome; the eleven lounges, four bars, and four dance floors; the sauna baths, the beauty parlor, and the barbershop; and the twelve lifeboats, four of them ninety-passenger canopied launches.

“Do you like ships?” we asked Mr. Beame.

“When they’re standing still,” Mr. Beame said.

“The only time we went on a ship, he got a hundred-and-two-degree fever the first night out,” Mrs. Beame said to us. “We’ll never forget it.”

“Well . . .” Mr. Beame said.

“And I got sun poisoning on my lips,” Mrs. Beame said. “Everybody said to us—it was a cruise to Nassau—‘You’re going in April. You’re lucky. It’ll be marvellous.’”

“It was so rough,” Mr. Beame said mildly.

“He couldn’t leave before April 15th,” Mrs. Beame said. “He was Budget Director at that time. We

left after the budget was submitted.”

“Everybody was seasick,” Mr. Beame said.

“Do you go to many parties on ships?” we asked.

“I urge him to go,” Mrs. Beame said. “I like meeting people. We always enjoy these parties on ships.”

“When they stand still,” Mr. Beame said, with a tiny smile.

“They’re better for him than a lot of the things he has to go to,” Mrs. Beame said. “He doesn’t know how to say no.”

“Well . . .” Mr. Beame said.

“He’s very civic-minded,” Mrs. Beame said.

We all paused to admire the ship’s bulbous bow and swing-out gyro-fin stabilizers for smooth sailing; the all-weather air-conditioning and heating system, with special dehumidification capacity; the twin propellers; and various pollution-control features.

One of the Norwegians said that the Sea Venture was built for the New York market. “New York is the best port in the world, and this ship is going to the best island in the world,” he said. “Until November, this ship will go back and forth between New York and Bermuda.”

“What are some of the other standstill ship parties you have gone to?” we asked Mrs. Beame.

“We went to the Rotterdam one,” she said. “That was just before my son Buddy was married. It was very exhilarating. We went to the Andrea Doria one. When that ship sank, it broke my heart. I’ll never forget those staterooms! Every one lined in silk!”

“I’m all for the cruise business—don’t misunderstand,” Mr. Beame said to us. “I was all for the big new passenger-ship terminal that has just been approved by the Board of Estimate. Its purpose is to hold the cruise business being lost to the City of New York, and attract more. It will be between Forty-eighth and Fifty-second Streets, and it will be



“Beg pardon, sir, but, as a result of a grotesque combination of bad luck and bad management, I find myself in a situation somewhat analogous to that of Lockheed.”

the kind of terminal that will enable the ships to dock more easily. Adjoining the terminal will be a convention center. It will all cost about twenty-five million dollars, which is high, but we will substantially get that back in the form of rents."

We wound up in the Bermuda Lounge, where waiters were passing around trays of highballs and canapés. There was a six-piece orchestra playing a kind of tarantella rock. Couples were dancing on a marble dance floor. We hung around Captain Bjurstedt, and he told us he was born in 1932 in the coastal town of Lillestrom, went to school in Oslo, and now lives in Aalbaek, Denmark, with his wife and four small children, who will, courtesy of Oivind Lorentzen, Fearnley & Eger, and Flagship Cruises, accompany him from time to time on the Sea Venture.

We were approached by a man who was raising his highball glass high to the Captain. "Skool! I'm Arthur Christy, and I want to ask you just one question," the man said.

"I will do my best to answer," the Captain replied.

"What is the thing called the bow thruster?" Mr. Christy asked. "I had my own ship in the Navy in the Second World War, and I've sailed in the Bermuda races. Sailed in every race from 1946 to 1954. But I can't figure out the bow thruster."

"It is the forward propeller, operating in a tunnel in the bow, which can push the ship and make it possible to dock easily in any port," the Captain said.

Mr. Christy sipped his drink and looked happy. "So if you're docking, you just push the buttons operating the bow thruster," he said. "I'm fascinated by all your push buttons. We never had anything like that on my ship."

Captain Bjurstedt looked as though he were concentrating very hard. "They are very nice, these push buttons," he said.

"Yeah," said Mr. Christy. "Tell me, Captain, you use a sextant on the ship?"

"Of course," said the Captain. "Three times a day. It is the rule."



"Hot ziggetty! 'Liberty'!"

"Well, skool again," said Mr. Christy.

We were soon seated in the dining room. On the dinner menu were Iranian Beluga Malossol Caviar on Iced Throne with Blinis, Clear Turtle Soup, Vol au Vent of Fresh Crevettes à la Newburg, Tenderloin of Prime Beef Wellington, and other delicacies. Our table companions included Mr. Christy, who told us he was a lawyer, and a Mr. and Mrs. John Bull, who said they were going on the maiden voyage to Bermuda.

"Not me," said Mr. Christy. "I've never gone on a cruise. I'd climb the wall after a few days. I'm basically a fisherman, but I like to fish when I like to fish. I go to the Canadian North Woods by myself. I do a lot of things. I scrimshaw whales' teeth." He put a lot of caviar on a piece of toast, ate it with zest, and washed it down with a gulp of vodka.

Mr. and Mrs. Bull smiled graciously. Mr. Bull said he was the president of the Moran Towing & Transportation Company. Mrs. Bull is a painter.

"I've been in the shipping business thirty-odd years and I've never been on a cruise," Mr. Bull said. "It will be very nice to relax, for a change, on a ship."

"Wow! Not me," Mr. Christy said. "Give me the Canadian North Woods."

"Do you like to scrimshaw?" we asked Mr. Christy, getting into the cruise spirit.

"For my friends only," Mr. Christy said. "I refuse to do it commercially."

"How's the tugboat business?" we asked Mr. Bull. We were on the turtle soup, and we had a vague feeling that we were approaching Bermuda.

Mr. Bull grinned good-naturedly and shrugged a little. "The number of ships coming into New York has been greatly reduced," he said. "New York as a port has been dying out. We have been diversifying ocean towing. We now tow drydocks from here to Vietnam."

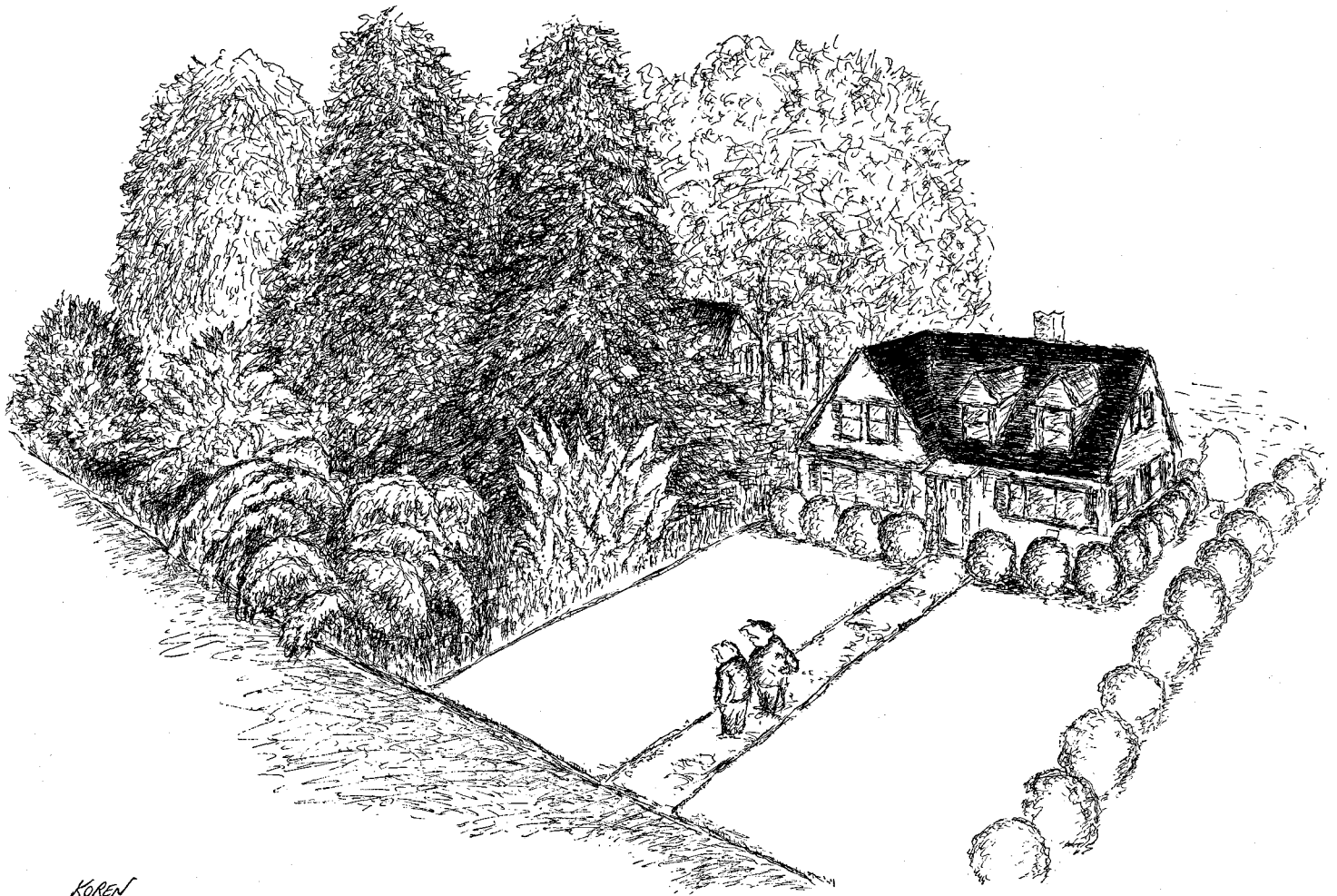
"John Bull," Mr. Christy said. "Wow! I'll bet you get a lot of kidding, with that name."

Mrs. Bull smiled graciously. "He's used to the name," she said.

"When I went to P.S. 127, in Brooklyn, I was in a play," Mr. Bull said, with another good-natured grin. "The program said 'Uncle Sam, played by John Bull.'"

"Wow!" said Mr. Christy.

In the middle of the dinner, someone clanked silver against a glass, and everyone stopped talking and turned to



KOREN

"They're much too permissive."

the dais, where a tall, distinguished-looking man wearing a maroon dinner jacket was starting the mid-meal speeches.

"That's Horace Craddock, of Flagship Cruises," Mr. Christy said.

Mr. Craddock told a joke about a Christian in Roman times who was thrown to the lions; the lions refused to eat him, and when the Christian was asked later why the lions refused to eat him, he explained that he had told the lion, "If you eat me now, you'll have to make an after-dinner speech."

There was some nice, prolonged laughter, and then Mr. Craddock told a little bit about the building of the Sea Venture. "I don't know how much this ship cost, and nobody's telling me," Mr. Craddock said. "Some of our people tell me it cost twenty million dollars, and occasionally we say it cost thirty million dollars, because we want to discourage our competitors from building a ship." More nice, prolonged laughter.

Then Mr. Craddock introduced a handsome, tall Norwegian—Oivind Lorentzen, Jr., son of the head of the

Oivind Lorentzen shipping company. Mr. Lorentzen had an old-fashioned prophet's beard and old-fashioned twinkling eyes. "We believe this ship will get fantastic business," he said seriously. "This ship is manned by Norwegians and Italians—both great participants in the tradition of this country."

Mr. Lorentzen introduced Deputy Mayor Costello, who looked euphoric and rhapsodic as he got up to speak. "Tonight somehow captures everything," Mr. Costello said. "Mayor Lindsay sends warmest regards, and regrets that he cannot be here tonight. He doesn't really realize how *much* he should regret not being here. But he is busy guiding *another* ship through very troubled waters." Mr. Costello then raised his glass in a toast. "May the one-thousandth passage of this ship be as smooth, her dining room as crowded, and her women as beautiful as they are tonight. *Skoal!*"

"*Skoal!*" Arthur Christy called out, standing up. Everybody else stood up and said "*Skoal!*"

We turned around to the table adjoining ours. "*Skoal!*" we said to Police Commissioner and Mrs. Murphy,

who were holding hands and looking very happy.

"*Skoal!* I sort of feel I'm on a cruise," Mrs. Murphy said. "I can't wait for the ship to pull out."

"We're really going someday," Mr. Murphy said. "We haven't settled in our minds when or where or on which ship. But we're going."

"And we're leaving the kids at home," Mrs. Murphy said, with a laugh. "All eight of them."

"When I was fifteen, I sailed to Ireland and back, on a visit to relatives in County Cork," Mr. Murphy said. "Except for the time I was in the Navy, in the Second World War, I haven't been on a ship since. We lived in Brooklyn for most of our married lives, and for about thirty years we've been driving on the West Side Highway and looking at, and daydreaming about, those ships, and talking about going on a cruise."

"Well, here we are!" Mrs. Murphy said. "I feel we're doing it right *now*."

We went over to Mr. and Mrs. Beame and said "*Skoal!*" to them.

"*Skoal* yourself!" Mr. Beame said. "Great trip."

HERE IS EINBAUM

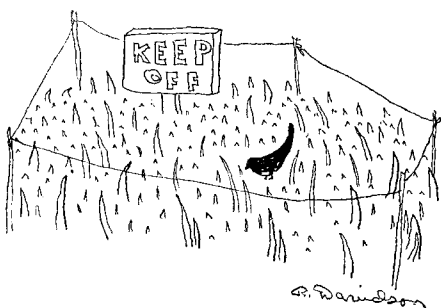
HERE is Einbaum at an open casement window, three floors above the street. On the corner just below him, barefooted, a beggar stands in the fresh fall of snow. His head is bare. He has tipped his face so that Einbaum can see his beard. Before him, in an attitude of prayer, the palms of his hands are pressed together, with a narrow slit for coins between his thumbs. He sings. Someone from a window below Einbaum has tossed him a coin. It is searched for in the snow by two shabby children and the woman who holds a third child at her hip. The head and feet of this child are bare, but it looks well fed. Einbaum has been told that these cunning beggars rent the children from people who have too many, but the woman who told him this is the one who dropped the coin. What is he to believe—that she is wrong, or merely a fool? Until he was told, he sometimes dropped a coin himself. When the beggar sang Christmas carols, the children joined in, their mouths round and dark in their pale white faces. Einbaum's delight was in the sensation that they were needy and he could help them; his torment in the certain knowledge that he was a fool. In the room behind Einbaum the ceiling is high and his sister, Ilse, sits sewing on buttons. She is paid by the button. Her scalp gleams white at the part of her hair. Einbaum steps back from the window to let the housemaid, Karina, air out the bolster and puff the pillows, and they both stand waiting, knowing that the dust will make her sneeze.

Here is Einbaum in the woods of the Wienerwald, concealed by shadows and leaves. He lies sprawled on his face; we see only the soles of his boots and the rucksack strapped to his back. One arm is crooked beneath his head. The other grips an unloaded military rifle. Einbaum is in the midst of the training exercises he enjoys much more than he does his freedom. He is good at it. He can tramp with his pack eighteen miles a day. In his group it is openly admitted that if there is war Einbaum will rise fast. He likes to serve. He likes the simple orderly life. On him and around him glows the golden light of a melancholy Viennese fall, the leaves crushed by lovers who have been careful to stub their cigarettes.

Here is Einbaum at the Studenten Klub, seated at the window overlooking the Schottengasse: snow is falling. It blurs the Christmas lights and the spire of Stefansdom. Einbaum strains

to read the time on the glowing face of a clock. The woman seated at his side is his mistress, Frau Koenig. She wears galoshes that are wet and give off an odor. He is only at his ease with her, she tells him, when they are in bed. Little if anything ever said to Einbaum, up to this moment, has pleased him so much. Einbaum the heartless rogue. Einbaum the callous sensualist. It is unimportant, for the time being, that he is also not at ease with her in bed. Part of the problem is technical. He sometimes fears he might suffocate. Her gloved hands rest on her wide matron's lap. Frau Koenig hasn't given him much pleasure, but she has given Einbaum great plans. He will be a *roué*. Generous matrons will support him in the manner to which he will one day be accustomed. As the snow falls he wonders what time it is. Frau Koenig will misinterpret Einbaum's glancing at his watch, which happened to be the one she gave him. Now it is Christmas. Before buying her something he would like to know what she intends to give him.

We might doubt it, but this, too, is Einbaum. He wears a bowler and carries a valise. It is heavy with books necessary to his life at the University. Two volumes of Spengler, Count Keyserling's "Travel Diary," one book of Italian grammar, another of Italian history. There is also a separate folder of notes, written in code. Einbaum the revolutionary, the *agent provocateur*, waits on the steps of the University for a colleague from Graz, Herr L—— (Einbaum will always see it with the letters missing), who, with Einbaum, will create the disturbance initiating the new order in Vienna. The password is "*Oesterreich über alles*," unlikely as it seems. While running from this scene, which proved to be a fiasco, he is pursued by a man no larger than Dollfuss, who fires a shot that turns up in the second volume of Einbaum's Spengler—a lead pellet he later attached to the fob of his watch. He liked intrigue. He considered an offer that would set him up, comfortably, in



Buda. It was one of his options when something more interesting intervened.

Once more, here is Einbaum—but does it matter? Everyone has an album full of such snapshots. Few, of course, were ever taken by the camera, but they remain indelible on the lens of the eye. In the dark, as a rule, one sees them the clearest, glowing like figures on the face of a watch. Why these and not others? Einbaum often wonders. Something to do with his own life and torment. He cannot spell it out, but in these recurring snapshots the film of his life had its reruns. He studied it for clues to what later happened: some inkling, some suggestion, of emerging powers. Nothing unusual. The same vague apprehensions common to millions of German Jews. Mendelssohn Einbaum often feared for his life, but that was hardly news.

With shame he admits it, but a German first. Both sides of the family burghers in Linz, where they specialized in leather tanning. Einbaum's Jewish grandfather used to say Austria is a condition from which Germans must recover. Perhaps Einbaum did not. He was born in Vienna—his mother, Elsa Nottebaum, an actress of some importance in Hofmannsthal's plays. Einbaum's grandmother wore the family jewels on a cord between her breasts, where they acquired a patina. Is it possible to be a German and a Jew? Einbaum stands before you. Other people's clothes fit him better than his own. The way he backs into a chair, or crooks his finger into the coin slot of a pay phone, the way he nods his head, like a finger, when speaking, or juts it forward, wagging, when listening, the way his coat gapes open like a tent flap—but the impression is clearer across the room than when face to face. A German, unmistakably, and, more or less unmistakably, a Jew. Was it the German or the Jew in him that seemed to be the clearest that day in August, 1939? The century was ten years older than Einbaum. He walked in a drizzle on Kärntnerstrasse. Where the street bends and opens on Stefansdom he stepped from the curb to make way for two ladies. The hair of one was damp. His face actually brushed it as he dipped his head beneath her umbrella. It is why a moment passes before he notes the cab pulled up beside him at the curb. From the lowered rear window a gloved hand beckons. Einbaum peers around. At the moment he stands alone, so it must be him. "Frau Koenig?" he says, sure that it must be, and he is half into the cab



"I thought she loved me, but it turns out she just wanted somebody to wash oil-soaked gulls with."

before he knows better. It is a fine scene: Einbaum bodily abducted in the full light of day. This woman in the cab he knows casually from the musical evenings at the Studenten Klub, and from pictures of her in the *Wiener Tagblatt* skiing in the Alps or playing tennis. A peasant, physically, she has wrists and ankles that are thicker and stronger than Einbaum's. Her blue eyes are much too small for her broad, blond face. Not that it mattered; small or not, they had singled out and selected Einbaum. More important to the scene, as time would prove, was the scent, both animal and mineral, into which Einbaum dipped his head. The day was humid. In such weather everything smells. It left the cab with her, however, and Einbaum would come to know it as the *fleur de peur*, the scent of fear that she never lost. Soon enough, alas, everything else would be taken from the Countess Horvath-Szapati but this odor—and Mendelssohn Einbaum. Neither was ever lost.

Was it with this incident that everything of interest might be said to have begun? The summer of 1939, the city of Vienna was like a shabby unaired museum full of aging attendants and apprehensive tourists, where young men and women of Einbaum's age lived with dreams already buried. Vienna was not music to Einbaum, nor the sight of the bedding of lovers at the

casement windows, nor *Kaffee mit Schlag*, nor a dying way of life, nor any of the many things he discussed with his friends or read in the *Neue Wiener Zeitung*. In those days he carried a card engraved with the name of Mendelssohn Einbaum. He used the tip of his cane to flip leaves from the sidewalk and, with the Countess, a Hungarian from Pest, attended the séances of Lady Golding-Brieslau in her apartment on Schottengasse. Einbaum liked the atmosphere of anxiety, dread, and childish awe. At the ringing of bells his heart pounded. The odor of fear was stronger than the incense. Regardless of what happened, Einbaum himself felt cleansed and one of the chosen to have survived it. He felt he understood the appeal of the Mass without the nonsense of the faith. Besides elderly women, he also met people of unusual background or superior attainments.

Countess Horvath-Szapati played remarkable tennis and had a scholarly interest, like her father, in church history. She spoke, in addition to German and Hungarian, excellent English and French. With a deliberation that was characteristic she used Einbaum to practice her French, skillfully fending off his efforts to practice his English. She talked of going to Brazil. Her father, Count Horvath, had mining interests that would profit from her

personal supervision. She had the cunning and assurance of a Cossack. Frizzly straw-colored hair topped her large, round skull, seamlessly joined to her shoulders. Indoors she perspired. In the dimmed light of the séance her face gleamed like gold leaf. All the features were too small, more like those of a child than a woman, the small pointed teeth busily nibbling at her wind-chapped lips. Hardly a beauty or a charmer, the Countess Horvath-Szapati had a somewhat puzzling but magnetic attraction. Her eyes sparkled. Something to do with animal vitality. Einbaum was not alone in the thought he had given to how a man might seduce such a woman, if that was the word. Her thighs were enormous. In her frequent rages at tennis blunders she would snap the racquet in her hands like pastry. What did she want with French? She considered it the language of confidences. Einbaum's inside track, insofar as he had one, lay in his superior knowledge of the French subjunctive. The question of what to do with money, for instance, or jewels, seemed amusing and plausible when discussed in French. It was possible to be remarkably intimate, and yet impersonal. French novels were specific, if not up-to-date. There were also imaginary problems of travel, decisions about luggage, and questions of climate. Heat she did not like. Her favorite high place in Europe seemed to be in Gavarnie, in the Pyrenees. One could see it on a poster in the lobby of the American Express. She liked high places. She liked the white silence of a world of snow. Einbaum, in contrast, felt himself especially drawn to lower altitudes and more open space. The American Wild West appealed to Einbaum—what he had seen of it in the movies. Man and nature harmoniously blended. The savage beauty and simplicity of the Indian. In the Historical Museum, Einbaum had paused to examine the feathered headgear of the chiefs, and their bows and arrows. Remote as cave-men, yet alive at the time Einbaum's Grandfather Nottebaum came from Prague to Vienna, the Battle of Bala-klava the high point of his long life.

Einbaum loved the movies and felt they were related, in a way, to the séance. One sat in the dark and waited for materializations; at the movies they occurred. To Einbaum's taste, these appearances were more gratifying than the ringing of bells, the table knockings, and the voices that the Countess found so impressive. Although a devout Catholic, she liked the reassurance of a more physical survival. The spiritual

she took for granted. No doctrine justified a belief in the spirit's return to the flesh, but she felt there might be progress in this area. The purpose of religion, quite simply, was to dispense with the problem of death. A start had been made, but fulfillment would come when the spirit recovered the flesh it had lost. Einbaum saw it as part of her primitive, Magyar inheritance. It amused him that this indestructible woman seemed so concerned with her life elsewhere. She wore a jewelled cross, a scarab ring, and carried in her purse cabalistic objects to increase her luck and frighten away evil spirits. To what end? Yet Einbaum noted he felt safer in her company.

As the summer waned, Einbaum helped the Countess shop for what she might need in her travels. It was not clear where; that would be the last decision she would make. He rode about with her in taxis, holding her purchases. In the confines of the cab, if not concealed by the smell of her rubbers, or of her wet coat and umbrella, Einbaum was aware, as in a shuttered sickroom, of the odor of the patient, or the illness. This woman who smelled of money, health, and assurance also gave off the sweet-sour scent of fear. An essence—like that in stoppered bottles—puffed out of her clothes when she sagged into a chair. Was it death she feared? Was she ill with more than apprehension? The straw-yellow hair, the ice-blue eyes, the face as broad and flat as a trowel concealed from others, but not from her, the dram of tainted blood that troubled her thoughts. In diplomatic French she admitted to Einbaum that they had more in common than met the eye. In her father's blood Sophia Kienholz, a Jewess, had left the strain that his daughter, among others, thought apparent. Not anything in particular—no, nothing like that. One simply sensed it was there, as one sensed it in Einbaum. The Jewishness. The *je ne sais quoi*, as the French would say. Ein-

baum was quick to appreciate the confidence, and share their mutual bond and apprehension. So much for the secretly tainted Count Horvath. But what did this have to do with the openly tainted Einbaum?

They were in the *Kaffeehaus* frequented by musicians, on the *Lindengasse*. Einbaum had taken his coffee *mit Schlag*, and sat dunking the puff with his spoon. Conspiracies he liked. In French they ran smoother and promised more reward. In public the Countess frequently wore gloves to conceal the rings embedded in her fingers, but the kid leather fit so snugly it bore a clear imprint of the stones.

There had been no discussion about how to conceal the jewels she could not take off. Einbaum was inexperienced, but not indifferent to the nuances and complexities of his emotions. He liked the drama. He vaguely sensed that the drama, with the passage of time, would prove to be of more interest than the crisis. With one gloved finger the Countess Horvath-Szapati pressed her lip to where her teeth could nibble a raw spot, her eyes flickering from side to side to show the charge of her thought. Einbaum was thinking somebody should paint her, regretting that he lacked the talent. This cunning blond peasant disguised as a countess



"Why didn't he call for air support?"

had reason for her apprehension. What reason did she have for Einbaum?

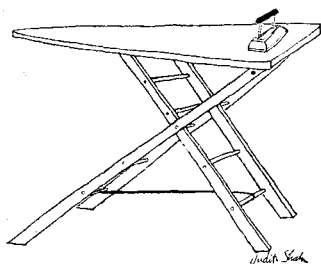
In the opinion of the Countess, Mendelssohn Einbaum bore a remarkable resemblance to Count Horvath. The same stocky frame, with no neck to speak of. The deferent, attentive manner of a good headwaiter. Also a good listener, with an almost inaudible voice. The Count was a student of Ottoman history and spent most of his time living privately, among his books, or hunting in the forests of Abony, the family estate neighboring Pest. He saw few people; outside of family friends, even fewer saw him. If Einbaum, for instance, occupied the Count's quarters—with the knowledge of a few close servants—and went through his usual habits, or stayed in his quarters, he (the Count) might not actually be missed for weeks, possibly months. That would prove to be more than enough time for the Countess and her father, travelling different routes to the same destination, to be in Brazil, Guatemala, Gavarnie, in the Pyrenees, or possibly the Canary Islands, before his absence was noted. Einbaum, in the meantime, would have broken no law and his impersonation would have been purely accidental. As a friend of the Countess, he had been a guest on the estate. He could stay on, or he could return to Vienna as soon as he had received word from the Countess. Einbaum, of course, would do this as a favor, but the Countess would see to it that he was rewarded. One of the rings from her fingers would make it worth his trouble, if that was what it would take.

Had Einbaum forgotten that he, too, was a Jew? Perhaps he had never felt it so strongly. Besides, he was no Horvath and had nothing to lose but his life. In August of 1939, in Vienna, it was hard to imagine who would take Einbaum's. There were laws on the statute books. High in the council of the city of Linz was an influential uncle, husband of an Einbaum. Besides, the minor risks involved appealed to him. Not for nothing had Einbaum been a student of the gangster film and the Wild West.

Einbaum himself made the boat reservations for their trip to Budapest, on the seventh of September. That was the season for river outings, and they were certain to be seen by innumerable people. For this excursion Einbaum bought himself a trenchcoat, of the sort popular with Germans, and a cane

often seen at the races, with the handles forming a saddle the observer could sit on. That was not all. The metal shaft contained a glass tube for several ounces of brandy or kirschwasser. When it was not in use, he wore it in the crook of his arm.

THUS matters stood on the first of September, the day Hitler invaded Poland. Just one day later, with a servant named Rudi, who carried several pairs of skis along with other luggage, the Countess and Einbaum took a train for a ski resort in the Italian Alps. They left the train at Graz, however, and went by car to a village on the Hungarian border. Count Horvath, perhaps without luggage, would arrive on the bus that left Pest that morning. He would take Einbaum's seat on the train; Einbaum would return to Pest on the bus. If there were complications, the Countess would return to Pest and they would make new plans. The bus from Pest appeared on schedule, before midnight, but Count Horvath was not on it. A briefcase with his initials, containing a bottle of akvavit, two Swiss chocolate bars, and a phial of sleeping powders, was found on one of the seats. Without a word Sophia Szapati took one of her ski poles and beat the driver of the bus as she would a horse. When Einbaum tried to restrain her, she beat him. The metal tip left the scar still visible through his beard. All of this was observed by the servant Rudi, from his seat on the pile of luggage. He waited both for help and for the



seizure to pass. This side of her temperament was new to Einbaum, and so was her grief. Was it her affection for the Count, or merely the interruption of her plans? Nothing would console her. She bolted the door to her room in the inn, but her shoes were there in the morning for Rudi to polish. First things first. Later that day, inanely gay, as if drugged, her mouth frozen in the smile of an animal trainer, she appeared at Einbaum's door to tell him that marriage would simplify their travel problems. Had she lost her mind? The point seemed academic. She still had more mind to lose than Einbaum. Nothing at Einbaum's disposal had the power to deflect her will. There would be delays, thanks to complications, and Einbaum thought he read the script as a staged performance, an act of hysteria

that met her needs but for which she might not be responsible later. Shock, they called it. Einbaum would come to know much about shock.

In practical terms, the novels of intrigue supplied them both with a pattern of action. Little seemed new. All of this had been done so often before. Stranger couples than Einbaum and the Countess were seen on trains out of Vienna, and their story would not surprise the porter she had generously tipped. The servant Rudi had been blessed, put on the bus, and sent back to Pest. Strange that Einbaum, rocking in a berth euphoric with akvavit and the rising elevation, should remark that he had seldom felt so good about the future at the moment the lights were going out over Europe. How explain it? He was by nature a gentle, even apprehensive, man.

MONEY got them to Spain. The plane itself, a kite with open cockpits, recruited in Gorizia, was worth less than the money they paid for the passage, but she enjoyed the flight. At a moment her fear, accumulating for hours, would release itself in exhilaration—the thrill of a child rocking the seat of a Ferris wheel. Einbaum was terrified. He sat so long with stiff, clasped hands he had no feeling in his fingers. Wind filled his ears at night. They might have flown on to Lisbon, and from there to New York, but the travel agent could find few listings and accommodations under "Skiing." Before they flew on to Brazil, where little snow fell, the Countess wanted a last winter of skiing, and a chance to reconsider her plans for the future. The war might soon be over. Privately, she feared the godless Russians more than the Germans.

With her two sets of skis and shoe skates for Einbaum—along with wool mittens and matching fur earmuffs—they went north to a village in the Spanish Pyrenees that proved to be jammed with refugee traffic. There was little skiing. There was also a shortage of rooms and beds. The rumor was that ports of exit, in either direction, were in the hands of spies or Nazi sympathizers, and all foreigners, particularly Jews, were subject to investigation, their possessions confiscated. Was it possible? Einbaum thought it possible.

Countess Horvath-Szapati, travelling alone, with the added inducement of a little jewelry, might fly off to do her skiing elsewhere. Then again she might not. Although she was fond, as she said, of Einbaum, and



"If we pull this off, we've made burglary history!"

talked to him as she would to a priest, her feelings, as well as her affections, followed the custom of a master and a servant. Frankly, Einbaum rather liked it. It testified to her breeding, as her appearance did not. On the vantage side, for Einbaum, this proved to mean that she needed him more than he needed her. She was accustomed to a Rudi, or a Helga, or a pet—she was subject to weeping for a hound, Süßchen, that slept on her bed and licked her awake—to be there at her side, at her service, or within range of her voice. The division of the men and women made necessary by the crowding—into separate groups, occupying separate dormitories—was a greater hardship on the Countess than the incident at the border. She could not

stand the lack of privacy; she could not stand absolute privacy. Without Einbaum she lost her wits. She made a fool of herself among the women, pointing out that she, Sophia Szapati, was a countess, and offering to make it worth the while of those with the taste to recognize it. Women with that sort of taste were not lacking. The Countess's ingroup, a half-dozen or more females he was never given the opportunity to study, occupied a corner of the dormitory screened off from the room with several bedsheets. Among them was a Spanish Jewess, a lean bitter woman Einbaum thought he might have seen later in the movie "La Strada"—one of the faces uplifted to the performer on the high wire. A cardinal principle of the Countess was

that Jews could be bought. She let it be known that she would buy her way out, preferably through France, when the winter was over. She liked the language. She would take up residence in Paris. This should have upset Einbaum, or made him apprehensive, but his temperament displayed a chronic weakness: people amazed him. What would they think of next? His anger at human folly was not equal to the pleasure observing it gave him. This remarkable woman, known to him as a countess, could change her spots when the *script* called for it. The word "script" was Einbaum's. It seemed appropriate to the cast and the circumstances. Here in the Pyrenees, as in an ambitious movie, several thousand strangers were locked in a drama of waiting. Einbaum

did not merely endure it. No, as the tension mounted, he speculated on its resolution. Along with hunches and calculated guesses, there was increasingly the question of people. Like francs, pesetas, and dollars, they were negotiable. Some would prove to cash in, others to check out. As an example, the Countess, for all her discomfort, was at her best when she *hated* something. That she had in abundance. It brought out in her a vitality, a passion, that Einbaum associated with more intimate matters. This cow of a woman aroused desire. Einbaum marked it in himself. She slept in the clothes she feared she might lose, with her valuables worn on a chain at her armpit. Einbaum had seen them, green as American money, when she raised her arms to put up her hair. Someone had told her this patina would increase their value, testifying to their age. Cash money she kept in a fold of flesh at her waist.

One morning at sunrise, the village still in the shadow of the snowcapped

peaks to the east, Einbaum was awakened by a boy, Alexis, and hurriedly taken to the women's quarters. Most of them slept. There had been no disturbance to wake them up. The stale air had the sickening sweetness Einbaum associated with the female period. In the favored location, for which she had paid, set off from the cots of her ingroup, Sophia Szapati sprawled on her back as if stoned. A wet towel had been placed on her forehead and eyes, but her mouth stood open. In such a bulk, how small it looked. A quilt pressed between her flanks, where someone had kneeled. Among other things too numerous to mention, the Countess Szapati had lost the gold crowns to her teeth. Someone had propped open the jaws, fished them out. Einbaum had the impression of a crudely looted piece of antique statuary, known to have had rare gems for eyes and solid gold teeth. Nevertheless, the over-all impression was comical. A beached and looted hulk, or ship's prow, waiting for the tide to sweep it out to

sea. The ring promised to Einbaum had been cunningly cut from her finger. On her spacious behind—she had been rolled on her face by an official who knew what to look for, and where—a spot no larger than a pinprick indicated the point where the needle had entered. Perhaps it had never left. (Einbaum had heard the stories of how they circulated like fish in the bloodstream.) This grotesque incident would not have occurred in the orderly rigor of a well-run police state, and owed its success to the relaxed confusion of the time and place. Friends and enemies were not clearly defined—a situation she instinctively feared. The consensus was that she had been the victim of the impression she left on others. Nothing would kill her. So she had had the benefit of too great a dose. The frail and the cunning were better qualified to survive.

Einbaum's health actually improved on the camp rations and absence of tobacco. The letters Einbaum might have written for himself he wrote for others in French, German, and English. Few were answered. Einbaum was not tempted to try his luck. The past so desperately cherished by others held little attraction for him. Nor did the flight to Brazil, Canada, or the United States. Confinement gratified something in his temperament. An elderly Jew, Klugmann, who asked Einbaum's help with his Double-Crostics, diagnosed Einbaum's contentment as a return to the womb of the ghetto. Here in the camp he was at home. In a condition of freedom was he ill at ease? Klugmann had practiced psychoanalysis in Prague, where the anxiety of the Jews, if they had not been dispersed by war and incineration, would have tested Klugmann's theory that fear was more productive of spiritual renewal than hope. Now it hung in the air. Klugmann talked in this way while Einbaum dozed over the gaps in Klugmann's Double-Crostics—an American entertainment supplied to him by the secretary of the American Friends Service Committee, a society of Quakers. The Crostics came to her from a friend in New York by the name of Bettina Gernsprecher. It was Einbaum who took the trouble to write and thank her for them both.

HERE is Einbaum in New York. A greeting-card salesman, he has the use of one of the company's imported Volvos. The president is a Swede, a strong believer in foreign trade. Einbaum's area is in Bucks County, where his knowledge of Ger-



"Thy armies shall be victorious in the field, thy treasure shall increase, and tomorrow will be sunny and warm with a high in the seventies."

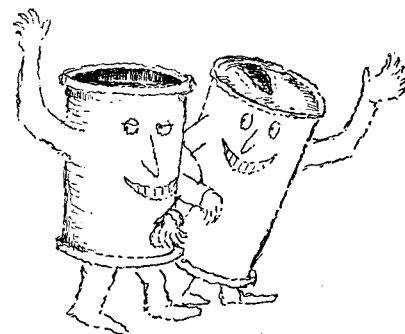
man is considered an advantage. His manner is friendly, but his speech is a sort of muttering, and the talk slacks off. There is something annoying about Einbaum, but it goes unmentioned, being hard to define. What is appealing is obvious. Einbaum is human. He has lived, like you, an already long and pointless life. He is on the road four or five days a week, and looks forward to sleeping late on Sundays. While in the city Einbaum stays with Bettina Gernsprecher, who colors the greeting cards by hand. The outline is there, and Bettina is free to vary the colors of the lips, the hair, and the eyes. This costs the buyer extra, but it gives Bettina a steady job. It takes eight months of the year to prepare for the seasonal rushes.

Bettina sits on a stool, her back arched over so the bones protrude like knuckles, her knees drawn up to support the clipboard and the card. She puts a point to the brush by twisting it on her lips. Einbaum has warned her. He has told her the story of the women who died from painting numerals on watch faces—those that glow in the dark. Bettina's cards do not glow as yet, but one day they might. On his trips to the city Einbaum brings her his laundry, and while they listen to music she darns his socks. She likes to darn. She cannot sit for long without using her hands.

Early pictures of Bettina are lacking, since they were destroyed with the ghetto in Cracow. Because she was tall for her age, a place was made for her in a brothel limited to Jewish females. This information she shared with Einbaum the Sunday they went to the Met together. Humiliation, remorse, even self-disgust are sentiments that she has dispensed with. There is skill in her hands. She received her training in a concentration camp. She paid her own way when Einbaum took her to lunch, and shared with him the lower half of her daybed. Stretched at his side, or beneath him, she was taller, but her chronic stoop brought her eye to eye with him in elevators. Einbaum



"They're leaving to be recycled."



saw very little of her when they walked in the street. He found himself, soon enough, either a stride or two behind her or several strides ahead and pausing to wait for her. During her formative years, she had either been led (she found it hard to remember) or pushed from behind.

It is not easily explained that a woman's age and appearance seem irrelevant. Einbaum talked a good deal; could it be said she listened? When Einbaum showered, he would find looped over the curtain rail her brassiere with the padded cups: if a woman really cared *that* much, why didn't she care more? Another time he found a shirt that was not his own in the laundry he brought back from the city. A small neck size, but the arms of an ape. Einbaum returned the shirt without comment, and that was where the matter rested.

Nevertheless, in her company he was subject to puzzling sensations. Years after any woman had been seen with a bob, Bettina found it a sensible hair style. The hair in front she cut herself, and let the barber apply clippers at the back. Einbaum could not make up his mind if he thought her a new and higher form of life or a lower. Her detachment extended beyond the

things of this world. It was the contrary—he felt obliged to point out—with Sophia Szapati, the other woman in his life. She had been attached to things until death and thieves took them from her. "Looted" was the word. Einbaum had frequently described the spectacle for Bettina. The puzzling thing was that these two women, for all their differences, had one thing in common. They had chosen Einbaum. It could not be said that he had actually chosen them. Sophia had all but kidnapped him in Vienna, beckoning to him from the back seat of the taxi, and Bettina Gernsprecher, sight unseen, had agreed to support him until he found work, persuading her employer with the ape-long arms to hire Einbaum as a greeting-card salesman.

So here is Einbaum—through, as we say, no fault of his own.

—WRIGHT MORRIS

FISHING NET POSTS stand out against the sunset near Campobello Island in Maine. The island, located in part of the nation sometimes referred to as "downcast," is at the most northeastern point in the state.—*Photograph caption in the Grand Forks (N.D.) Herald.*

And why not—with a Democrat for a governor?

TEMPORARY MEASURES: A BOOK OF HOURS

I. MATINS WITH LAUDS

A Motor City baby derby, and
 First down the ways and into this world's weak,
 Insolvent waters, cold as the New Year
 At 3 A.M. upon its natal day,
 Comes Infant Edwards, starproof, mewling, nude
 Of words except for an unparsable howl,
 To find the place prepared for him and his
 Fatal incompetence, the lot of all
 Born winners and born losers. Red and green
 Clouds halt and march, reflecting city lights
 On their soft underbellies stuffed with snow,
 And I, returned from tempting Providence—
 Dark Brown & Sharpe's, dark double-deckers, dark
 State House, all emulous of our new age—
 With other freshmen, strike sparks with my steel
 Heel taps at 3 A.M. from the Large Quad,
 Ascend my entry noisily, disburse
 My clothes to the four walls, and fall to bed,
 So full of joy as not to fall asleep
 At moving, my own man, in a new state
 Forever mine, or till the warranty
 Expires, whichever may come first. A fist
 Of pain, an echo of a fist of sleet
 Against the window, pummels me awake
 In my uptilted, sweated bed, and I
 Inch one hand crabwise to the nurse's call
 That breaks the nighttime with a silent scream
 Of light above my doorway. Pad, she comes,
 A moving flashlight and a shaded face
 Some miles from mine. "Pain?" "Um." "O.K., hang on."
 The breaking of an ampule, tiny in
 That storm of silence; the persistent twinge
 Of the steel needle probing for a vein
 In the scarred, cratered crook of my forty-
 Two-year-old arm, an outgrowth of the one
 That Infant Edwards brandished at the world,
 So fine and fair. Light dies and crêpe soles slub,
 Indefinite, away. The anodyne
 Ascends into my higher centers, where
 Its tidings cheer my suffering populace
 And float me forthwith to the brim of sleep,
 Where I put down my pack of grievances.

II. PRIME

A thousand leagues of winter at my back—
 Conspiracies of starving men to warm
 Cracked hands at trash-can braziers in the dead
 Of that unswerving season—I awake
 To treble choirs of birds in Florida,
 Three times as deafening as anything
 The North in spring can offer, and confront
 The sun ascended from a green-orange sea
 To dazzle me with such rich lenity
 As, fresh-escaped from winter's element-
 Ary school, I had not known there was. Such waves
 Of song in the high register against
 The ground bass of such waves that break and cream
 Up to our house-stilts argue for divine
 Administration, even in the teeth

Of such hard evidence as '34
 Can effortlessly marshal. *Tochter aus Elysium!* massed choruses declare
 To me at dawn. Lowell R-34
 Jitters and tingles as the radio-Vic,
 Its volume knob on 9, jam-packs my ears
 With affirmation, and I pace and shave
 While spattering Palmolive Shaving Cream
 The length of the rag rug. Another March—
 I lie awake and wasted as the sun
 Comes up to turn the snows to runnels and
 Erase the ski trails on the mountains, and
 Hear a fresh chorus, ragged, far, and near,
 That turns an inanition into a
 Hope of a convalescence: the first flock
 Of redwings lit, invisibly to me,
 In the red-budded branches of a tree
 Beside a swamp to descant raucously
 On the possibility that life resumes.

III. TIERCE

Morning at Mountjoys'. Waking in the blue,
 Disused maid's room, accompanied thereto
 Last night by Sally (who, now up betimes,
 Has gone down flights of white dust covers to
 Gather the May), I still recall her shape
 In every fingertip and taste her taste
 Upon my tongue. What an authentic ache
 In one eighteen, such being met and left
 Behind provides, so that the following day
 At the same hour, not having slept, I sit
 Alone with Sally's picture—taken at
 A booth in Scollay Square, four poses for
 A quarter—and devise an undersong
 Upon her eyebrow. Morning at Edwards'. I
 Rise up alone to a song sparrow's song,
 Leaving my sleeping wife in grave repose,
 One long arm classically curved across
 The comforter, and go down to her house
 In order, with the imprint of her sweet
 Will and deep discipline upon each neat
 Arrangement of still-life, on each cleared, bare,
 And dustless surface. She, although she sleeps,
 Is all around me in the frozen dance
 Of objects shaped and placed by years of life
 Together, and bespeaking such a love
 Of going on as lovers know not of.

IV. SEXT

Up on my windowsill above the Quad
 I sit, feet braced against the guttering,
 And blot up the noon sun as I indite
 My virgin sonnet on that selfsame sun
 As seen an evening earlier through rose-
 Hued scales of callowness. An overdose
 Of Jacobethan diction puffs up my
 Stillborn conceits with strange oaths; that ball
 Of hollowness clad in glad rags rolls down
 The yellow page unto the fourteenth line,

Where, with glad cry—"Here endeth!"—I retract
 Myself into my room with hothead haste
 To hie me to my classmates to purvey
 My clockwork ware to them, my rhyming toy,
 And watch them narrowly to see if they
 Will think of Chatterton, the marvellous boy.
 A matter of a quarter century
 Elapses to denote the passage of
 A quarter century. Discover me
 Enthroned in Naugahyde, a No. 2
 Eberhard Faber pencil in my hand
 Upon a pad upon a clipboard on
 My old Peal case upon my lap, and that
 Selfsame June sun striding bolt overhead
 As I attempt, about the thousandth time,
 To set words down on paper in a line
 That will lead somewhere other than from left
 To right or top to bottom of the page.
 Cunning, according to authorities,
 Improves with age, but so, alas, does rote:
 That well-honed, well-worn bag of burglar's tools
 Enables one unguardedly to quote
 The words and fancies of one's younger self:
 Mastery is the last resort of fools.
 No, it is needful to apprentice one's
 Gray eminence, the counsel of one's age,
 To childish, churlish wonder; all blasé
 Appraisals, knowing looks, and practiced eyes
 Must, like the phoenix, be quite burnt away
 That that sad ash and ember may give rise
 At last to a new flight late in the day.

V. NONES

Ah, Mr. Justice in midafternoon—
 August, a portly and a portable
 Tribunal trundled up to where the fire
 Burns brightest, to extinguish it with your
 Dry foam, an inert gas of dusty saws
 And modern instances. Is it the same
 Young reed who swayed and read before the dames
 Of dead Salons of Arts the year the war
 Died in a fire storm, unbeknown to them
 Who cupped in crippled hands the guttering flame—
 The color of a Yellow Book—of art?
 Is it the same who once laid down the law
 To them—uncomprehending, thinking long
 Thoughts of their long-dead dogs and husbands—who
 Thrust on them the stale jargon of his view
 Of existential action; for his pains,
 Reaped a whirlwind of coos and giggles from
 His mother-henning auditors; and was
 Engulfed, encapsulated in the soft
 Breastworks of their indifference, scented by
 Synthetic-lavender sachets? Is it
 The same who, give or take a trillion cells,
 Stands up here now at Sanders, aging, gray,
 In the cloud shadow of Commencement Day,
 And tries your courtesy with news of him
 At length—please see above, below, *passim*—
 When you and your coördinates might rather
 Be out reviewing girls in this loose weather?
 Is it the same who one day, should he live
 So long, may in the comic motley of
 His species, crow-black cassock and a hood

Dyed like a bird of paradise, play out
 The courtly rite of honors—bow, dip, scrape
 Like Dresden figures in a minuet—
 Which, as you know, has less than nothing to
 Do with the lonesome life of honor, or
 The likelihood of justice under those
 Ineffably well-tailored judge's robes?

VI. VESPERS

Homing at evening in the crepuscular
Tristesse of late November is not at all
 Like the silk softness of that just-postwar
 November night, when Sally in silk and I
 Slipped down the Hill in blue and out along
 The Esplanade in black to find a bench
 Beside the river, where, with world enough
 To burn, we burnt each other in the dark.
 Novembers now bite deeper with their damp
 And send me from the city—an armed camp
 Of ignorant infantry whose confused alarms
 May sound at any second—to the farms
 Where the half rich and the half just still sleep
 Their half sleep in the drying pools of peace.
 Still, home is hope and comfort, the last place
 Where order creeps on in its petty pace,
 Where topless stacks of letters, papers, books
 Demand an answer, where discourse resumes
 Its evensong, and, in our inmost rooms,
 My wife and I negotiate today
 And keep the desert at the door at bay
 Until such time as, shrunk-shanked, full of sleep,
 We'll break our treaty to defend our keep,
 Undo our locks and throw away the key,
 And let barbarian night carry the day.

VII. COMPLINE

Purple and white, three hundred milligrams
 Of mere oblivion put paid to day
 As mere drink did when I fell late to bed
 Twenty-five years ago; and as that mere
 Snicker of liquid in the needle did
 Last winter in the hospital. But this
 Winter, the day's last offices are sung
 By courtesy of a white, crystalline,
 And bitter powder, bitterer than gall,
 But not as bitter as the infinite
 Spaces of space, the reasonless and cold
 Black holes between the stars, which swallow this
 Year's end without a sound, which swallow us
 In distance now and soon enough in death,
 From which no journeyman returns. What now
 Remains to do is to apply ourselves
 To exercising milligrams of force
 To alter the immutable universe;
 To work at the pitch of our tiny skills;
 To show love to our fellow-passengers;
 To put aside the tininess of men;
 To give up hope our years will never end;
 To sing the temporary measures of
 Our night song with such art that our small notes
 Will reach across meridians to the ears
 Of those who next sing lauds in the small hours.

—L. E. SISSMAN

THE PASSING

WHEN Mama comes back to me now, it is mostly in some kind of a dream. Reach me that cup, she says, and I see the one she means, but before I can hand it to her she's left and I know I've been to sleep. Your Mama's on high, Roxie, I tell myself and I lie there a while trying not to be ashamed about the passing.

The thing I didn't want to be like it was was that when the Lord sent for Mama I wasn't even home. She'd been down sick so long by that time, and finally even the King's Town Bank had to give some of its money on our seven whiteface that we had. With this we had more than enough to get us by till vegetable time without me working at all. But not noticing she was getting lower some people sent for me to go to their house and help them. It was the Ingles family that live on this plantation. They had sickness and wanted me, and Mama said go on—there's nothing else to do when big people call. Besides, she expected maybe they would give me a little watching after in days to come for what I did for them.

Mr. Ned Ingles was back from his good times in New Orleans, but while he'd been gone his son had gotten tumors. That was Laurance. Well, Mr. Ned had to do right smart drinking to stand up to all of this, and he had brought a lady from King's Town, Miss Anna Meredith, to help them get along. It was Miss Anna that said I had to come help them out.

To tell you about Miss Anna Meredith I would have to go back to olden days when she used to send Mama her overflow sewing work. Miss Anna was a sweet acting lady and mighty, mighty poor. It could be her poorness made her do what she did, although Mama said watch out for two kinds of people—those who talk God up to keep their business straight, and those who won't give Him any credit at all even for creation. Miss Anna was this last numbered kind. Until Mr. Ned brought her out here, she'd been too hard up to even

think of help, and I was the one she lit on right away. Nobody would do but Roxie Stoner to go up to that big house and help them attend to everything.

The first day, I fixed Mama up as good as I could with her Vicks and various little needs on a chair by her bed and made it across the ridges early. Mr. Ned was already up and sitting on his back steps and it looked like he'd been crying. I was wondering—he used to be a little bit frisky with lady people—but now he stood up just as humble to let me by and told me thanks for coming.

I know that house—the cooks up there used to have me peel and do different things for them—and I walked on through the kitchen and into the hall until I saw Miss Anna. Right away she took her apron off and tied it onto me. Nobody was able to hear, she said—two asleep and one not listening—so she would tell the whole thing now. Laurance was going to die. It might take a month or it might take longer. Whichever way, he couldn't stay quiet unless she herself was right with him, waiting on him every min-

ute. I was a special company keeper. I could go on and catch up the housework, she said, that would be all the better, but I was mostly supposed to talk to Laurance's papa when he jarred up from his whiskey and pay him a lot of notice. He liked to bother Laurance, and Laurance had this ache in his neck that was eventually going to kill him, and he didn't want to even see the sight of his papa much less to start to talk.

I tried to tell Miss Anna that I had sick of my own to tend and I couldn't be gone but a little while from Mama, but she held up her hand for me to stop. Just listen another minute, she said, before I made my mind up. We had been using this family's tenant house and their land and everything else we could help ourselves to for lo these many years and hadn't done a thing to pay it back. When all this was over we'd still have our greens and wood and we'd of done our part. If Lily—that's what she called Mama—saw fit to die right during this jam there was nothing we could do. She'd made a good thing out of me waiting on her all these years and she didn't believe she would. I've heard people say those Merediths would send a king around to the back, and that's the way she acted.

There was one more reason, Miss Anna said, that I would have to help them. They had this little baby on their hands. Its mother had taken about all she could of this kind of life and gone to get some schooling. There isn't any college near to us. She carried me in the front room then, where sure enough there was one lying in a wicker buggy playing with some dangles. Don't worry about two places at once, Miss Anna said, just be my natural self and help them all I could.

I DIDN'T see how in the world I was going to run this job even by itself without a thought of Mama. And it would be the same as everywhere I go—people get to liking me more than they do each other. Well, I found out I could tote the baby while I did my housework,



"Have you told your readers about me? About how I walked into your life when all your friends and family had turned their backs on you? And about how I brought you love and hope for a brighter tomorrow?"

and Mr. Ned left us alone to get his drinking done. Then when I'd hear *him* stirring I would quick put the baby in the buggy and push it in a side room with the door shut. How do you reckon he is now, Roxie, was the main thing Mr. Ned wanted to ask me, meaning Laurance, and I'd say about asleep. Let's us keep quiet now and let him take his rest.

"But I've got to see him, Roxie." And he'd commence to cry. "I've got to figure on him how he really is."

I didn't know what he meant by this and I poured him some coffee so's to coax him off the whiskey. "Go at him a little at a time," I said. "When you once forget somebody, like you being down in New Orleans so long, it don't do afterward to celebrate that particular person too fast. Just ease in on him and maybe fix his fire and ease back out." And I told him what Miss Anna said about Laurance not liking to talk.

He sat up straight then and took the coffee and tried to clear his eyes to see me better. "Anna doesn't know the first thing about him," he said, "any more than I do." And his hands shook so he couldn't hold the coffee and had to lie back down.

Whenever Laurance got to feeling a little better he liked to hold the baby and make me mirate on it and watch it at its tricks. He said the hurting in his neck got easier as soon as his papa went under from the whiskey. The thing he wanted to wonder about was how the baby would turn out when it grew to be a man. Well, I pondered on it for him. Going way back in my head to his grandpa's time—Laurance's grandpa was nice to all the hands. He wouldn't even let the sheriff know when we would have a killing. Then Mr. Ned was good—he'd just gone down on spirits. Laurance himself was a little bit wrong-headed, but he was the same as colored the way he treated people. Taking all of these men and using the schoolhouse way of dividing them up by how they were the same, I'd calculate the baby. He came out *fine*—as good as any one of them and maybe even better. He wouldn't need whiskey, because days change and confusion's on the wane. He wouldn't be sickly, on account of our lugging him around so much and minding what he needed. "He's apt to be a sanctified man," I said, "the way he's starting out." This tickled Laurance and he said he hoped he would be. My own grandfather was and I know a good deal about it.

Sometimes people get to liking me so much I have to cure them of it. It



"Good evening. I'm George Graham, Harvard '71. I have an A.B. cum laude in physics, and I can recommend the roast duck unreservedly."

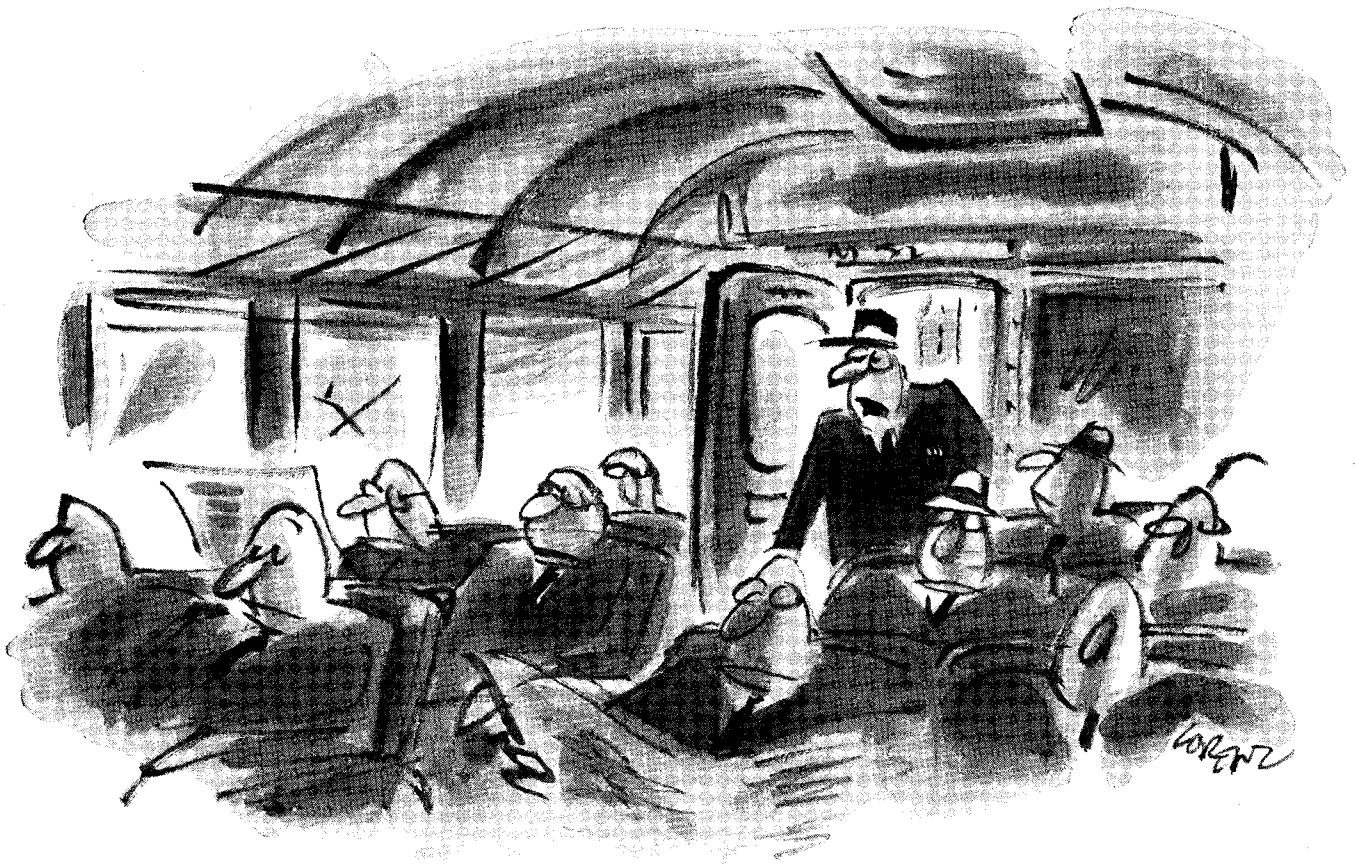
got to seeming that way up there—that whole houseful of people hollering Roxie, and Mama across the woods maybe calling too. I could feel it pressing on my mind, trying to suit them all. One evening I made it home just before dark and found her out of bed down on the floor. She had eased her feet around on the medicine chair until she could touch something else and that way get down to crawl to what it was she needed. I knew right then I'd have to treat her better.

When I got up to the big house the next morning I had it in my mind to talk the whole thing out. But Miss Anna was shut up in Laurance's room reading out loud and Mr. Ned was sleeping. The first time I could see Miss Anna it was close to dinnertime. When I told her, she let a lot of time pass so I could hear my own self back before she'd say a word. If the worst came to the worst, she said, Mr. Roosevelt (that's their head man) would have to bring Mama and slip her in their attic. There was plenty of room up there for her and me too, and that way I could stay by them all night. Well, I thanked her, but I knew Mama'd never do it. She was born right in that house we have and takes her pills by how the light is changing.

The trouble was my head was getting clogged trying to see which way

was which. If I pictured one solvement and felt worse, it must be turning toward sin. So I'd try thinking another way to see if that was better. About the best in a case like this is to settle on one course and then make up your biscuit. If they turn out light and good, you're on the track of right. The one I picked was Mama—seeing after her. And sure enough, standing right there in the people's kitchen, I made up a pan of the best I'd ever tasted, holding to the thought of being home. Mr. Ned himself was the one I'd have to dare up to, because Miss Anna held out she had Laurance and them and I had only one.

In the mornings Mr. Ned felt bad from the leavings of his whiskey. As a rule, though, he didn't commence drinking it fresh until along this side of evening. There was a little chance in there to catch him in his mind. I watched the hall then until I saw him come out and throw away the paper. That was the sign he was tired of being awake. I started out on Laurance. As long as you say the name of Laurance he will listen good and kind. Then, before he could get started crying, I switched around to Mama. I told him how it was to find her on the floor. And wild as he was with his red hair mussed and his eyes broken into with vein lines he said go get



"Grand Central Station, gentlemen. Prepare to place your bets."

Miss Anna, that they would have it out.

Well, I tapped real light on Laurance's door and Miss Anna followed me back down the hall. When she got to the kitchen, Mr. Ned told her to pay attention. Did she know that Mama was by herself while I was working here? All right then, he said, we were putting off his rest but arrangements would have to be made so I could go home every now and then to see what all she needed. He wasn't going to have sick neglected on his place as long as he was living.

Miss Anna acted just as meek. She was about afraid I'd let on that I was here to keep him. That would be fine, she said, and to take Mama some of whatever was on the stove but hurry back, Laurance was getting tired.

WHEN I started on home this time, I found out that as soon as you win over people you go to grieving for them. What would they do in that big house while I was gone? The baby couldn't stay asleep all the time, and Mr. Ned might be needing me to hold him back from Laurance. Here I was able to look after Mama and my mind was back on them. I would have to hunt for something in Scriptures to head up all of this. You can find any kind of trouble there is when you pick up the Bible—people after

other people more than they are today.

I had gotten clear through the woods and was close up to our house when I saw a turkey buzzard. It was too high for me to make out its business and then I saw another. All the while more were gathering and wheeling around in a tighter and tighter ring up above our chimney. I tried to think it was a whiteface, but when I looked there were all seven, eating by my garden fence.

I could feel something happen then—something like a change *inside* my head. It scared me. I made myself repeat some verses till I could go on in. When I opened the door to Mama's room she didn't move a bit or tell me what to do. It was like she was watching me though. I began to be ashamed. Sometimes—if I haven't been handy when she needs me—she teaches me a lesson and won't talk. I kneeled down by her bed and asked her what she wanted, told her all I ever meant to do on this earth was get her little necessities for her. I could see the dim spots the birds made when they passed above the hearth light and hear them flapping when they went back up to fly down like they do.

I was crying by now and afraid I'd shake the bed. Dear good sweet Jesus, I said, I've got to have You. I had to keep stopping my feet from heading

right back to where the other people were, and I knew good and well they were too laden to even help me wake her. I tried to hear her voice in my remembrance—Mama's I mean—but all I could think of was what she said her father said, the Reverend Isaac Stoner: Bless God. Whatever happens bless God, then do your studying out.

I took this order then and got down on my knees and blessed Him over and over. This gave me enough space in my head to know that she had risen. Dying means more life (whose voice was telling that?), closer to our Father.

When the bell began to ring out over the woods I knew they wanted me. They would send Mr. Roosevelt though, to see why I didn't come. He would start the wake and that was good.

I kept on saying sets of prayers, and in between I put on the dress she wanted and found her chinaberry beads. It was hard to get her shoes on, they'd been wrapped up too long. Then while I looked at her so little lying there but gone, I began to know I'd gotten too interested in the people's troubles when I shouldn't. I told her I was sorry—still tell her so right on. One of these days she'll excuse me, and she says a lot of things in dreams now when I'm not expecting her to. But she hasn't said that yet. —BERRY MORGAN

ANNALS OF JUSTICE

IMMORTAL GATITO

If she had been a hairdresser, or if she had slept with a young apprentice, it would have been different.—*The Deputy Public Prosecutor.*

TO translate the Gabrielle Russier case into American terms you would have to improvise a new society. First, every teacher and professor in the country, from kindergarten on through university, would be a federal employee, like the tax inspector or the postman, with a civil-service career controlled, observed, and directed from Washington. This society would have such a tight cultural unity that in every region and in all walks of life words and expressions would have the same meaning, the same resonance: a doctor in Oregon, an unemployed laborer in Buffalo, a librarian in Los Angeles, and a waitress in New York could respond in much the same way to "the child," "the father," "a teacher," "the family," "a divorced woman," "an educated person," and "authority." Given this background, imagine that somewhere in the South a high-school teacher of thirty-one falls in love with one of her pupils, a boy of sixteen. The boy's parents are both university professors. When they discover the affair, they lodge a complaint in court for corruption of a minor. Suppose that this charge is serious when it is levelled against a woman but not very serious if the accused is a man. The reason for this would be not only a long history of American jurisprudence but a prevailing belief that a Don Juan is simply exercising a normal role in society, whereas women have been troublemakers ever since Genesis. As for the boy in the story, an adolescent who sleeps with a woman older than himself, disobeys his parents, and runs away from home will be considered not only a social delinquent but a mental case, and treated as such.

Imagine that habeas corpus does not exist in American law but that preventive detention does: anyone can be put in prison without a trial and kept as long as the judge conducting the preliminary investigation sees fit. This judge is sovereign. He is not obliged to consult anybody or give a reason for whatever he decides. When the teacher is arrested and held without a trial, public opinion is aroused, because it is utterly unusual for someone of her class and background to be jailed. If she is being treated like the illiterate and the poor, then something must be

wrong. All over America, people wonder what the courts are up to. Eventually she is brought to trial in secret, in a closed court, and let off with a suspended sentence. Half an hour after the sentence has been passed, the District Attorney, who has received a telephone call from the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, appeals to a higher court for a stiffer penalty. The object is to make certain that the teacher will have a prison record, thus making it impossible for her to earn her living anywhere in the United States. The teacher kills herself.

Now you must suppose that this case could have such a hold on the public mind that all over America hardly anything else will be talked about; that anyone with access to a typewriter or a microphone—journalists, welfare officers, churchmen, political activists of all persuasions, government officials, magistrates, lawyers, psychiatrists, sociologists, leaders of parents' associations and of student movements—will make passionate statements concerning the law, morality, hypocrisy, preventive detention, discrimination against women, the rights of minors, the need for prison reform, the absurdities of the criminal code, and the abuses of power.

The boy's parents are Communists. The boy is a Maoist. Imagine that major and minor doctrinaire differences on the left could become a subject of excited discussion in the American press, and that readers will know what it is all about and be deeply interested. There will be virtually no news of the case on television, which is government-owned and censored from Washington. However, the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* will publish letters and even editorials expressing surprise that Communists could behave repressively, and reproaching the parents, both gently and violently, for having coöperated with the bourgeois police.

The teacher's death is an event of national importance. It is brought up at a televised Presidential press conference. The President (a Ph.D. in literature from Yale) will quote, from memory, a poem about a girl martyred by society because she loved the wrong person. The poem is the work of a

celebrated American writer, patriot, and member of the Communist Party.

Of course, it sounds hopelessly wrong; this is not an American tragedy. It needs its own context, which is custom-bound, authoritarian, with laws established under Napoleon and a Mediterranean tradition of paterfamilias; it needs a sheltered academic atmosphere where literature is taught as a way of life, almost as a substitute for experience. Given that particular climate, it was easy for someone like Gabrielle Russier, who was intellectually developed but emotionally very young, to become fatally mistaken about possibilities and consequences. The specific sexual situation of the young boy and the older woman is a repeated theme in French novels and plays. She knew it, because she taught Racine and Stendhal, Colette and Radiguet; she grew up in a society where books are revered, but she obviously knew nothing about what that same society would tolerate in practice. She identified herself with Phaedra and Antigone, but she must have forgotten that the same Greeks who called them heroines admired only heroes in real life, a life in which women had no status—none whatever.

SHE was not at all like other teachers. When she walked into the Lycée Saint-Exupéry in Marseille in October, 1967, to take over three classes in French literature, the students thought she was a new girl. She was thirty, but looked eighteen. She was tiny, just over five feet tall, and weighed about a hundred pounds. Her hair was cropped short, as boys' hair used to be. More than one person shown a picture of her after her love affair became public property thought it was the boy in the case they were seeing, not the woman. In one of her letters she calls herself "an androgynous hippie," which is much the way people were to describe her later on. She was not pretty; her nose was too long and she had the intellectual sheep's profile that for some reason abounds in academic circles. In some photographs she looks like a young Bea Lillie, but she is a sad comedian, grave, or worried, or anxious, or severe. In others she looks like a charming boy, like a head by Piero della Francesca. No one can recall a picture of her smiling. Some people remember her eyes as green, others say no, dark brown. Her students worshipped her. They called her Gatito, which is Span-



ish for "little cat," and they used the familiar "tu" in addressing her.

This is so unusual from pupil to teacher in France that it just touches the implausible. Relations are formal in a lycée. Even young children would be called "vous." (Lycées are not high schools; classes start with the equivalent of sixth grade and go on to university level.) One of the complaints students have is that their teachers are remote as planets and that they can never discuss anything with them, not even their work. Gabrielle, on the contrary, wanted to be one of them. She based much of her social life on their movies, their outings, their songs. She invited them to her apartment to talk and listen to records. The students loved this, but their parents were bothered; because she gave her students books by Jean-Paul Sartre and Boris Vian, some parents started a rumor that she was organizing a Communist cell. (She was not a Communist, and she was only vaguely political.) Even her car might have belonged to an adolescent. It was a small red Citroën called a Dyane, decorated with Pop Art flowers. On the rear window she had pasted "MAKE LOVE NOT WAR." Brave advice—she was a French Protestant, daughter of a respectable Parisian lawyer, granddaughter of a clergyman, and anything but an adventuress. One of her lawyers was to describe her as "a Boy Scout," and as a one-person welfare group, "al-

ways off to battle for just causes." To her ex-husband she was and remained "morally impeccable."

The red car was important to her; it seemed to play a role in an idea she had of herself. Sometimes she signed her letters "Dyana Rossa," meaning Red Dyane, for its color and make. At thirty, she was divorced from an engineer by the name of Michel Nogues and had custody of their nine-year-old twins, to whom she was an attentive, a scrupulous, but also—to foreign eyes—a severe and unbending mother. She was half American: her mother had come to Paris from Utah in the nineteen-twenties to study music and had married a lawyer she met one night at the Opéra. Raymond Jean, a professor of literature whom Gabrielle studied under at the University of Aix-en-Provence, later published a collection of her letters from prison, and in the preface to this book he said that he never heard her speak a word of English but that he thought her American side had somehow caused her to be "different." If so, she was different on two counts: Protestants are a tight, self-protective minority in France and, like all such minorities, subject to legend. The myth of their supposed sexual puritanism is persistent. A foreigner of Protestant origin finds himself willy-nilly identified with a stern and dismal community whose ideas are said to be dull and virtuous and whose collective tempera-

ment is grim and sad. They are not expected to get much fun out of life. (Whether there is a word of truth in any of this is another matter.) Protestants are in no way put down, discriminated against, or oppressed; they are, on the contrary, frequently suspected of being behind banks and commerce and politics—all the hidden mechanisms that worry the ordinary citizen and make him feel the victim of secrets. They do tend to hang together; their home lives and their traditions are not exactly like those of the majority of the French. Gabrielle Russier's "desire to serve, in the Anglo-Saxon sense of the word," as someone close to her put it, may have come out of that background; it may also have accounted for the glacial discipline she imposed on Joël and Valérie, her twins, who spent most of their time in two separate rooms, like two only children. They were not allowed to leave their rooms without permission, or interrupt adults, or even be with them much. They were utterly forbidden to make "unnecessary" noise, or eat between meals, or help themselves to food when they were hungry. Raymond Jean wrote that a stranger entering Gabrielle Russier's apartment would never have known there was a child in it, so profound was the hush. According to Michel del Castillo, who published a book about the *affaire*—"Les Écrous de la Haine," her daughter, Valérie, once said to a neighbor, "My brother went out of his room without permission. He ate some jam in the kitchen. I think I had better tell my mother. She would be very angry if she knew." To some of us, nine-year-old Valérie might sound like a prig and a busybody, but in France such stories are quite often repeated with the intention of gaining the listener's approval. They speak volumes about a certain idea of education.

Gabrielle Russier had gone back to the University of Aix-en-Provence when her children were still babies to take a degree in French literature. Part of her body of work was a paper on the use of the past tense in contemporary French fiction. With charts, graphs, and diagrams, she described how many times Robbe-Grillet or Nathalie Sarraute had employed the past absolute, the past perfect, or the imperfect when composing their novels. These studies, which are the fleas of literature and the despair of most writers—except those of France, who rather like them—are also important elements in a university career. To Raymond Jean, she had the makings of "a brilliant linguist," and there is no doubt that her progress was impressive,

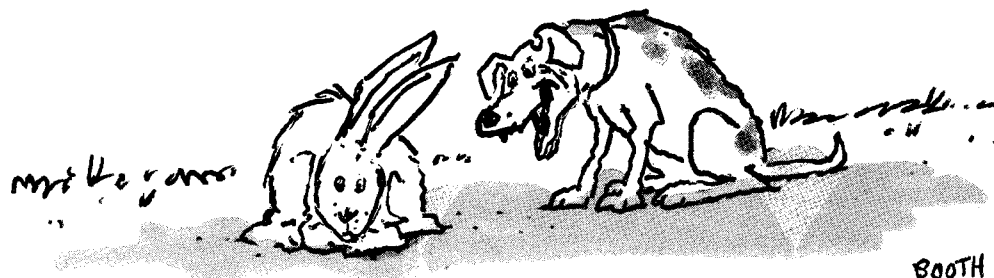


"Do you ever have days when you can't seem to rise above petty politics?"

particularly for a young woman looking after two children. She had a government grant amounting to about two hundred dollars a month, in exchange for which she had signed a contract binding her to teach in state schools and universities for ten years. If she had reneged on the agreement, the state could have sued for the total amount of the scholarship.

Actually, this seldom happens. It seems to be a soft and pleasant arrangement. There is little pressure. It can go on for years, and it explains why men and women seem to be students well into middle life—something that often puzzles Americans. She passed the competitive state examinations called the *agrégation* when she was twenty-seven, which everyone agrees is young for that particularly difficult examination. There is no equivalent for the term, or the institution, outside France. As an *agrégée*, Gabrielle Russier acquired enormous academic prestige; she could teach in a lycée or university at a salary higher than that of her colleagues, and she was embarked on a career safe from shocks and setbacks—in theory, at least. An *agrégé* is supposed to know absolutely everything that has ever been written about his subject, and to know it by heart. The examinations, like so much of French education, require a prodigious memory; a candidate in geography was once failed for having forgotten the name of a Polish mountain. But *agrégés* are taught no pedagogic methods whatever, which means they usually go on teaching the way they were taught a generation earlier. After the student riots of 1968, there was talk of abolishing a system some educators consider hopelessly out of date, but the *agrégés* turned out to be a caste with a powerful voice, and the matter was dropped.

Gabrielle Russier did try new methods of teaching, which may have been another reason her pupils' parents suspected her politics. As an *agrégée* assigned to a lycée in a provincial city—Marseille—she probably started at a salary of about three hundred and fifty dollars plus a housing allowance, plus children's allowances. She was studious, hardworking, fair-minded, and persistent. She has also been called "reckless," "all of a piece," and "incapable of compromising" by people who knew her. Raymond Jean has written that Gabrielle "knew what she wanted" and had a great appetite for gaining control over other people. She was expert at setting the stage for emotional scenes and then acting in



BOOTH

"Hippety-hop, hippety-hop, hippety-hop."

them. "The result was that life around her was often tense." Some of her qualities seem greatly attractive—her ability to see her students as people and not little parrots, for example. She was wonderfully disinterested—it would be difficult to think of her as ungenerous or mean. She was able to write, from prison, "I am here surrounded by people who ruined their lives for money" with as much wonder as if she had never taught Balzac and Mauriac, and had not herself come out of one of the toughest middle classes in the Western world. But there is also a lack of humor, an absence of humorous grace, even in love. Could anyone but a humorless woman have signed letters "Phèdre" and "Antigone," or compared herself to the nymph Chloë? Calling herself Dyana Rossa is odder still, beyond any conclusions a stranger can come to without impertinence. It is just simply not usual for a grown woman to identify herself with classical heroines or with automobiles. In one letter to a girl she had met in prison, she called herself "Antigone" and Christian—the boy she loved—"Oreste." Why Orestes? Because he killed his mother? And why Antigone? Was she being the faithful daughter, or the girl who defied authority and was sentenced to be buried alive? The name "Antigone" means "in place of a mother." Was that what she was trying to say? As for Phaedra, who fell in love with her stepson and committed suicide, the choice is prophetic, frightening.

"She had the childish side of all those who study too long, who live in books," one of her lawyers said. "Her world was unreal."

FOR a long time, the boy was known only as "Christian R.," because of a law that forbids naming a minor involved with the police. However, long before her death everyone came to know that he was Christian Rossi, that he had a younger sister and two younger brothers, that he lived in Marseille, and that his parents were professors *agrégés* at the University of

Aix-en-Provence, which is next door to Marseille, a few minutes' drive. He was tall, heavy, "almost stout," and had longish hair and a beard, which inevitably caused him to be compared with every bearded figure in history from Christ to Castro. He was devoted heart and soul to extreme left-wing politics. At fifteen and a half—his age when Gabrielle Russier met him—he could easily have been mistaken for a man of twenty-four. He was serious and sober but had a violent temper. He was unkempt, rather untidy. Because of his appearance Gabrielle called him *le mètèque*, which is a pejorative term for a foreigner, and also the title of a popular song which begins:

*Avec ma gueule de mètèque
de juif errant de pâtre grec
et les cheveux aux quatre vents...*

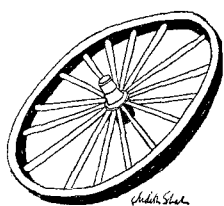
His father was an Italian from Piedmont, his mother a Frenchwoman brought up in a conservative Catholic atmosphere. Both parents were Communists. To a Maoist such as Christian, a Communist is someone stuffy, retrograde, bureaucratic, and suspicious of new ideas. "The quarrel between Christian and his father was really the fight between China and Russia," someone who knew them reported. There was one point of similarity—a coincidence, really—between Christian's mother and Gabrielle Russier: Mme. Rossi had also been considered a brilliant student. She had been one of the youngest *agrégées* of France. She too had taught in a Marseille lycée and had been adored by her students, who had addressed her with the familiar "tu."

ONLY two people ever knew how it came about that Gabrielle Russier, discreet and prudent in her private life, given more easily to comradeship with men than romance, should have finally chosen a lover from among her students. One of the two is dead, and the other, going on twenty, is light-years away from the rebellious son of sixteen and seventeen. So that in a sense there are no witnesses. From the moment

their liaison became public, however, theories abounded. It was said that he had fallen in love with an older woman because his mother had not given him all the love he needed. Another theory was the Phaedra story—that she had preferred the son to the father, hence the father's relentlessness. There was nothing to support these fantasies except idiot gossip. In the weekly *Paris-Match*, a well-known writer, winner of the Goncourt Prize, who had never laid eyes on either of the lovers, wrote that Christian was frail and effeminate, a mother's boy, and that Gabrielle was a great amazon of a woman—the very opposite of reality for either one. She was also criticized in print, again by someone who had not met her, for having written to Christian, "You were the only man I ever knew." It was taken for granted that there must have been something not quite normal about her to have written this to an adolescent—this most typical of all infatuated declarations. What no one questioned was just how this letter was made public. Was it stolen from Christian? Was his mail opened and read aloud at a press conference? Did he show it to a reporter? The bandying about of a remark she must have considered deeply intimate was the only thing "wrong" or "not quite normal." The question of what people see in each other still defies analysis. The mystery of what a couple *is*, exactly, is almost the only true mystery still left to us, and when we have come to the end of it there will be no more need for literature—or for love, for that matter.

All anyone knows about this particular mystery is its background—the student riots of May, 1968, when France was either within a breath of armed revolution or merely involved in a vast group-therapy session. For a short time, everyone could act his chosen role, and then the nation elected a conservative government. But for a few weeks young people lived in a fever of rage, hope, idealism, and anticipation that now seems indefinable except as a climate. No person involved with the movement slept at home, if he could help it. Christian's father occupied his college building at Aix-en-Provence, while Christian himself virtually lived in the Lycée Saint-Exupéry. As for Gabrielle—"dragged into politics by Christian," said one of his friends—she was either in the streets demonstrating with her students, or opening her flat to pupils who wouldn't or couldn't go home, or sitting in on endless discussions and committee meetings. Her first

date with Christian had a deadly-serious and unwittingly comic side. She asked him to go to a movie with her. He said he was expected at a Maoist meeting. If she would attend the meeting with him, he would go to the movie with her, providing it was all right with his parents. He was still sixteen then. It was Gabrielle who rang the Rossis for permission. She and his parents were quite good friends. She had been a student of theirs. During the transport strikes of May and June, 1968, Gabrielle used to call on the Rossis every morning and drive all four Rossi children to school. Professor Rossi is said to have been delighted when he learned that Christian was in one of her classes. After the movie, she drove her pupil home and stayed to have a drink with his parents.



About five weeks later, without ringing the parents and asking them anything, she and Christian took off for Italy. Christian's parents believed that he was hitchhiking with another boy, a classmate. That other boy did come along, but very soon felt that nobody wanted him. Gabrielle quarrelled violently with him, called him "schizophrenic," and threw some of his luggage out the window of an Italian train. That same summer, Christian's still unsuspecting parents sent him to a family near Bonn to improve his German. Gabrielle turned up in her decorated Citroën, saying she was a cousin who had been sent to fetch him home sooner than expected. They drove back to Marseille and spent three weeks in her apartment. The Rossis, in the same city, knew nothing about it.

The journey to Italy and the clandestine August weeks were about as much as the love affair amounted to. They were sometimes together after that, but wretchedly, furtively, harassed and spied on, in an atmosphere of tension and worry that would have tried lovers of much longer standing. (Perhaps because she foresaw some of it, she tried to lock him out of her apartment even before the trip to Italy, and he broke down the door.) From the end of the summer until her death exactly a year later, Christian was in hiding, or in a psychiatric clinic, or in a home for delinquents, or watched and surveyed by his relatives, while she was in jail, or in a hospital, or in a convalescent home, or followed by plainclothesmen wherever she went. It is not surprising that she once cried to a friend, "I don't want to see him!" when she heard his ring at the door, or that, between the time of her trial and her death, when

the same friend said, "Christian still loves you," she looked blank, as if his name suggested nothing whatever.

But at the beginning they wanted to live together forever. (Christian has since declared that he never intended to marry her, because marriage was against his Maoist beliefs—a declaration that is neither here nor there. At that time—the law has since been changed slightly—a girl of fifteen could marry with her father's consent, but a male minor under the age of eighteen required, and still does, the personal permission of the President of the Republic, which is by no means automatically granted.) Wanting to live together meant that they presented the Rossis with an ultimatum: the parents had no face-saving way out. They could not close their eyes to the affair and call it sentimental education. Christian *looked* adult, but the Rossis knew he was not, and perhaps to parents no child ever can be. Even the most selfless and indulgent parents will seldom grant the right to a private life without a struggle.

At the start of the autumn term, Gabrielle asked Professor Rossi for an interview. She was shattered and astonished when her former professor did not want her to "make her life over again," as the French expression has it, with his sixteen-year-old son. He lost his temper and shouted at her to leave the boy alone, and she came away sobbing. The only result of the interview was that the Rossis' home life became a hell of daily quarrels. Sometimes Christian sulked, sometimes he stormed out of the house and went either to Gabrielle or to family friends for a few days. After a quarrel with his father, Christian wrote a letter to his parents breaking off relations with them—a thing that, at his age, he was not in a position to do. But the letter turned out to be a serious piece of evidence in the case against Gabrielle, because Christian wrote it from her apartment. It is mentioned in the verdict as proof that she was attempting to remove him from the influence of his parents.

The Rossis still had no real idea of how far the affair had developed. They told their friends that the boy was "bewitched" and "under a spell," and they took him to a doctor. It was a mutual acquaintance in whom Gabrielle had confided who finally told them about Italy and the departure from Germany with a "cousin." Whether you are a lenient parent or a tyrant, it is insulting to be lied to. They thought that Gabrielle was neurotic and dangerous, a sorceress who had obtained ascendancy over an emo-

tional boy. They also saw the affair in terms of a possible precocious fatherhood and a hampered life. When Gabrielle Russier asked if she could talk to him, Professor Rossi is reported to have said, "My God, what does she want? Is she pregnant?" Christian's parents were not reassured by her promise that she would see to it that he passed his exams; it sounded as if she wanted to take over his upbringing. Gabrielle was in love, and she was sometimes Phaedra, which means "bringer of light," and sometimes Antigone, but the Rossis saw a divorced woman with two children at home; they saw confusion, scandal, and emotional disaster.

As soon as she realized that the Rossis were seriously opposed to the affair and would on no account let Christian come and live with her, Gabrielle Russier suffered what we call loosely a nervous breakdown. She was seized with fits of uncontrollable trembling. She could not speak above a whisper. She could not stop talking about her affair with Christian and the Rossis' reaction to it. At the start of the new term, she asked for three months' sick leave with pay, which she later prolonged. She was too upset to face a classroom. It is extraordinary that it should have been she, the adult of the pair, who collapsed at the very first obstacle they encountered—a parental rebuff that any grown person might have predicted. It was almost as if at the age of thirty-one she had heard her first "No." The Rossis' next step was equally predictable: they packed Christian off to a boarding school in Argelès-Gazost, in the Pyrenees.

If Gabrielle Russier lived more in books than in life, Professor Rossi, on the contrary, had forgotten one of the lessons of literature, and that is the hopeless folly of trying to separate lovers by force. Christian loathed his new school. Gabrielle, who came to see him secretly, wrote a friend, "You wouldn't recognize him; thin, anxious, he hardly knows

how to smile anymore." Meeting outside the school, they were found embracing in her car and taken to a police station. It must have been thought serious, for Christian wrote, "They want to put me in a reformatory." Gabrielle later learned that she had been followed by police from Marseille. The boy's parents had already conferred with a judge of the Juvenile Court, and asked him to open a dossier.

Affairs between teachers and students are more frequent than any of this might make it appear; if they are discreet, no one takes them seriously. The Ministry of National Education now made a move to impose discretion: Gabrielle was offered a post at the University of Rennes, at the other end of France. Gabrielle wanted to let Christian know about the offer. Because his mail was held up at school, she sent a telegram in Italian signed with a man's name. The verdict read in court at her trial mentions that she went to Argelès-Gazost to see him, that she "harassed" him with letters, and that she "tormented the young man by letting him know of her nomi-

nation to Rennes." Although it was a promotion from lycée to university, she turned it down. Christian was also showing the symptoms of nervous collapse; he had to be put in the school infirmary and given tranquilizers. So far his relegation to this school had produced nothing but more tumult and discord, and in November he added to it by running away. He arrived in Marseille with toothpaste rubbed in his hair, which was supposed to make him look elderly and serve as a disguise. His parents had no idea where he was—he had last been heard of in the school infirmary under sedation. He was not with Gabrielle; she had hidden him with friends.

A runaway minor is a legal matter in most countries. In France, an adult who abets him can be jailed. As the daughter of a lawyer, and a teacher of minors, she certainly knew it. One wonders what either of them meant to do next. Did they think he could hide indefinitely? What she probably never did expect was that the Rossis would take the problem to court. No one expected it. The interest and the astonish-

ment of French public opinion showed how unusual the case was.

THE Napoleonic Code does not speak of corruption of minors as such. The word used is "*détournement*," which means diversion, deviation, turning away. *Détournement de fonds* is how embezzlement is described, for instance. *Détournement de mineur* specifically means having caused a minor to leave home. Nothing said or written about the case ever made this clear. Most people thought, and probably still think, that Gabrielle Russier was charged with having slept with a boy, or that she had been sued by the Rossis. Actually, their complaint was against X, or John Doe. Under French law, anyone who "by fraud or violence" removes a minor "from the place where he has been put by those in authority over him" can be given a sentence



of five to ten years. If no fraud or violence was involved, the sentence can be two to five years, plus a fine. If the minor dies, the penalty is death. Every crime or simple misdemeanor involving a minor is judged in terms of these articles—everything from helping a runaway, to sexual seduction, to inciting to prostitution, to kidnapping. Sometimes the law has to stand on its head: a sixteen-year-old male prostitute was once charged with contributing to the deviation of a minor—that is, of himself.

Cases involving middle-class children are almost always hushed up for fear of scandal. Those that do reach the courts generally have to do with girls from the most dispossessed ranks of society—girls who are wards of the state, whose families have long been shorn of their parental rights. It is extremely rare for a woman to be charged with having deviated a boy. When you read the penal code, in fact, you see that there seems to be no provision for it. But if the charge *is* laid against a woman, then the law comes down heavily. She is treated more severely than if she were a man who had seduced or deviated a girl. One of Gabrielle Russier's lawyers, Maître Albert Naud, has tried to show this difference by describing a similar case: "The dean of a university faculty seduced one of his students, a girl of seventeen. There was more than thirty years' difference in their ages. They travelled together and stayed in hotels, where she used his wife's name. They exchanged passionate letters, which the wife was able to intercept and so obtain a divorce. It never occurred to anybody that deviation of a minor had taken place, though the girl was only seventeen and the dean fifty. No prosecutor, no magistrate, not even the girl's family mentioned this aspect of the case. Yet if the dean had been a woman and the girl had been a boy, a charge would have been laid at once." Nearly every person who wrote about the Russier affair—even commentators who thought she had behaved foolishly—mentioned this curious twist in the jurisprudence concerning minors. They agreed that part of her punishment came from her being a woman. It seems to be accepted that a girl of any age is asking for trouble, and should know better, while the man, the seducer, is somehow or other her victim. In fact, if a man deviates a girl and the girl is fifteen or more, and if it can be shown without any ambiguity that there was mutual consent, the case is dropped. But the consent of a male minor is not taken into account, although for perfectly evident reasons it

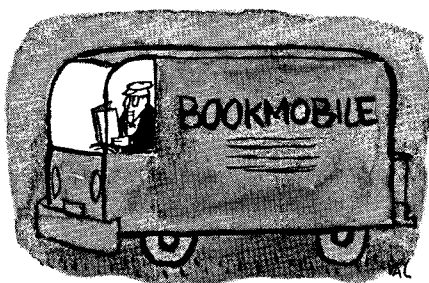
must have existed. A man's conduct is considered inevitable and therefore largely innocent, but a woman's thought-out and reprehensible.

It is puzzling in a society where women, on the whole, have a better time of it than women in English-speaking countries. Frenchmen do not seem to resent women or to be afraid of them; they are not bored by feminine company (all-male clubs or outings are rare and considered ridiculous); the war of the sexes scarcely exists. Equal pay for equal work is the law of the country, and women often hold more important jobs than do women in America. A woman's intelligence is respected, her professional status accepted, and as to her personal life, the French are notorious for an indifference to others that is also a form of minding one's business. But that is the swim of life, its ordinary commerce. When you read the law and when you look closely at specific social situations, you discover that women never have the last word. A woman's past as well as something called her "soul" weigh in the balance when she is being judged in court. In the summer of 1970, in Aix-en-Provence, a woman was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment on the suspicion that she had incited a man to commit murder. (The murderer received eight years—four less.) There was not a shred of evidence against the woman except gossip about her morals, including her having slept with a man of forty-seven "when she was only twenty-two." When she asked in court if it was a crime for a woman to have lovers, she was told, "The quantity matters." The formal accusation contained "The recital of her existence would have tempted the pen of a Balzac," and the police report included "She seems to have sold her soul to the Devil." Her private life and her "soul" replaced facts—something inconceivable if a man were being judged. A girl accused of having shot her lover was reproached by the magistrate for her taste in books. "I have searched through the record for your soul, but I failed to find it." All this comes under a tradition Maître Naud has

called "*la latinité*"—the Latin attitude toward men and women. A Don Juan is admired; perhaps God punishes him, but that is God's affair. Whereas anyone who publicly defended Gabrielle Russier was apt to receive a deluge of letters reminding her defender that Gabrielle was a disgrace to womanhood, as well as a whore, a pervert, and a nymphomaniac. Gabrielle Russier was seven before women were allowed to vote, twenty-eight when married women could have bank accounts, and thirty before she could legally get advice from a doctor about contraception. She died before women were allowed to enroll their children in kindergarten without the husband's written consent, or have a say in where the family would live. The shocked protest that followed this last piece of legislation was like something preposterous out of the Victorian era. After the Liberation, women who had slept with Germans (prostitutes, mostly) had their hair cut off, while men who had willingly gone to work for the German war effort more often than not got away with it. A woman found guilty of adultery in France can be sent to jail for two years, whereas a man escapes with a fine—and he can be fined only if he was stupid enough to bring his mistress into his home. None of this is to say that if the legal status of women in France were different Gabrielle Russier would have found tolerant magistrates, for Americans do not need to be told at this stage of their social history that you cannot legislate attitudes.

THE Rossis had lodged their complaint against X, without naming anyone. Nevertheless, the first person the judge conducting the preliminary investigation asked to see was Gabrielle. He asked her if she knew where Christian was hiding. "Find out for yourself—it's your job," she is reported to have said, and even, "All right then, arrest me!" Talking back to any functionary "in the performance of his duties" is a misdemeanor in most Latin countries. (No similar law protects the public from the clerk in the post office, let alone someone more exalted.) The magistrate is said to have lost patience with her.

One can't help noticing that everyone connected with this case was either irritable or violent. Christian broke Gabrielle's door in; she threw a young boy's luggage out a train window; in one of her letters Gabrielle cautions her ex-husband that it will not help her cause if he blows up at people. As for members of the legal profession, they



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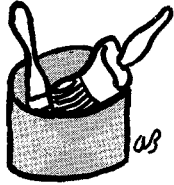
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were at the end of their patience when proceedings were barely under way. Even the Minister of Justice was to explain the case by saying, after her death, that the boy's parents had begun the whole affair because they had lost patience too.

The examining judge did not waste time arguing with her. On December 5, 1968, three weeks after Christian had vanished from school, she was charged and arrested without warning. Four men arrived at her door, the magistrate among them. One heard on the radio that her flat was searched from eight at night until two in the morning—which seems irregular, for no policeman is allowed to enter a private home between sunset and sunrise. The search party may have been looking for drugs as well as for Christian; they conscientiously tasted all the cooking herbs she had in the kitchen, looking for marijuana, and there is an account of a policeman's biting an aspirin in two to see if it tasted peculiar. Because she kept a bottle of Scotch in the house, she was asked if she let her students drink. In her bathroom, the four men came across "feminine articles"—sanitary napkins, from the sound of it—and reproached her for leaving such things where her children might see them. At the end of the search, long after dark, she was taken away. An examining magistrate is not required to notify anyone of an arrest; Gabrielle was not able to get in touch with anyone until the next day. She was photographed and fingerprinted and given a number. One of her fellow-prisoners said later, "The first and worst of the humiliations was being examined entirely naked before the others. Never in her entire life had Gabrielle felt such shame, but no one took the slightest notice." In a textbook issued for prison guardians, specific mention is made of the business of stripping and searching. It is supposed to be a psychological "contest," from which "the prison authority must emerge the victor." It is a known way of breaking morale in all countries. The prisoner is searched coldly, efficiently, silently, and, from his point of view, obscenely. His nakedness among the uniformed makes him seem inferior, helpless, and finally submissive.

How could any of this happen to someone who had never been in trouble with the law, and had never been tried? The answer is the system of preventive detention. If you are arrested for questioning in France, you are taken to the police, then before the examining magistrate. The only information he

will have about you is a report called a "telegram." It can be a long list of facts, or a terse statement. The first thing the magistrate can decide, without asking you a single question, is whether to keep you under arrest or not. If you seem to be an educated person, well dressed, living at a respectable address, if the charge against you is not too serious, if you are not likely to run away, then you will most probably be let free until the case comes up. If you have no fixed domicile (perhaps you live in furnished rooms or a hotel), if you are an important witness who might vanish, if you are dangerous to society—*presumed* dangerous, for at that point you have not been tried for anything, let alone judged—then you can be held as long as the magistrate thinks it necessary. Perhaps you are merely what



Casamayor (the pseudonym of a distinguished judge, a member of the Court of Appeal, who writes about such matters; he is a contributor to *Le Monde*, for instance) has called "just a poor devil," someone penniless and shabby, of a race considered inferior—Algerian, for example; then your fate may seem to have less meaning. You disappear into prison. No one will ever get up a committee to see what has become of you. The magistrate is not obliged to ask anyone's permission or advice; his signature is all that matters. You may not even be the supposed culprit but just a closemouthed witness. The judge suspects you know more than you intend to say. He is free to hold you until you change your mind. If you turn out to be innocent, you have no recourse against the law. You cannot even sue for the symbolic one franc in damages, though preventive detention may have cost you your job, your domestic equilibrium, and your reputation. When Gabrielle Russier was arrested for the first time, the public suddenly learned that a large section of the prison population was composed of persons awaiting trial, some of whom had been waiting for months.

It was at this point, in December, 1968, that the story, which had circulated for weeks in university circles around Marseille and Aix-en-Provence, became public property. A blurry picture of a tense woman who looked like a boy accompanied the first accounts of the runaway minor and the Communist parents who had not hesitated to turn to the bourgeois courts. One person in five votes for the Communist Party in France, year in and year out, and so, of course, a large section of the public was directly interested. French

news reporters, unless they work for government-owned radio and television stations, are allowed much more personal expression than in the English-speaking world. If Gabrielle Russier was described as a sympathetic figure who had risked all for love, or as a rebel standing up to a repressive structure, the Rossis were criticized left, right, and center. To those who wrote about the *affaire*, it seemed unbelievable that Communist parents could object to free love, or apply middle-class standards of behavior to their children, or make use of a capitalist law machine. Right-wing papers poked fun at the Rossis, orthodox Communist papers had hard words for the government but not the Rossis, while the liberals and the Maoists called their attitude a betrayal. There were long, earnest, and irrelevant discussions in print as to just *how* Communist the Rossis were; whether they were good Communists or bad; what their attitude had been during the Algerian war (which ended when Christian was ten); whether Professor Rossi was not more Maoist than he should be, and how he felt about the Italian Communist Party. One writer assured everyone that the Rossis' reaction to various stands taken by the Italian C.P. had been "positive," whatever that meant. Mme. Rossi was harshly dealt with. "She's fifty, but looks twice her age," it was solemnly announced over the air. There were conjectures as to her motives, her attitude toward her children, her character, her capacity for affection—usually by persons who had never laid eyes on her. A woman who described herself as "a friend of the family" and spoke with a strong Marseille accent undertook (anonymously, of course) to inform millions of radio listeners that Mme. Rossi was "disagreeable . . . a shrew," and that she forced her husband to wash dishes. The scorn in the anonymous voice was indescribably droll. She sounded like a monologue in an old Marcel Pagnol film. "They must be making seven hundred thousand francs a month between the two of them," the family friend went on, as if this were an added grievance. "Seven hundred thousand francs" means seven thousand new francs, or about fourteen hundred dollars. (As professors *agrégés* attached to a university, they might, in fact, have earned more than this.) The suggestion was that a man who earned money and yet washed dishes would be capable of anything. "He was all for sexual liberty," one also heard, "but not for his own wife and children."

If the French Communist view of

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the bourgeoisie is like the old cartoon symbol of the capitalist with moneybags in his pocket and a top hat on his head, the middle-class fantasy about Communists wallowing in pornography turned out to be just as peculiar. It takes a great stretch of imagination to envision an old-fashioned French Communist, with his earnest conversation, his crumpled, respectable suit, and his fat, comfortable wife, engaged in a sexual orgy. The Victorian primness that prevails in the Soviet Union was never mentioned. Perhaps no one had heard of it. At first, the Rossis said absolutely nothing; then Christian's mother sent a dignified letter to a newspaper. She mentioned the "traumatic effect" the boy's liaison and the discussion it entailed were having on his younger sister and brothers, adolescents too. But what seemed to shock and surprise the public most (and to a foreigner this was most striking of all) was that someone of Gabrielle Russier's class and background should receive the same treatment as a person illiterate or poor. One was made uneasy, finally, at the slant of some of the protest: how could they arrest a university graduate, a professor, an *agrégée*? It was "abnormal and rare," said Casamayor; "unusual for someone of her class and for someone with a legal domicile." It was exactly this "abnormality" that led many liberals to take up her cause: preventive detention was so unaccountable in terms of her station in life that it became suspect. Why was she in jail? Had she really been arrested for having slept with a boy? Was she so dangerous to society that she had to be plucked out of it overnight? Was there more to the charge than anyone knew about? The public was reminded over and over that this was "a professor with an advanced university degree." (Later, she came to dread these press campaigns, thinking they did her more harm than good, and her lawyers would finally beg her friends not to say anything on her behalf.) But here was another contradiction: the fact that she was a "person of quality" turned out to be one of the factors held against her. She was educated, she was a teacher, she should have known better. In other words, had she been an ignorant pauper there might have been no case, and if there had been, the Public Ministry—the French equivalent of the Justice Department or the Attorney General's office—might not have cared as much about getting a conviction. As the Dep-

uty Public Prosecutor was to say later, "If she had been a hairdresser, or if she had slept with a young apprentice, it would have been different."

It was plain to anyone interested in the case, and it must have been clear to her too, that she could be free in a minute by telling where Christian was hiding. This she was unlikely to do. It was up to Christian to give himself up. Before doing so, he asked for assurance from the judge that he would not be arrested too. The magistrate saw him at the Palais de Justice on a Sunday (which is unusual) and so could not sign the court order until the next day. She was released on Tuesday, December 12th. With Gabrielle free, Christian's freedom became a problem, for the two had no intention of parting, and he did not wish to live at home or in a boarding school. His parents took an extreme step—they asked a judge of the Juvenile Court to intervene. No one seemed able to decide whether Christian had fallen in love with a woman of thirty-one because there was something the matter with him or whether he had become unruly and disobedient as a result of the affair. The idea of sexual attraction, or love, or both together, appeared to be so singular that a rational explanation for his behavior had to be discovered and a remedy applied. The judge ordered Christian sent to an examination center for delinquent minors, to see if he was a neurotic requiring treatment. The boy spent Christmas at the center, and was bored and miserable. After a number of tests and interviews, it was de-

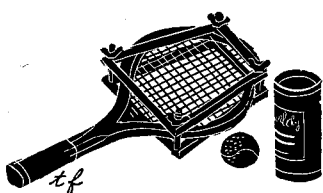
decided that he was not deranged but had an intellectual and emotional maturity beyond his years. This can be interpreted in an unfavorable sense, for young persons who seem re-

markably mature often have problems, or the groundwork for them. At any rate, no therapy was suggested. Still unconvinced, Christian's parents had him transferred from the center for delinquent minors to a private psychiatric clinic where a course of treatment could be applied. The guardian of a minor has the right to do whatever he thinks best, and no state psychologist or social worker would be likely to question the decision of an educated parent. In the clinic, Christian was kept alone and given tranquilizers. He had no one to talk to and nothing to do. Sometimes he was allowed out of his room, and on one such occasion he managed to escape. He went straight to Gabrielle. He was very thin, and

groggy from the drugs he had been given. She opened the door and burst into tears.

The charge against her was still open, but Christian had such a horror of the clinic that she could not bring herself to send him back there. Knowing the risk she was taking, she once more hid him with friends. But the friends could not keep him forever either; they got in touch with the Rossis, who now began their original procedure all over—Christian was again interviewed by the judge of the Juvenile Court and *again* sent to the examination center for delinquent minors. He stayed there three weeks, idle and bored. The psychiatrists at the center did not propose any kind of treatment or therapy. He had become someone nobody knew what to do with. The judge had at first suggested to the parents that they rent a room for Christian in Marseille and try letting him live alone. They were opposed to this. The judge now suggested sending him to a home for boys, near the Saint-Charles railway station. It was not a punitive establishment but a reeducative shelter for minors who had been in trouble with the law. Discipline was relaxed; the boys slept there but went out to work or to school. Christian, enrolled in a new lycée, the Lycée Thiers, discovered that Saturdays and Sundays at the shelter were free. Every Saturday and Sunday, therefore, he appeared on Gabrielle's doorstep. They made no effort to hide but went openly to restaurants and movies and drove about Marseille in her bright-red car, followed by plainclothesmen dressed as students. After three weekends of this, the examining magistrate sent for Gabrielle and gave her a serious warning. He thought that she did not understand the danger she was in, or that the charge against her could lead to prison. Her argument was that she loved Christian and that she had never promised not to see him—but that was no argument. Christian was also summoned for an interview at the Palais de Justice. Later, he said that as he was leaving the building two men, who turned out to be male nurses, seized him by the arms and dragged him to an ambulance parked a few feet away. They were, he said, acting on his father's instructions, and were employed by the private psychiatric clinic from which he had fled earlier that winter. The walls were padded. The only lavatory was a hole in the floor. He stayed there for two months.

Perhaps it did not happen that way. Perhaps Christian went to the clinic willingly, like any patient, but after-



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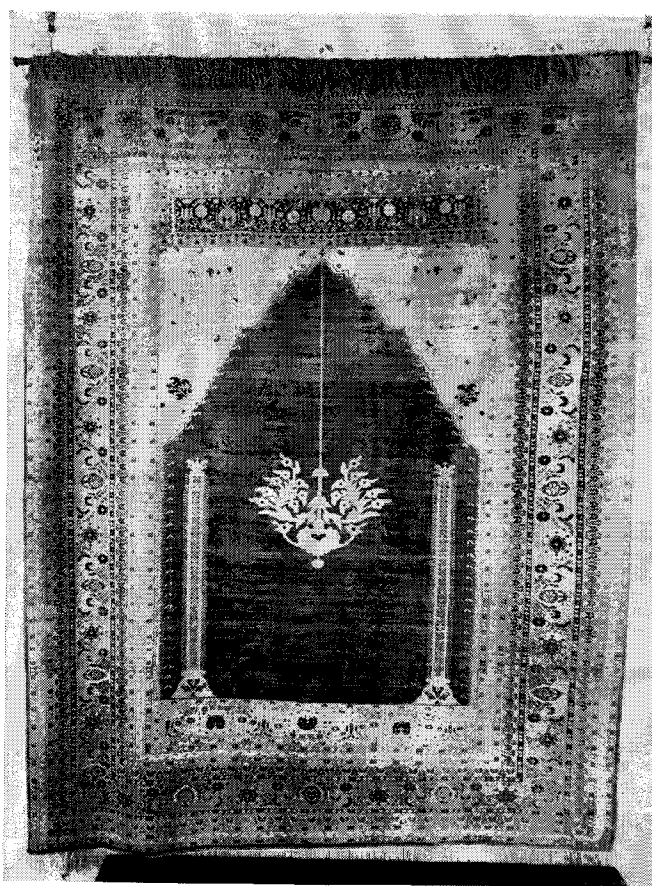
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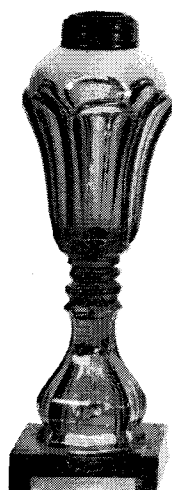
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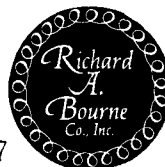
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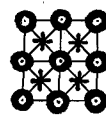
ward could not remember. On the other hand, perhaps he was dragged to an ambulance from the steps of the Palais de Justice in Marseille and kept in solitary confinement and forced to submit to a drastic form of therapy known as the "sleep cure," whether he needed it or not. Either way, voluntary or forced, medically justified or medically lunatic, his incarceration would have been *perfectly legal*.

The guardian of a minor has not only the law but the full weight of public opinion behind him. Even when Christian's version of the story appeared in print, it was difficult to find anyone except psychiatrists and educators who entirely disapproved: the boy sounded nervous and moody, he was a chronic runaway, doctors must know what they are doing, and a long sleep never did anyone any harm. Actually, no one ever denied Christian's story. The director of the clinic observed a scrupulous professional silence. In France, as in most countries, no doctor will ever criticize another except behind his back. No medical or psychiatric association ever asked for an investigation or even a clarification of the story, perhaps for a reason already mentioned—even if it did happen that way, it was legal.

"Put him to sleep and he will wake up cured" sounds like a fantasy, but the "sleep cure" is, in fact, a form of therapy widely used in France. Because the word "sleep" makes it sound like a rest, it is often sought after by patients. It is a form of treatment that began in Austria in the early twenties; it is practiced in Switzerland, and it is now something of a psychiatric fashion in France, where rest homes and clinics are equipped for administering the "cure." In serious hospital therapy, it is thought to be useful when—for example—a patient is in such a state of anguish, excitement, or distress that no form of social contact is at all possible. The psychiatrist will order a sleep cure of about eight days, on the average. This is supposed to break the tension and get him out of his environment. The patient either swallows or has injected large doses of tranquilizers and barbiturates in their various forms. He sleeps and dozes and is lost to the world about twenty-three hours out of twenty-four. But the cure is taken also voluntarily, eagerly, by persons who are nervous, tired, insomniac, depressed, overworked, in the midst of an unhappy love affair, or up against any of the problems that make people say, "If I could only sleep until it is all over..."

To someone who is not a doctor, this always sounds chilling, for the sup-

pressed part of the sentence seems to be "and never wake up." With the sleep cure, you do wake up; it seems like a harmless, temporary death. (One of the reasons it is dispensed so lavishly in private clinics is that, like a course of weight-reducing in similar institutions, it is very expensive.) The sleep-cure patient, exactly like a failed suicide, comes back to the world physically weakened, thinner, groggy, horribly depressed, lower in finances, and unfortunately right back in the same life. The sleep cure is, moreover, a known



cause of melancholia. The patient is warned about it, and often advised to recover by getting a little mountain air. He then goes either to a hotel or a rest home full of other sick persons. The high altitude, the boredom of institutional life, the solitude, the lack of anything interesting to discuss or of any productive work to do, and the company of other neurotics give the final push and turn a temporary depression into something agonizing. The backlash of the sleep cure is, sometimes, suicide.

Christian's parents' reaction may seem extreme, but it is not inexplicable. In a situation where an American might expect a boy of sixteen or seventeen to rebel, a French father is taken aback. France is anything but a matriarchal society; public opinion holds a father responsible for his children and the way they behave even after they grow up. In Paris, the only son of a middle-class family, psychotic and with lower than average intelligence, murdered a prostitute. During the trial, it emerged that his father had been making him an allowance of about two hundred dollars a month. This doesn't seem an excessive sum for a man to give his dim-brained and unemployable adult son, for at least it kept him from stealing, but suddenly the *father* became the accused. Tons of hate and insult fell upon him because of the pocket money. As the father left the court where he had just heard his son sentenced to be beheaded, he was surrounded by a clot of Parisian hags, jeering, cursing him, and shaking their fists. What was his crime? He had not behaved "like a father." "He was not a man." He had failed in his "paternal role," and the paternal role is expected to be authoritative. As you go south, the greater the role of the father. In spite of population shifts and industrialization and urbanization, the Roman paterfamilias still somehow prevails. The family structure is almost untouchable. The father represents family law, and law in general. As he obeys certain traditional social laws, so he is obeyed in

turn by the group, which is his family. These are not random musings but ideas put forward by members of the Mediterranean Psychiatric Association at a meeting in May, 1970.

France is cut into two distinct climatic zones by the Loire River. South of the Loire, there are fewer divorces, fewer suicides, and—where the father's authority is stronger—four times fewer parricides. Catholicism alone can't account for it—some of the most important Protestant communities are in the South. Christian's father, who was Italian-born, most certainly expected to be obeyed, and he had a long history of tradition to back him up.

There is also the length of time French children live at home, for reasons both of custom and of economics. Their studies seem to go on longer. When they go to university, it is in the home city, and it would be considered very strange if they were to move out. Besides, where would they go? There is an unlimited housing crisis. Strict or not, French parents are closer to their children. They take their meals and their holidays together. It is extremely rare to hear a French person say that he does not like his parents. Perhaps the admission would be thought undignified, or perhaps you just accept your family whether you like them or not. The Russier case nevertheless inspired a number of French commentators to denounce family life as the cause of all her troubles, not to mention Christian's. Wilhelm Reich was quoted more than once, and there were waves of Freud, Marx, and Lenin. Engels' "Origin of the Family" came into vogue with lycée students because of this case, and has remained so. No one mentioned Georg Groddeck's belief that if an element of cruelty were not present in every form of education, not even the most loving mother would lift a finger to teach a child anything. Parents do the most astonishing things, all in the name of love—for in spite of everything that was said and written about the Rossis, nothing led one to believe that the Rossis did not love Christian. "What would you have done in my place?" Mme. Rossi asked a reporter, who replied, "I don't know what I would have done, but I know what I *wouldn't* have done"—which seems to beg the question. Unless parents are certifiably demented, they don't imagine the most damaging, the most irreparably wicked, the most demonic thing they can do and then go ahead and do it; they always do what they think is the right thing. If you ask in whose interest, the parent will answer, "The child's," and that is the only inaccu-

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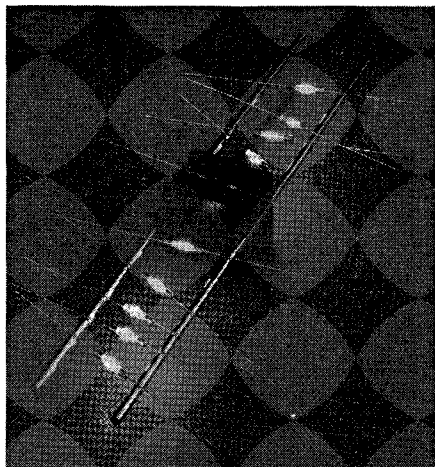
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racy. Dreadful mistakes are made for the sake of safeguarding a problematic, an imaginary future. When Christian's parents told their friends he was "bewitched" and "under a spell," they must have believed it. The modern exorcist is the psychiatrist, and so he was called in to expel the spirit that had taken possession of their son.

Christian has said that he underwent two forced sleep cures, each lasting three weeks. He dozed, drugged, round the clock, and was awakened only for meals, which he ate in a drowsy state. At the end of the first three weeks, he had an interview with his father. It was unsatisfactory, and about a week later he was subjected to a second cure. There was no public medical reaction to this account when it appeared in print, but there was plenty of professional comment in private. And it was to the effect that the treatment could not have killed him but it might have made him very ill, and if he *was* the nervous, moody person that was suggested, it could have made him afraid of a number of things for life. However, his parents must have had a reason for committing him, and the medical director of a licensed establishment saw no harm in it; otherwise he would have refused. One of the delusions mental patients have sometimes is that they were dragged into clinics and forced to submit to intolerable treatment.

But how ill was Christian Rossi? He had twice been seen by state-appointed specialists, who thought there was nothing the matter with him. Of course, wrote Raymond Jean, Christian was legally a child and had to be protected and defended against himself; but was it really protection to commit him to a home for delinquents or "to a cell in a psychiatric clinic, to deliver him over to injections and sleep cures"?

At any rate, it happened, and the immediate result, after two months of incarceration, was that he said he would do whatever his parents liked. He agreed not to see Gabrielle again, on which he was released from the clinic and sent off to live with a grandmother in Montpellier. Again he was enrolled in a new lycée. As his health and vitality came back, he found being watched and observed and controlled utterly intolerable. Everyone seemed afraid he would break his promise and run away, and finally, in April, that is what he did. He got to Marseille, went to a friend's house, and telephoned Gabrielle. He knew by then, but perhaps did not fully grasp, the meaning of the difficulties this would bring her. He understood that if he went into hiding—his intention now—she would be jailed.

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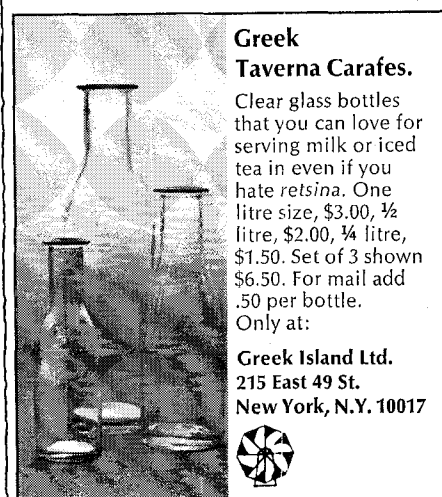
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"Do whatever you like," she is reported to have told him. They did not see each other. Except for one meeting in a public park, in the presence of another person, they never saw each other again.

After his telephone call, she prepared to be jailed with such resignation—with such self-satisfaction almost—that her friends were aroused. "She was highly intelligent," said one of her colleagues, "but in love she had the sentimentality of a little housemaid fresh from the country." Gabrielle said to her friends, "When I am in jail, Christian's parents will see how much I love him." One can only suppose that she had weighed all the consequences—whether her small twins needed her more than Christian needed a showdown with his parents, for instance. Valérie was at a holiday camp in the mountains. Gabrielle arranged for her cleaning woman to look after Joël, and, remembering the humiliating search of her apartment that had preceded the first arrest, she gave her personal papers to a neighbor. Two days after Christian had vanished from his grandmother's, Gabrielle was committed to the Marseille prison known as the Baumettes.

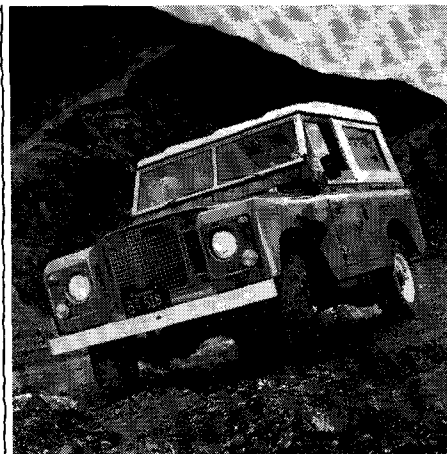
She was held until mid-June—two months in all. She still had not been convicted of anything. After her death, the Minister of Justice said that her "education" had been taken into account, and that the prison authorities had tried to limit the chances of "contagion" from other prisoners. He also remarked, crossly, that he was tired of hearing about bad conditions in the Baumettes. This prison consisted of three large blocks with barred windows, one block each for men, women, and juvenile offenders. Police dogs roamed the space between buildings and lights were played on the windows at night, as if it were a top-security edifice for criminal lunatics. Although the women were, as a rule, four to a cell, Gabrielle was given certain privileges: she was allowed at first to share a cell with only two women, both accountants, and considered closer to her by education than prostitutes. They were, in fact, a pair of active lesbians, and she loathed being shut up with them. She was horrified by nearly all of the prisoners. For the first time in her life this extreme romantic, the sheltered only child of middle-aged parents, came into contact with the by-products of poverty, prostitution, and thievery. Later, one of the other prisoners, a girl by the name of Muriel, told a reporter that Gabrielle was simply unable to understand or to

cope with "the spitefulness, the jealousy, and the vulgarity" that prevail in the penitentiary world. "She had lost even her name. She was nothing more than No. 59,264." Prisoners were allowed out in the walled courtyard between two and four in the afternoon. When Gabrielle first appeared in the yard, none of the other women knew anything about her. "Because her hair was cut very short, like a boy's, the most spiteful of the prisoners put the word around that she was a lesbian."

Odious comments and remarks were made in her presence. "Gabrielle, pale as the dead, listened without saying anything. She resembled a frightened little girl brought face to face with the ferocity of adults." In time, she learned to answer her tormentors "gently and intelligently." She infuriated the prison guards by her good manners, and because she never acquired the filth or the slang of prison jargon. She was forced to hear "revolting obscenities" addressed to her by these same guardians. Most of this abuse was about her having slept with an adolescent. One day when Gabrielle was reading in the prison library, one of the guards said to her, "What's the good of that to you? You're nothing but an old rag now. Your life is finished."

And yet in her letters she says that finally she came to prefer the guards to her fellow-prisoners. Her prison friendship with Muriel was a curious one. In a way, this girl, who was eighteen, seems to have become a nonsexual substitute for Christian. Muriel was a heroin addict, serving a sentence for possession of narcotics. Gabrielle took a great interest in her, nicknamed her Satan, and asked to have her as a cellmate. This request was granted. She immediately undertook the girl's education—drew up reading lists, accompanied her to the prison library. When they were parted, Gabrielle wrote her letters that seemed oddly intense, even given the high-keyed friendships people develop when they are shut up together: "Walls separate us, but I know you are somewhere. . . ."

AFTER Gabrielle's death, reporters found Muriel in the Marseille bars where drugs are sold. Her throaty young voice was recorded and widely broadcast. She blamed herself for Gabrielle's death, because she had never made an effort to see her. What seems most likely is that, once out of jail, Muriel had probably forgotten all about her. Remorse and guilt did not prevent Muriel from peddling Gabrielle's letters around. They turned up



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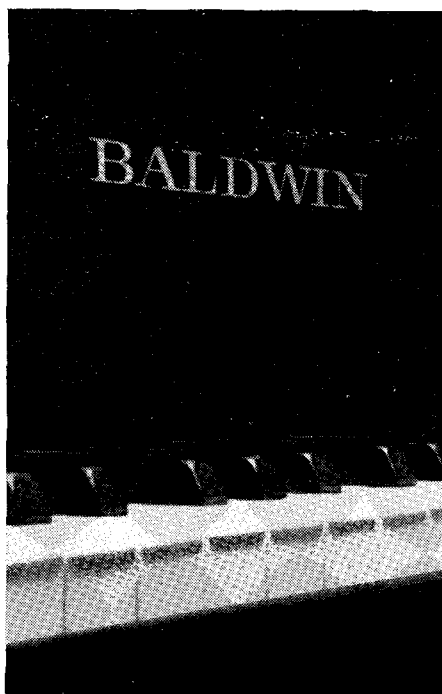
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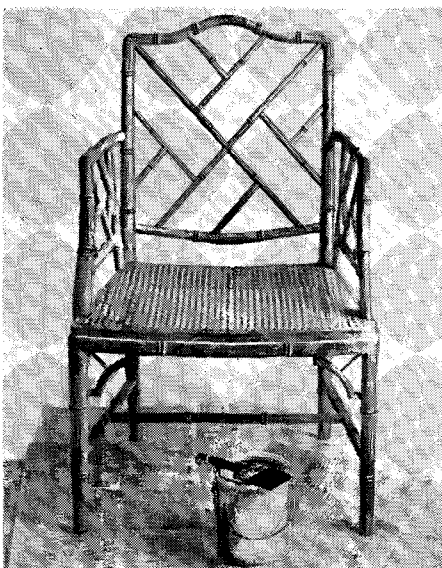
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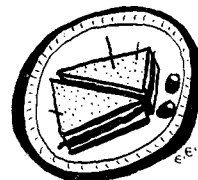
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in a women's magazine; they were read on the radio. A drug addict, especially a minor, was still something of an exotic item in France in 1969. The press attitude toward Muriel became tinged with some of the sentimentality spilled over from the Russier case once Gabrielle was dead. She was invariably described as "Muriel [or Satan], the little addict." These letters were different in tone from any others collected and published. Hearing one of them read by an actress during a radio broadcast, a listener could easily have thought it was a letter to Christian. Described as "poetic," the letters to Muriel were pedantic, flowery, romantic, and pretentious—"literary" in the worst sense of the word. Sometimes Gabrielle seemed to be addressing herself; when she spoke directly to Muriel, she seemed to be composing a love letter. One felt that Gabrielle must have been terribly innocent, and that she had a great desire to be loved and needed by someone young. The actresses chosen to read any of her letters invariably adopted pompous Comédie-Française diction thickly iced with sugar, and the real voice of the prisoner who had asked, "Why am I here and what have I done?" remained silent.

Gabrielle suffered enormously from the petty horrors of prison life. Her mail was not just read and stamped by the prison censor but held up by the examining magistrate, who was in no hurry. Some of her letters were lost and may have fallen by mistake into some legal wastepaper basket. Letters to her daughter were not delivered but simply disappeared. A neighbor of Gabrielle's wrote the judge, asking if she might visit Gabrielle in prison. Only relatives are allowed to see prisoners, and Gabrielle had none in Marseille. Her mother was an invalid, paralyzed and in a wheelchair, which meant that it was difficult for Gabrielle's elderly father to leave Paris. The judge never answered the request. If Gabrielle was jaunty at first, and decided to look on her imprisonment as a new experience, she soon fell into the despair that is typical of people who really do not understand why they have been arrested. That is, although she knew that Christian had run away and that she was being held as a hostage, she did not think she had done anything *wrong*. The Dominican nuns who visited her, and whom she liked, advised her to look on herself as a "political"—that is, political prisoner. It was good advice; in the Nazi camps of the Second World War, political prisoners were less likely to slip

into despair and had, apparently, a better chance of survival than people who had not done anything to provoke an arrest.

She was also desperately hard up. There was rent to be paid, and legal fees, and income tax, and the loss of Social Security because she was in jail. This was a blow, because it affected her children. She had devoted friends, but it does not sound as if any of them put their hands in their pockets for her—though surely that would be the first thing an imaginative friend would think of. Nevertheless, in terms of what



happens to "the humble" of France, her situation as a prisoner *was* privileged. She was only one of thousands who have been held without trial, with the law creeping along at snail's pace and their lives ruined and broken. Un-

til this happened to an educated Frenchwoman of good family, and for a reason the readers of popular newspapers could grasp and sympathize with—love—these other prisoners might as well have been trying to hang themselves in cells in South America. The feeling in France suddenly seemed to be "If it can happen to her, it can happen to me," whereas what happened to the Algerian street-sweeper would never affect anyone. There is absolutely no doubt that if she had been obscure and "humble" she would never have been heard of and there would never have been an editorial about her on the front page of *Le Figaro*.

Sixteen months before her first arrest, Algerian prisoners rioted in the Santé prison in Paris. It turned out, according to *Le Monde*, that there were twenty-seven hundred "North Africans and other foreigners" in cells each of which had only one small window just under the ceiling and, as sole sanitary installation, "a water closet without a seat, the bowl of which had to serve as a sink for washing their dishes and as a washbasin for their ablutions." When, during a heat wave, these conditions became intolerable, the prisoners began a hunger strike, of which no one took the least notice. Then they began singing and banging on the doors and throwing things out the windows. In the confusion that resulted, some of the prisoners said there had been severe beatings and perhaps a death. The prison authorities denied it, and that was that. There was never a word of followup to this story, in *Le Monde* or in any other newspaper, and one never heard it mentioned in private conversations. It was just simply not interesting. The public was never told what these men were in jail for, what their names

were, or anything else about them. And yet it is more than possible that half of them, or two-thirds, or even all of them, were held in preventive detention. Now, these conditions are no worse than in some other places and countries, including the State of Arkansas or New York City. But unless a middle-class public can see its own image reflected in someone like Gabrielle Russier, nobody—nobody in the middle class, that is—cares. "People held in preventive detention commit suicide all the time," said Casamayor. "They are humble persons. We never hear of them."

GABRIELLE's lawyers had made two demands for "temporary liberty," which were turned down, giving the impression that either the prisoner was dangerous or the charge very serious indeed. There has been no official explanation to this day why they were refused. The Minister of Justice said later that the question of her parole was "delicate," and that when she was released after her first arrest the examining magistrate had received letters of protest from parents. It was taken for granted by the public now that her imprisonment was a form of pressure on Christian, who was still in hiding. She was not freed, in fact, until the day he gave himself up. He told someone that he had not realized she was still in jail, and perhaps that is true, though the papers were full of it. He was now seventeen. He had never been on his own, except as a runaway, and had never earned his living or been responsible for anyone else. He may have been unable to realize what it means exactly to have a prison record, to be in jail, to be parted from your children, to fall hopelessly into debt, to lose your job, and to be barred from your profession. He has said in an interview that he wrote to Gabrielle twice a week but that she never answered. She seldom mentioned him in letters from prison. Her ex-husband, Michel Nogues, who had been loyal to her throughout, met her as she came out of the prison gates. He was shocked at the change in her. Everyone who saw her in the three weeks between her release and her trial spoke of her altered manner. She trembled, she shrank away as if afraid of a blow, she could barely speak above a whisper—much the symptoms of her nervous breakdown eight months before. She cried almost continually and seemed afraid of scoldings, like a child who has known too much harshness. Raymond Jean, who saw her at this time, said that she was "haggard, pale, undone, thin." She kept looking over

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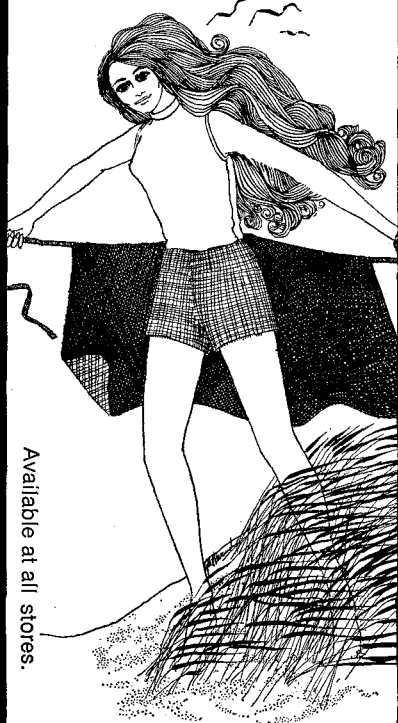
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her shoulder, as if she was afraid of being spied on, and she seemed to have trouble breathing. A woman friend who saw a great deal of her was convinced that this behavior was an act, and one of her lawyers thought so too. He said that he believed she had "simulated" some of her symptoms, or at least exaggerated them, but that the "break-down itself was real enough." Her entire conversation was about her life in prison and her terror and apprehension about the trial, which still loomed ahead. Once again Christian was packed off to stay with a relative, and his parents, at their wits' end, even suggested that he join the Navy. There was no contact between Gabrielle and him. They seem to have drifted out of each other's life. A news magazine reproached him in an editorial for having abandoned her, but there was not much he could have done at this point except get in the way. She wore out her friends by repeating the same questions over and over: How strong were the Rossis? What would become of her children? Would she be barred from teaching? Was she the victim of a plot involving the Rossis, the law, and the Ministry of National Education? She felt she had been "crushed by a rock" and that she had wandered into a Kafka world. Between the time of her release from jail in June and her trial in July, she was unable to cook, shop, look after her son Joël—her daughter was still in a holiday camp—or cope with even the simplest domestic situations. Michel del Castillo's book has an account of how a neighbor came into her darkened apartment one night and found Joël alone in his room and supperless, while Gabrielle cowered in an armchair in the living room. The neighbor asked her if the little boy had been given anything at all to eat. (It must be remembered that her children were not allowed to help themselves.) Gabrielle seemed unable to grasp the question or even understand what was being said to her. The kitchen was completely empty of food, as if she had not done any shopping for days.

"Timidly, Joël said, 'There are cornflakes in the cupboard.'"

"As though seized by a sudden fit of madness, Gabrielle leaped from her chair and screamed, 'Cornflakes! Cornflakes! I've had enough about cornflakes! I never want to hear about cornflakes! Never again!'"

She then crept behind the refrigerator and crouched on the floor, sobbing. When the neighbor, who had gone

back to her own apartment to prepare a meal for the child, returned half an hour later, she found Gabrielle in the same place, still crying. She told the neighbor, "They broke me in prison. There are times when I can't stand my own son or anyone. Yesterday I kicked the cat. I'm finished."

Her symptoms may have been "simulated," but her worries were real. She had been suggested for the post of university lecturer at Aix-en-Provence—something for which she was amply qualified. Twenty professors met June 27th to vote on the appointment, among them Raymond Jean, who argued in her favor, and Christian's father. She was turned down by a vote of eleven to nine. Then, two days before her trial, she received a letter asking her to repay the Ministry of National Education two months of her salary, for the time she had been in prison. It seems harsh and bureaucratic, and as if the Ministry of National Education had somehow been wondering where she was all that time and suddenly found out. Of course, there is another side to it: during the academic year of 1968-69 she had hardly set foot in a classroom, for she had been given a long sick leave, and after her first arrest had been suspended with pay for several months. (The suspension was not punitive; the principal of the lycée was afraid her presence might be "disruptive.") Gabrielle Russier did not pay back the two months' salary and probably couldn't. As the state's claim has never been revoked, this debt has been inherited by her twins. Joël and Valérie owe the Ministry of National Education two months of their late mother's salary, to be paid out of whatever their inheritance amounts to. Shortly before the trial, Gabrielle made an attempt to kill herself by taking



barbiturates. She was found in time by a neighbor, who persuaded her to see a psychiatrist. The psychiatrist said there was not much he could do, and he gave her a prescription for more sleeping pills.

In spite of her distraught state of mind, she did not lose her bearings. She pulled herself together enough to write to one of her students—a girl who was both her friend and Christian's—asking her to see if Christian might not be persuaded to appear in court at her trial on July 10th. She thought that if the magistrates could see the tall bearded figure described in the accusation as "a child" it might take some of the opprobrium from the charge. However, he was not called, he did not testify, he

made no deposition, and his presence was not considered "useful." Perhaps the testimony of a male minor is not taken into account (though a girl's might have been). What could he have testified? He might have testified that when she wanted to end the affair he broke down the door; that he had instigated the trip to Italy; that he had begged her to fetch him in Germany; that he had threatened to run away from boarding school unless she came to see him (and then ran away anyway); and finally—of capital importance—whether she was the first woman in his life or whether he'd had previous experiences and knew exactly what he was doing. Perhaps the court would have refused his deposition; on the other hand, it might have helped.

A French trial of this sort is a three-cornered affair. There is the accused, Gabrielle, represented by her counsel; the *partie civile*—Christian's family, with *their* counsel; there is the Public Prosecutor, or his deputy, who, as I have said, represents the Public Ministry, which means society, the people of France. To be more specific, it means the judiciary power of the prosecution in the name of the people of France. (An inexact equivalent of the *partie civile* in Anglo-Saxon law is the "complainant.") Once the Rossis had lodged their complaint against X, the matter was out of their hands—in that they could not have changed their minds and stopped the procedure—and became entirely the affair of the Public Ministry. The Public Prosecutor and his deputies are not ordinary lawyers but high-ranking magistrates. As their titles suggest, they conduct the prosecution, they ask for the sentence they think necessary, and if the jury or the presiding judge does not give the verdict or the sentence they ask for they have the right to appeal. The lawyers representing the *partie civile* also question the witnesses and the defendant, so it seems like two against one. What the complainants—in this case the Rossis—are asking for, as a rule, is damages. The damages can be a large sum or the symbolic one franc, the award of which confirms that the complainants have been harmed morally, or mentally, or in their public stature. One of Gabrielle Russier's lawyers remarked dryly, of the Rossis, "One would have expected [from Communists] a more nonchalant attitude toward bourgeois principles, bourgeois morality, and the bourgeois police." At the Russier trial, the Deputy Public Prosecutor had specific instructions to ask for a thirteen-month suspended sentence. It was of enormous im-

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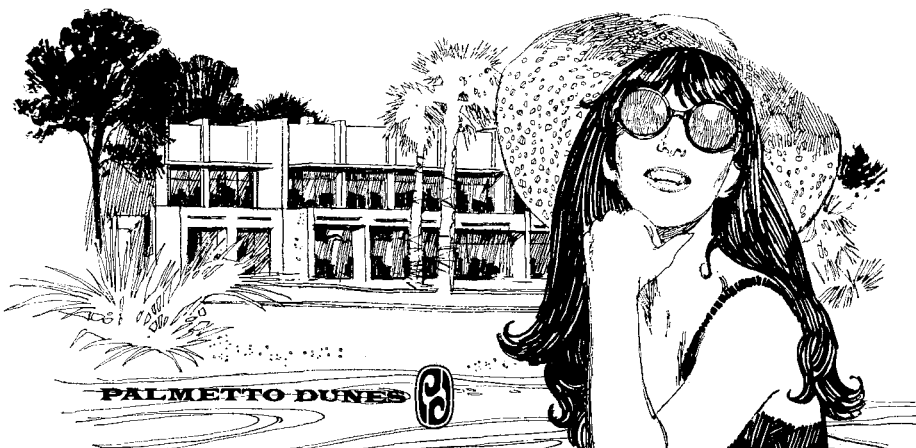
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portance, for Georges Pompidou had just become President of the Republic, and the tradition is that a new President declares an amnesty for all sentences of twelve months or less. (All traffic fines still pending are wiped out.) If Gabrielle Russier were to receive a sentence of twelve months or less, she would come under the shelter of this amnesty; she would not have a police record, and there would be no legitimate reason to prevent her from teaching. That was why the prosecutor had received instructions to ask for thirteen months.

On the day of the trial, the Palais de Justice was swarming with photographers and reporters. Gabrielle saw the father of Christian and had a curious exchange with him. As though afraid of being scolded, she told him it was not she who had invited the press. He reassured her. The concierge of the building watched Gabrielle go by and said the equivalent of "dirty bitch" between her teeth. As often happens at a hearing where a minor is involved, the court was cleared. Some of the public who did not know this was customary were left with the impression that the details of her liaison were too filthy and scabrous for delicate ears. When the sentence was announced the next day, Gabrielle was not in court. Because of the reporters, the photographers, and the knot of furious women lying in wait for her, Gabrielle's lawyer had obtained permission from the President of the Court for her to be absent during the reading of the verdict. She learned that she had been fined the equivalent of one hundred dollars and given a suspended sentence of twelve months, and so came under the Presidential amnesty. Her police record, as the French expression quaintly has it, "remained virginal." She shot off telegrams in all directions signed "Antigone" and "Phèdre," including one to her lawyer (signed "Antigone") that said, "Thank you. Long live the sun."

ABOUT thirty minutes after the sentence had been passed, the Deputy Public Prosecutor came up to Raymond Guy, Gabrielle's counsel, in the Palais de Justice and said, "I am going to appeal a *minima*. I have just received instructions."

The full Latin phrase would have been "*a minima paena*," meaning "from the smallest sentence." This is the appeal that the Public Ministry (in the name of society) brings when the Ministry thinks that a sentence has been too light. It is very rare. One of Gabrielle's lawyers said that between 1932 and 1969 he had known of only ten



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such appeals, and then in cases involving much more serious matters than the deviation of a sixteen-year-old boy by a woman. On the other hand, perhaps any aspect of public morality is a serious matter in France. In the summer of 1970, there was an appeal by the Public Ministry against the decision of a lower court acquitting a Bordeaux publisher on a charge of distributing pornography. What he had distributed was films intended for health and nudist clubs. The Court of Appeal also acquitted him, stating that the films were innocent. It was a decision that created a precedent: until 1970, the courts had been extremely severe where "reproductions of the human body in its entirety" were concerned. This is merely to point out that Public Ministry appeals may be rare but they are certainly selective. As a rule, if a defendant accepts the verdict of the court the matter ends there. But if he has the impertinence to appeal for a smaller sentence or a lower fine, the office of the Public Prosecutor will lodge a counter-appeal *a minima*, which may make the defendant wish he had accepted what he was given in the first place. Maître Naud, who came into the case at this point and who is a Paris barrister with a high reputation, called it "a sort of dreadful game." What was absolutely without precedence was the speed with which the Public Ministry issued its orders to the Deputy Prosecutor to appeal—within half an hour after the sentence. "In my career of thirty-seven years at the bar, I have never seen an appeal instituted so rapidly," said Maître Naud.

None of this was taking place in secret, but well lighted by the radio and the press, and accompanied by a volume of comment, debate, and protest almost unparalleled in recent French life.

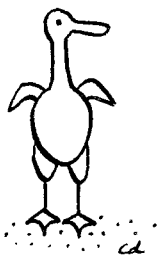
Victor Hugo's celebrated remark "The law is a machine that cannot move without crushing someone" was quoted by everyone who could remember it. There was scarcely any area of public life in which Gabrielle Russier's name was not mentioned. What seemed to outrage public opinion now was the disproportion between her offense and the weight of her punishment, and to an onlooker who knew little about the penal code the courts did seem capricious when it came to sentencing. Twelve months seemed severe compared with decisions handed down on charges that were much graver. A woman shot her husband to death because he was politically ambitious, did not want her to

meet his friends, had a mistress, and had threatened to leave her. She was acquitted, and as she left the court the omnipresent knot of neighborhood female furies cried, "Bravo Yvonne!" In 1969, a man in a suburb of Paris stabbed a neighbor to death because the neighbor's little girl had been bouncing a ball against his door. First he kicked the child; then he called up the stairs to the child's father, "Come down if you are a man;" then he got a knife and ran it into him. He was given a suspended sentence. In 1970, two grown men, brothers, got in an argument over what to feed their dog. One killed the other. The sentence was two years. In the spring of that same year, a woman killed her husband. Her defense was that he made her life intolerable. She was given a five-year *suspended sentence*. Children are regularly abused and ill-treated and some of them die of their wounds. What are the sentences? Suspended . . . two years . . . eighteen months. Nothing is as irritating to lawyers as comparisons of this kind, for in a French murder trial the jury is not asked to decide if the defendant *did it* but if he is *guilty*. It is absolutely untrue that in France an accused person is considered guilty until proved innocent; it only seems that way, because in French law there is no such thing as a plea of "not guilty." It does not exist. What the prisoner has to prove is that the examining magistrate had no right to indict him—in other words, that the state has no case. He can only protest

his innocence, and attempt to prove that he was arrested without reason. If you are arrested for murder but the jury finds extenuating circumstances, you are not guilty of the crime the state has charged you with even if you have caused the victim's death. For all its failings,

French law is more lenient and elastic than Anglo-American law on the question of guilt and intention, precisely because of the subtle but distinct separation of the fact from the circumstances.

As the Russier case was heard *in camera*, before a court of three judges, those persons who were present alone can know what was said, or what was held against her. Her sentence showed only that it must be tricky to be a defendant when some ministry or other has decided to make an example of you. In the case of the man who stabbed his neighbor, the court expressed sympathy for persons who live in noisy and jerry-built apartment houses. In the case of dead or battered



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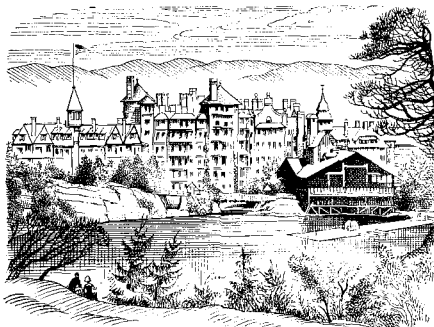
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children, the poverty or the alcoholism or the idiocy of the mother is taken into account. Gabrielle Russier had no such elements in her favor.

The Public Ministry now began to suggest that the appeal was nothing but routine. This gave the impression that the law was a great tidal wave no one knew how to stop. But there were respected lawyers who came forward to say, in public, that the appeal *a minima* was not routine, and that the law was being used as a repressive instrument.

In times of stress and confusion, the public in France relies for information on those radio stations that are not government-owned—Europe 1, Radio-Luxembourg, and, in the South, Radio-Monte-Carlo. Just how "independent" commercial stations are is another matter, but at least they seem to be free of a certain kind of unimaginative censorship.

It was over these "peripheral stations," as they are called, that the ordinary public, the more than fifty per cent of the population who never read newspapers, now learned what *a minima* was about, and that the appeal was not routine, and that the law was something mysterious called "*du Kafka*." But Casamayor was also heard, over one of these same stations, and he said that the law was not a Kafka mystery, nor was justice inevitably unjust: "The whole thing was an operation and she was its object." She was not the victim of something dark and compelling but merely of "men with opinions." Who were these men? They were in the Ministry of National Education, said some of her colleagues. Maître Naud, who was preparing to defend her before the Court of Appeal at Aix-en-Provence, had every intention of bringing up the rumor that the Ministry of National Education had asked the Public Ministry to make absolutely certain she could never teach again. There were people who found this idea hard to swallow, at the time. The Ministry of National Education has an enormous budget, an army of persons to deal with; it is responsible for everything from kindergartens to universities, and it seemed unlikely that men at the very top level of public life had nothing better to do than pursue and persecute a woman because she had once hidden a runaway. In time, it began to seem that if she *was* being hounded it must be for something left out of the penal code—for having had a young lover. The difference in age between Gabrielle and Christian was fifteen years, but she was often talked about as "old enough to have been his mother." Her opponents described her

as an aging nymphomaniac in search of her lost youth. This insistence on her age sounded curious in a country where women are considered young much longer than in the English-speaking world. Press accounts of any news event will describe as "a young woman" virtually any person under fifty, and the young boy infatuated with an older or married woman is a favorite subject in novels: "Chéri," "Le Diable au Corps," "Le Rouge et le Noir," "Le Blé en Herbe" come to mind one after the other. Some of Gabrielle Russier's friends thought that she was harassed for having sided with her students during the riots of 1968, and that her trial was really political. But in that case why Gabrielle Russier? Professor Rossi had been an active militant, he

was a Communist, and not only was he not being harassed but he was receiving the active assistance of the law. The "men with opinions" Casamayor had spoken of perhaps had opinions about her morals and nothing else. Later, the Deputy Public Prosecutor removed any ambiguity by putting it in the plainest possible language: "An inscription on the police file was needed so as to facilitate disciplinary action and remove her from her post. She deserved it."

It stands to reason that a section of the public thought she deserved it too, for the office of the Public Prosecutor rests on more than the "ideas" of a few men. There were all the parents who had objected when she was freed after her first arrest, for instance. She had women against her—mothers of sons, or just women anxious to let the world know they would never have fallen in love with a minor whatever the circumstances. Letters condemning her continued to arrive at women's magazines long after her death. Reams of similar letters were read aloud over Radio-Monte-Carlo—passion over this case reached an extraordinary pitch in the South—and Gabrielle Russier finally became a subject better not brought up at dinner parties, like the Dreyfus affair several generations before.

One other count against her was the fact that she was divorced. It sounds improbable in a country like France, where divorce is accepted, relatively easy to obtain, and widely practiced. But there exists a prejudice against a divorced woman not just in France but nearly everywhere. It comes to the surface if a private situation becomes a moral issue; then the person involved is not just a woman but a divorcée—though in similar circumstances no one is ever likely to pull a face over a divorced man. Even in the United States,

the last place one might expect it, this mental prohibition exists. "He liked the company of thirty-five-year-old blond divorcees" turned up not long ago in *Time*, and what it meant was "He liked the company of sleazy women." Take out the words "blond divorcees" and substitute "unmarried women" and see how the sentence sounds. So that if "divorcée" is journalists' shorthand for "floozy" even in America, what can it be in a country as Catholic and conservative as France? In all that was written about Gabrielle Russier, the phrase "a divorced woman with two children" clanged away like a clock endlessly striking, though her divorce had been the least scandalous imaginable: she and Michel Nogues had discovered they did not want the same kind of life, and they parted amicably. He remained her friend, and stood by her through the trial and after. Each time her status ("divorced") was mentioned in a certain tone of voice, one wondered if things had changed all that much since a pre-1914 French book of etiquette advised, "The divorced woman removes her wedding ring, she resumes her maiden name, and she tries to live a discreet and retired life."

Part of the public also believed that Gabrielle Russier should be made an example; otherwise there would be nothing to stop adolescents from leaving home, disobeying their parents, and starting up love affairs with elderly persons. Probably no Ministry of Education anywhere would want its instructors to keep falling in love with the children they teach. But perhaps not very many would. The French humorist Pierre Daninos has pointed out that whenever one does anything even slightly out of the way in France the response is invariably "But what if *everyone* did that?" There must be millions of students who would not sleep with their professors even if it were legal. Other arguments were more serious: She was a teacher, entrusted with the care of young persons outside their own homes. Replacing Christian's parents, she betrayed the trust they—and all the other parents—had placed in her. Also, as a teacher she was a civil servant and bound by a code demanding respectable behavior. "Gabrielle Russier gave a bad example," said the Deputy Public Prosecutor, "because she scoffed at parental authority. If she had at least made due apology..."

It would require a huge volume to record the positions taken and abandoned, the opinions asked for and supplied, the long debates in the form of

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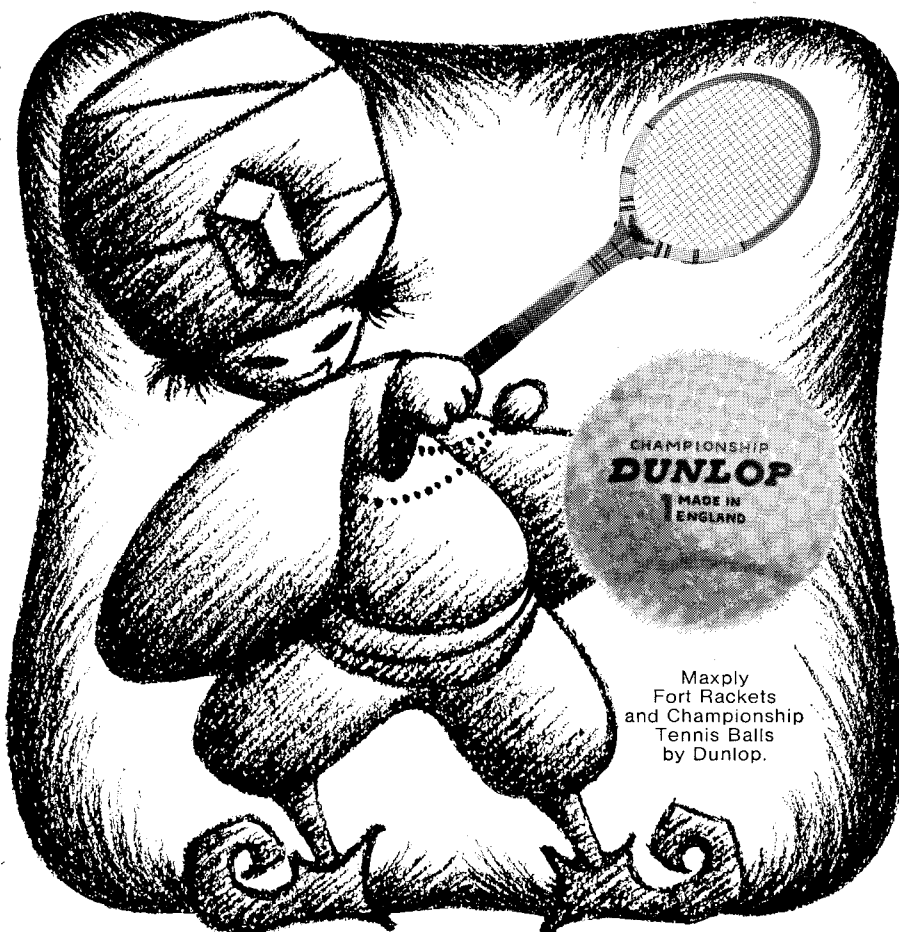


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letters, the speeches, the declarations, the statements of belief. Tracts littered the pavements around universities and lycées, and posters were pasted up in Aix-en-Provence and Marseille accusing society, the Fifth Republic, the teaching system, bourgeois hypocrisy, and Christian's family. Libellous gossip circulated wildly—everyone knew someone who knew that the Rossis had tried to have their son certified insane (they had not) or that they had all sorts of dubious reasons for wanting to break Gabrielle Russier for life. The Rossis had not asked for the appeal *a minima*; once they had Christian at home, that was all they wanted. It became impossible to point this out, because hardly anyone would listen. The voices of officialdom went on saying that the appeal was only a legal routine, and lawyers in private practice continued to retort that it was not. "They always ask for the maximum sentence and we nearly always get less," said one lawyer. "If the prosecutor were to appeal *a minima* each time, it would never end. Every case would go to appeal." When it was no longer necessary to prosecute this particular appeal because the defendant had killed herself, it was the turn of the Minister of Justice to explain, also through a radio station, "It was all legal. Everything was done within the law."

"They have made a mountain out of nothing," Gabrielle Russier wrote despairingly from jail, and that was how it began to seem—for what, exactly, had she done? Unless one accepted a love affair as something criminal, it seemed absurd to refer the case to a court of appeal. She had fallen in love and lost her head; encouraging Christian to lie to his parents was perhaps a mistake, a failure as their friend, but at that point she was neither friend nor teacher. If every weakness and subterfuge for which infatuation is responsible were punishable by law, no prison in the world would be large enough. As an adult involved with a minor, did she introduce him to some advanced form of vice? Did she make him drink? Give him drugs? Unlikely. She was, if anything, slightly puritanical. Did she make him unhappy, torture him, sequester him, spy on him, and make his life hell? Did she prevent him from studying? One letter she wrote him must certainly have been the least erotic message any woman ever sent her lover. It was an outline for work: Christian was to study Italian, he was to see two movies a week (one "cultural" and one anything), he was to read one French novel a week

and a few chapters of a foreign novel and write a weekly composition.... As her ex-husband said, she was a born educator. "The contact between them was not null," said her counsel, Raymond Guy. "In fact, it was profitable." He must have meant for Christian; by that time Gabrielle was dead.

THE shock of good news—the sentence of twelve months instead of thirteen—immediately followed by bad would have unsettled a character much tougher than Gabrielle Russier's. Her fears and worries about the new trial became so obsessive that a doctor advised a sleep cure, which she undertook in a hospital. She sent Joël off to a camp, and on the twentieth of July she left Marseille and went to a rest home in the Pyrenees "to avoid the depression that follows a sleep cure." Once again she tried to kill herself, and once again was found in time. Her letters spoke of her terrors: her lack of money, rent owing on her apartment, the fear that her children might become charges of the state. When she wrote, "I am not dramatizing. It is the situation that is dramatic," she was speaking the truth. Even an unimaginative woman would have felt helpless and beset. She had virtually no one in the world. Her parents were elderly and her mother a helpless invalid. Her ex-husband had done what he could, but he was not wealthy, and he was, after all, a man she had divorced. She had friends, but they were neither rich nor powerful, and she herself, as the product of a hard middle-class society where the expression "Everyone has his own problems" strikes the ear rather frequently, probably did not expect much. She did ask, in one letter, if a public subscription might not be opened in the left-



wing weekly *Le Nouvel Observateur*, which shows how desperate she must have been for help and money. The other people in the rest home had "only psychological problems, not real difficulties." But her defenses—like theirs, perhaps—were almost entirely eroded. She wrote "if something should happen to me" on August 1st.

She left the rest home on August 30th and came back to a Marseille that had been emptied by the last weekend of the summer holidays. It was a Saturday night. She was alone. No one met her at the station. The apartment house she lived in was as quiet as the rest of the city—nearly everyone had gone away. It seems incredible that the nurses and doctors and psychiatrists



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who had been dealing with her let her go off without getting in touch with some member of her family or a close friend. She did not bother to unpack. The next day—Sunday—someone came to see her. She and the visitor had a drink and she made coffee—the cups and the glasses were found. After the unknown guest departed, she sealed the cracks of the doors and windows with clothes and old newspapers, shut off the electric meter to avoid the risk of an explosion, and turned on the gas. She lay down on the bed and swallowed all the sleeping pills she had in the house. Firemen broke down the door on Monday. They found Gabrielle in a blue dressing gown, and the empty glasses and cups. Her visitor has never come forward to say what their last conversation was about. There was no inquest, no autopsy, and no one even took the fingerprints on the cups and glasses.

MAÎTRE NAUD, the lawyer who was to have represented Gabrielle at the Court of Appeal, received two messages in one day. One was the news that his client was dead, and the other a letter from her ex-husband, written a few days earlier. Michel Nogues was disturbed at the idea of a new trial and over the sort of publicity his ex-wife had been subjected to. He wanted the public to see "her real face," and he spoke of "her high moral worth." Their marriage had failed because of their opposing characters and points of view. Nevertheless, "I consider my ex-wife morally impeccable." She was also "an exceptional mother" and "an educator by vocation." This must have been the letter she had asked him to write on her behalf.

A few days later, Mme. Rossi agreed to be interviewed together with Christian. The outcry against her family was so enormous that she may have wanted to state her side of the affair. A reporter from Radio-Télévision-Luxembourg was allowed in the house with his recording equipment. Her voice was educated, hard, slightly masculine, and—not surprisingly—slightly emotional. Christian mumbled, and suddenly his mother's voice covered his: "Stop! Stop!" "Christian clenches his fists, stops talking, leaves the room," said the reporter. The next day, he was interviewed by the same person, but without his mother, in a café. He began by saying, "I can't speak, I can't speak." Then, responding to questions, he said that yes, he had been shut up in a psychiatric clinic. "It

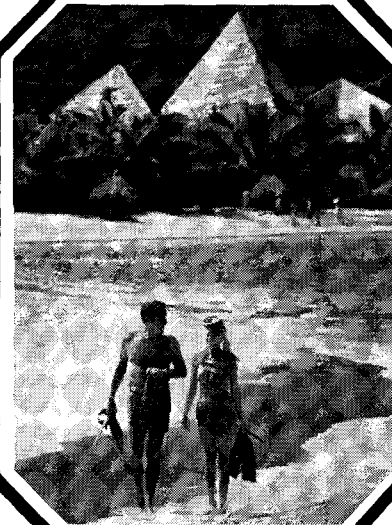
was traumatic." Why had this been done? "Well—you know—parents are responsible for their children. They have every right." Was it true that he had also been sent to an observation center? And why? "Because I was considered a delinquent minor. By my parents—I think." It had been "their decision." Had he loved Gabrielle? (What a question! Was he likely to say no a few days after her suicide?) "Yes." Had she loved him? "I think so," said Christian, making a careful division of responsibility; for who can say what the other person really thinks and feels? Did he feel to blame for her death? Absolutely not. "Justice" was responsible, he said. "And certainly my parents. I think so. I can't reproach them too much—not for the moment." But then he decided he blamed more than merely "justice" and his parents; there was the appeal *a minima*, and also her sleep cure, "if it is true that she took one"—his uncertainty showing that they had not been in touch before the end, that he had no idea what was happening to her or where she was. "You weren't suicidal after *your* sleep cure?" the reporter asked. "No, because I love life." Also, he was sure he would stay alive: "At least, I hope so!" He laughed, as if he and the interviewer were conspirators—at any rate, both living. He sounded charming and young. "She loved life too," he said quickly, overtaking any impression of carelessness. "But she was desperate. I know people who committed suicide after taking the sleep cure." One wondered what he meant, exactly. How many of his friends had killed them-

selves? How many had been obliged to undergo such extreme therapy? If it was true that this treatment was such a frequent cause of suicide that a seventeen-year-old had known several cases, wouldn't the law step in, or a medical

association? "Every day she saw that the day when we might perhaps live together was farther and farther away," he said, without explaining that, either—for every day brought him nearer his majority and freedom to choose. Apart from their brief and confused love affair when he was sixteen, they had not been together much. One wonders if they had really known each other well. Did Christian accuse anyone *in particular*? "I accuse everything," he said suddenly. "Society. Everything. Society, and judges, and parents. I accuse all reactionary and bourgeois parents." It sounded like a lesson, like memory work. It was not the voice of the person who had laughed



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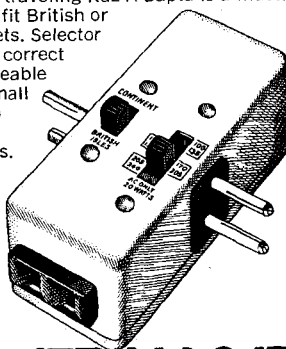
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a minute earlier and said, "I love life." He sounded like a parrot with a Marseille accent. "My future is my own business," he went on, in a new voice, a normal voice. "I won't forget what happened, but I wish everybody else would."

Two weeks later, he vanished again. He had not run away. "He is exiled," someone who knew the family said, on the radio. Also that the subject of Gabrielle Russier was taboo in the Rossi household, because of the three younger children. Christian was described as "torn" between his loyalty to his family and his rejection of them.

By the spring of 1970, he was living in Paris and was said to have broken with his parents. He was eighteen. His "correspondent," the person appointed by the court to keep an eye on a minor, was the Protestant minister who had married Gabrielle and Michel Nogues and christened her twins. In June, Christian sat for his baccalaureate examinations in his and Gabrielle Russier's old school; then he came back to Paris "to find employment." In a radio interview, his clergyman correspondent said that Christian was in a bad way. "Although I am a Christian, I would have found it hard to forgive my parents had I been in his place," said the minister. He was referring not to what happened to Gabrielle but to Christian's having been committed to the care of a Juvenile Court and to the sleep cure. "He must be left alone, in peace. Anything could happen now. His greatest terror is of being sent back to a psychiatric clinic. He is obsessed with this fear."

He is still living in Paris, and he failed his bac and is preparing for the examinations over again by correspondence course. At the beginning of this year, a film about the *affaire*—"Mourir d'Aimer"—was released, and in the next two months there was a spate of articles and interviews. A reporter for *France-Soir* said that Christian was working for thirteen hundred and fifty francs a month as an assistant projectionist in a Paris cinema, but two months later, when a reporter for another journal asked him what he was doing, he refused to answer. He is not as kind, or as neutral, about his parents as he was in September, 1969. Last January, in an interview over Radio-Luxembourg, a reporter asked, "Do you think you will ever see your parents again?" and the answer was "I might—you can't avoid seeing people accidentally, sometimes."

And *Le Nouvel Observateur* for March 1-7, 1971, had an interview

from which the following exchange is taken:

Q: Did they [his parents] love you very much?

CHRISTIAN ROSSI: I don't know.

Q: And you, do you love them?

C. R.: No.

Q: Why?

C.R.: Because I haven't all that much in common with them... You don't choose your parents. It seems fine to have parents who say they are on the left, who tell you, "It's the right thing to seize the college, or to occupy the lycée," but when it comes to adapting their ideas to their life or to the life you lead with them, *eh bien, ça ne va plus*.

NOT long after Gabrielle Russier's death, President Pompidou held a televised press conference. The last question, a totally unexpected one, was asked by a reporter from Radio-Télévision-Monte-Carlo: What had the President done about the Russier case, and, in view of the outcome, what did he think? "I won't tell you what I did," said the President, "but this is what I think." To those watching, he seemed truly taken aback, as if the question was the last one in the world he expected in a conference devoted to the Common Market and planes for Israel. He hesitated, as though he was deeply moved and trying to control his feelings, and at the same time wanted to be certain that what he said would be the right thing. President Pompidou is an *agréé* in French literature (as Gabrielle Russier had been) and the editor of an anthology of French poetry. Now he recited the first verse of a poem by Paul Éluard, as though drawing it out of the very back of his memory. This is a poem "about" something, as a story is: about a girl whose hair was cut off after the Liberation, probably because she had slept with Germans, and who was punished to divert attention from real collaborators, the truly guilty. The poet—and the President, apparently—felt "remorse" only for the victim who lay on the pavement "with the look of a lost child," who resembled "the dead" who perished "because they were loved." When poetry is translated, the result is either not faithful, not poetry, or not English. This is the verse that President Pompidou repeated:

*Comprenne qui voudra
Moi mon remords ce fut
La malheureuse qui resta
Sur le pavé
La victime raisonnable
À la robe déchirée
Au regard d'enfant perdue
Découronnée défigurée
Celle qui ressemble aux morts
Qui sont morts pour être aimés.*

No one knew what the President had meant by "what I did," for he

could not have interfered with legal procedure. The Minister of Justice had already explained, in a taped statement read over the radio, that the magistrates of the Public Ministry were not obliged to consult anyone, and each had acted within the law and "according to his conscience." What everyone seized on now were phrases from the Éluard poem: "my remorse," "the reasonable [i.e., well-behaved] victim," and, above all, "dead because they were loved." To a foreigner, it seemed an extraordinary moment for television—a great public figure caught off guard, and the head of a highly literate nation turning to literature in order to explain himself. The effect was somewhat lessened when the reporter from Radio-Télévision-Monte-Carlo said that the question had been planted, and that he had been "approached" and told that if he mentioned the Russier trial no one would object. If true, it is interesting that an independent, peripheral station was used, and not one of the government's own channels. The President of the Republic can't be responsible for every "approach" made in his name. His slight hesitation before replying, his emotion, and his surprise seemed too spontaneous to have been counterfeit. Perhaps he had already wondered what he would say if the question should be asked. Anyway, someone asked it.

BEFORE her death, Gabrielle Russier wrote, "If only what is happening to me could at least serve for something!" One thing did happen—a law was passed making preventive detention the exception rather than the rule. Some lawyers were still skeptical: they pointed out that under the penal code as it existed it was already supposed to be the exception. The Minister of Justice declared that the new law had nothing whatever to do with Gabrielle Russier. And the brother of a student arrested during a university riot wrote to *Le Monde* in July, 1970, protesting that his brother had been in jail since April and that the examining magistrate had now taken off for a month's vacation in Turkey.

For the rest: Two chalk inscriptions remained for a long time on the door of her apartment—"Z," meaning "She lives," and "Immortal Gatito." Her students had put them there.

—MAVIS GALLANT

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OFF BROADWAY

AT the end of "Black Girl," at the de Lys, the black girl, carrying a suitcase, walks off the stage and up the aisle of the theatre. She is around seventeen, she is called Billie Jean, and she has left her crowded home in Texas to go to college and, with luck, become a dancer. Breaking out of a slum or out of a domestic trap of any kind is a familiar theme by now, but the play, which was written by J. E. Franklin and directed by Shaunille Perry, and which amounts to a progression of small scenes, makes clear and absolutely convincing its characters and the predicaments they are in. When we first meet Billie Jean, she is almost literally fighting for her life and

for some breathing space and privacy. She has dropped out of school and secretly taken a job as a dancer at a local bar, and her two malicious sisters, also dropouts, are curdled with envy of anyone with her ambition or with the slightest urge to escape the trap. Her mother, a cleaning woman, neglects her own daughters and gives all her care and affection to the industrious students at a nearby high school where she works. Only Billie Jean's grandmother, the *dea ex machina* of the play, helps her out. The story, as I say, is as old as storytelling itself, and doesn't matter much anyway; the people of the play are fresh and sharply characterized and are never allowed—by Miss

Franklin, Miss Perry, or the actors—to become types. Many of the scenes are bitter and poignant or downright brutal, but just as many are joyous and funny. The funniest of them is the jaunty entrance of the usually dignified Arthur French, of all actors, wearing a slicked-down wig and a raspberry-colored suit with matching shirt and tie. Mr. French has the role of the mother's ex-husband, a slippery customer who returns, after six years of prosperous pimping in Detroit, to celebrate—if I could believe my ears—Mother's Day. His welcome by the family, accompanied by cries of "Gimme some money!," is nothing short of jubilant.

All the performances are interesting and believable. An actress named Kishasha, her sullen face a mask of hurt pride, plays not only Billie Jean but, on the side, every other bewildered adolescent on earth. Louise Stubbs does well as the mother whose guilt and whose love for her daughters are buried so deep that she cannot express them, and so does beautiful Minnie Gentry as the calm, authoritative grandmother. As the more aggressive of the wicked sisters, Gloria Edwards plays with a gleeful venom that is quite frightening. Mr. French is fine. The occasion also marks the debut of Arthur W. French III, aged five and following in his father's footsteps. Long may he flourish! As for J. E. Franklin, she shows herself a representative in good standing of that group of new black dramatists who manage to delight the black members of the audience (to judge from their response to every line and nuance) and at the same time to open up a whole world to the white members.

—EDITH OLIVER



"When the red, red robin comes bob, bob, bobbin' along,
along, there'll be no more sobbin' when he starts throbbin'
his old sweet song . . ."

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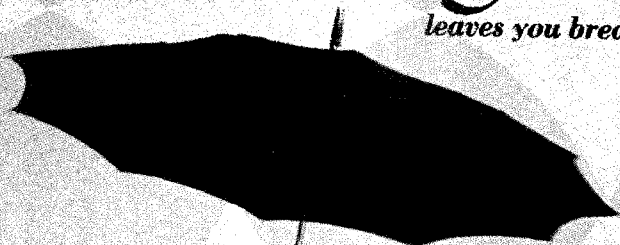
Smirnoff, a splash of soda,
a squeeze of lime. It looks and feels
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lighter. Friskier.

With bubbles that playfully
tweak your nose to help you forget

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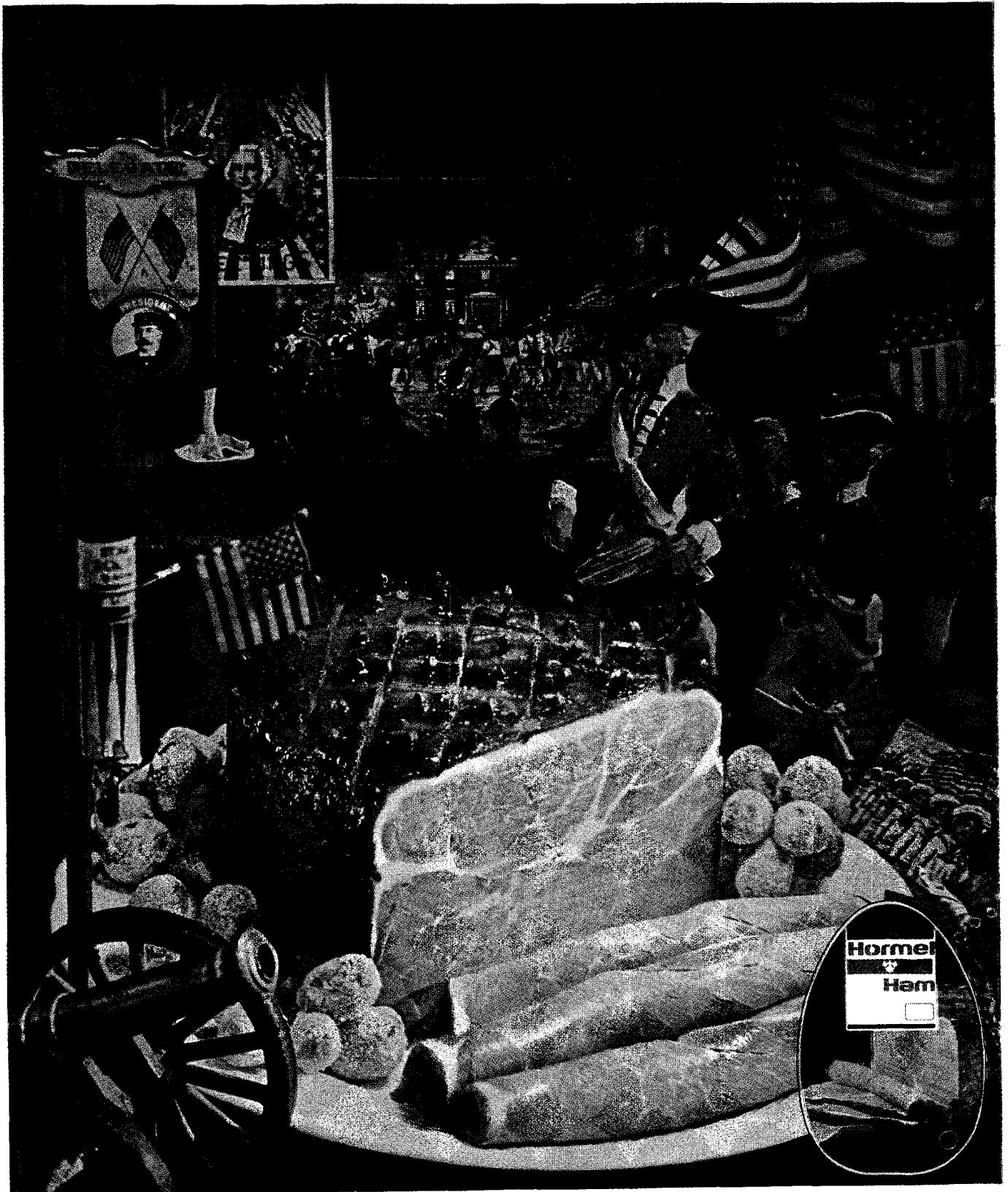
*This is the way the great day comes:
With flutter of flags and rumbling drums,
With a brave brass choir in the village square,
And a night alight from the rockets' glare.*

*With the kids and kin in their ranks arrayed
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AROUND CITY HALL

THE RIVALS

THE night after the 1971 session of the New York State Legislature finally adjourned, John Lindsay told a meeting of the New York State Conference of Mayors, at the Americana, that he could not recall a session "more chillingly anti-city . . . as blindly partisan. . . I cannot recall any leadership in this great state so opposed to progressive change, so ready to punish the poor . . . and so determined to exact the last pound of flesh from its opponents." The next day, with a crocodile air of concern, Nelson Rockefeller described the Mayor as a "poor man . . . under pressure . . . under emotional strain . . . emotionally upset." According to some reports, however, Lindsay had spent that day relaxing at his desk, across from a portrait of an embattled Fiorello LaGuardia, and trying to conceal from a constant stream of callers the fact that the expression on his own face was a relieved smile. The long crisis over the city's operating budget was nearly over, and much of what might go wrong during the next months could be—and certainly at City Hall *would* be—charged to someone else. The Legislature had made sharp cuts in the funds that Mayor Lindsay had asked for (although at regular intervals he had made his claim that only sixty-one per cent of the tax money New York annually sends to Albany finds its way back to the city), and had rejected several of his proposals for raising funds through local taxes—particularly a request for a far more substantial tax on the six hundred thousand commuters who work in the city. From now on, whenever a hospital staff was reduced or a retiring policeman not replaced, the Mayor could lift his hands, palms upward, and mention Albany.

This year, the Mayor might also be able to blame the City Council for a thing or two. Having got a list of the taxing powers that the legislators in Albany had granted the city, the Councilmen had voted not just to go along with most of them and then deplore the consequences, as they generally had in previous years, but to involve themselves in the dilemma of whether to impose the major taxes—many of which would bring them especially abusive treatment from their constituents—or to cut city services. The meeting at which the Council voted for involvement ("Be courageous!" "Search your souls!" cried the floor leaders) was held at night a few hours before the Legisla-

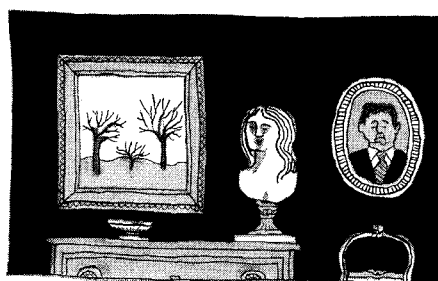
ture adjourned, and tempers were short. Councilman Robert I. Postel, of Manhattan, reminded Councilman Matthew J. Troy, Jr., of Queens, that a month earlier Troy had claimed he could slice five hundred million dollars from the Mayor's budget, and asked if he was now prepared to list the specific cuts. "Yes, but I'm not going to tell you so you can steal them from me," snapped Troy. Councilman Frank J. Biondillo, of Staten Island, having heard that Albany had passed a bill giving the city the option of raising an additional four million dollars by increasing the price of a ride on the Staten Island ferry from five to twenty-five cents, delivered a lengthy eulogy of the wisdom and supreme good judgment of Mario Merola, of the Bronx, who is chairman of the Council's Finance Committee, concluding, "With this I assume there will be no increase in the Staten Island ferry fare." Councilman Carter Burden, of Manhattan, thereupon complained of "legislation by flattery." A little later, Burden announced that the meeting reminded him of a performance of "Marat/Sade."

The news—which reached City Hall later that night—that shortly before adjournment the Legislature had voted a quarter-million-dollar appropriation for a commission to investigate the Lindsay administration was, of course, hardly welcome. "The protestations by Senate Majority Leader Earl W. Brydges that the motivation in establishing the commission could not be considered partisan because Mr. Lindsay himself is 'a member of our party' is an example of low comedy, even by Albany standards," the *Times* commented in an editorial a few days later. The Mayor's response was to engage in a low-comedy maneuver of his own. A City Hall press release issued at eleven that night—half an hour after Lindsay learned of the Albany move—declared that "after nearly two months of preparation" the Mayor was announcing the appointment of a City Commission on the State Government, to inquire into the latter's "effectiveness and effi-

ciency" and also to examine in detail the question of establishing New York as the fifty-first state. The next evening, speaking before the New York State Conference of Mayors, he opened with some one-liners. "The Legislature has raped the cities, and now they are accusing us of prostitution," he said, getting a big laugh. "It's very much like a man pushing you into the river and then blaming you for drowning." He did not look like a man who was drowning.

Even to the most casual follower of city affairs, the local budget crisis seems to have been going on virtually forever. In fact, it was on a freezing morning in December that the first city agency, the Police Department, sent a large delegation to City Hall's Blue Room, across from the Mayor's office, to outline for the Budget Director, Edward K. Hamilton, the department's needs for the coming fiscal year. The temperature hit ninety-three on the final day of the 1971 session of the Legislature (between three and five that afternoon the city's use of electrical power reached the highest point in history), when the state's lawmakers grudgingly passed the last of the bills that would affect New York's budget and broke for home. The six-hundred-and-twenty-five-million-dollar package voted to help repair what Lindsay had advertised as nearly a billion-dollar budget gap was a combination of a hundred-million-dollar federal grant guaranteed by the state, and a string of twenty separate bills authorizing the city to raise existing local taxes and fees and to impose new ones. Other city income from real-estate taxes, state and federal aid for specific purposes such as welfare, and special sources such as off-track betting will bring total city revenues to an estimated total of about eight billion and seven hundred million dollars, but when inflation and mandated wage and pension increases are allowed for, the end result, Lindsay continues to say, will be a budget that is "skintight . . . the tightest city budget since the Depression." Still, the situation could have been a good deal worse. Until the last days of the 1971 legislative session, the Assembly Speaker, Perry B. Duryea, Jr., of Montauk, who many people believe wants to be the next governor of the state, was insisting that the city should be granted no more than three hundred and seventy-five million dollars in funds and taxing powers. The improved outcome undoubtedly owes far more to the helpful intervention of Nelson Rockefeller than the Mayor seems ready to acknowledge publicly.

An outing that Lindsay made the



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Sunday before the end of the legislative session briefly threatened the Governor's delicate arrangements. Two days before the Legislature adjourned, the Mayor had ducked out of town to fill one of two commencement speaking dates he had accepted, out of seventy-nine invitations. Later the next week, he would address the graduating class of the Brooklyn Law School at the Waldorf-Astoria, but it was not lost on suspicious Lindsay-watchers that his destination that Sunday was St. Anselm's College, in Manchester, New Hampshire, the state that will hold the earliest 1972 Presidential primary. Some of them may also have been aware that the trip jibed neatly with a proposal in the final chapter of "The Advance Man," a just published account by Jerry Bruno and Jeff Greenfield, who was formerly a Lindsay speech writer, of Bruno's exploits as advance man for both John and Robert Kennedy. The significant chapter, boldly headed "How Lindsay Will Beat Nixon in 1972," outlines a Lindsay Presidential campaign beginning with "nonpolitical" appearances in New Hampshire, where the Mayor would "hit the colleges." Although the book specifies that Lindsay should have switched his allegiance to the Democrats by the time he made such a foray, at St. Anselm's the still Republican Mayor attacked with political evenhandedness both the present Administration and its Democratic predecessor for gross deceptions and mistakes in Southeast Asia, for spying on their own citizens, for using "excessive and illegal police actions to handle mass protests," and for suppressing dissent. Along the way, possibly to invite comparison with Governor Rockefeller's current close-harmony act with Albany's most conservative Republican legislators, the Mayor mentioned the Governor as a politician who had once displayed vision and courage in "denouncing reactionaries of his own party over the boos and catcalls at the 1964 Republican Convention." A photograph of the Mayor in his academic garb at St. Anselm's showed him wearing a dashing blue beret—a trophy of four years' service as a member of the Yale Corporation. (A similar picture taken at the Berkeley Charter Day ceremonies a year ago badly misled one far-right political fraternity with headquarters on the upper West Side. In a leaflet handed out on street corners, this group, whose literature discourages sympathy for the four young victims at Kent State on the ground that three of them were Jewish, accused Lindsay of revealing his true political sympathies

by appearing in public in what they described as "the beret of the Black Panthers.") It wasn't the beret picture but one of a bareheaded Mayor at St. Anselm's that threatened to queer the city's fiscal status. Taken before the commencement ceremony, it showed Lindsay lolling on the campus grass, calm and smiling. Prominent city-haters in Albany reportedly had dozens of copies of this one photocopied and passed around among their fellow-assemblymen and state senators to demonstrate how unconcerned the Mayor was over New York's plight, and also over the predicament of the legislators, still mired in the city's problems in dreary Albany. Fortunately for the local budget, the final legislative day was half over, and the legislators' bags were packed, before the picture got wide distribution in the State Capitol. A week after the adjournment in Albany, the city's Comptroller, Abraham Beame, a Democrat, would charge that Lindsay's staff had underestimated the city's 1971-72 revenues by three hundred and thirty million dollars. City Council leaders immediately promised that if this were true they would "slash the Mayor's tax package to ribbons." However, an over-estimation of revenues last spring—made largely, according to Lindsay's Budget Director, as a result of relying on figures provided by Beame—had made it necessary for the city to borrow three hundred million dollars to pay its bills through the current fiscal year. Though the shrill charges and counter-charges will continue to rend the air for another week or two, few expect that in the end the new tax bite on the average New Yorker will be much less painful than that authorized in the Legislature's final hours—although he will be spared some nuisance taxes, and the Staten Island ferry riders will almost certainly continue to travel across the bay for a nickel, as they have since the last century.

SOME observers detected a nice symmetry in the fact that the last two days of the legislative session coincided with the strike that for a brief time came close to isolating New York City—or, at any rate, its central business areas—from much of the rest of the state. This, of course, was the union action whose most memorable aspect was the disabling of twenty-seven of the city's twenty-nine drawbridges. Throughout the spring, Rockefeller and the Albany legislative leaders had treated New York as if it were a pestilential island whose fate must be arranged from a distance by responsible

public figures—a category in which they included few of the city's elected representatives. Sometimes Washington joined in the game. During the height of the Albany infighting over the city budget, the Governor was photographed at the White House in chummy conversation with the President. Within hours thereafter, the Justice Department announced a seven-and-a-half-million-dollar grant to speed up the prosecution of narcotics cases here—a bounty that, by implication, could never have been negotiated by the non-compos city administration. That same week, a conference of police chiefs and sheriffs summoned to the capital from all over the country to consider what to do about the killing of American policemen—fifty-one have been killed since the beginning of the year—did not include Patrick V. Murphy, police commissioner of the city where seven of the deaths had occurred, two of them less than two weeks earlier. The White House, which also has its comedians, explained that Murphy had been excluded because he is a “police commissioner” rather than a “police chief.”

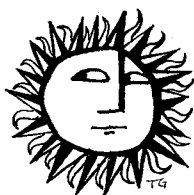
The great drawbridge crisis turned out to be a minor, if dramatic, skirmish in the nationwide hostilities between inner-city and suburban residents, which, it now seems clear, will be the central American conflict of the nineteen-seventies. The strike's leaders—Victor Gotbaum, head of the union that has jurisdiction over a hundred and twenty thousand municipal workers, and Barry Feinstein, leader of an allied local of the teamsters' union which controls the men on the bridges—had hoped to demonstrate to the Legislature their unions' vast powers to inconvenience commuters from suburban areas, whose representatives make up a large bloc of the Legislature, and thus force Albany to give its approval to a pension agreement that the city had negotiated with the unions nearly a year earlier. “This is guerrilla warfare against the rich Republican commuters,” said Nicholas Kisburg, legislative lobbyist for the teamsters. “It's not just the pension. New York is an occupied city. . . . They're refusing to let New York govern itself.” Before the strikers went back to work (on terms that, at least officially, amounted to little more than a promise that, the Legislature's angry reaction to the strike having been to kill the pension bill for this session, the city would sponsor it again in 1972, an election year, when a hundred and twenty thousand

voters might not be treated so cavalierly), Lindsay mentioned at a press conference that most of the city's suburban commuters and their representatives in Albany contend that they owe the city little or no tax support. (The local commuter's city tax rate is about an eighth that of a city resident.) He said he hoped they had taken note of the massive and costly resources, including hundreds of policemen on overtime, that the city had rushed to their rescue so they could get into the city to make the money that made it possible for them to live in the suburbs. He did not confuse his listeners by mentioning that Feinstein and Gotbaum, the two union leaders primarily involved in the strike action against the commuters, live in Rockland and Westchester Counties, respectively.

“No one wins a strike,” Lindsay remarked at the press conference. If this one had a beneficiary, it was the Mayor himself. His designation of the unions' action as “immoral, illegal, and outrageous” and his swift move into the courts to stop it gained him even the unaccustomed approval of the *News*. In the aftermath, as legislators and commuters' organizations attacked the unions, which gave back as good as they got, Lindsay, for once, was comfortably out of the line of fire. Meanwhile, the trouble that the proposed pension agreement fell into in Albany may well prove to have eased the city's negotiations with its uniformed employees—firemen, policemen, and sanitation workers—with whom contract talks remain at an impasse, largely because of their unions' demands for

more liberal pension arrangements (retirement on full pay after thirty years, for example) than the city can afford. In addition, a permanent commission set up this month by the Legislature, directed to study all phases of public pension and retirement programs in the state, may well recommend that such questions be separated from the collective-bargaining process—an outcome Lindsay has said he would welcome.

Among some other measures passed by the “chillingly anti-city” Legislature which many people believe Lindsay won't mind seeing go into effect (though he has called its provisions “unsound on every count”) is the bill, sponsored by Rockefeller, that calls for the removal from rent control of all voluntarily vacated apartments and forbids the imposing of such controls on housing units in the future. The law may or may not do what Rockefeller

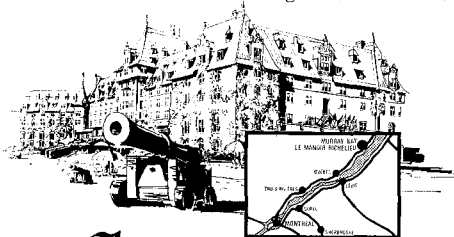


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appears to sincerely believe it will—encourage private real-estate interests to resume construction in a city where only about six thousand housing units were privately built last year, and where the estimated annual loss of housing units as the result of deterioration and abandonment runs as high as thirty thousand. Though any such new apartments would almost certainly be in the luxury category, proponents of the "trickle-down" theory argue that trading up will open enough older, cheaper units along the line to keep the middle class in the city, and perhaps, in time, even provide better housing for much poorer New Yorkers. The least that can be said for the measure, and perhaps also the most, is that it *might* work, in contrast to the present system, which has entirely failed to halt the disastrous slide in the quality and quantity of local housing—a situation that is often pointed to as Lindsay's greatest failure. Yet as the mayor of a city where some seventy per cent of the residents are tenants—the highest percentage in the country—Lindsay could not himself have sponsored an experiment so weakening to rent control without destroying his political base in the only area that has so far ever elected him to anything.

PERHAPS the most that can be said for the Legislature's new commission to investigate the government of New York City is that, in Rockefeller's view, it will keep Lindsay so busy answering subpoenas that he won't have a spare moment to run for President on any ticket. (A member of the Mayor's staff commented tartly that in setting up the commission the Legislature seemed to have handed out subpoena powers to everybody but the kids in the State Capitol mail room.) One legislator referred to it as "a Seabury-type thing," not finding it necessary to add that one of the results of the Seabury inquiry of four decades ago was the resignation in disgrace of a mayor of New York. Even in Albany, however, no one seems to seriously believe that Lindsay or any important member of his staff has anything stowed away in a little tin box. (The Marcus case is generally accepted as an individual aberration, about which Lindsay could fairly say, "I have been ill-used.") The adjectives that Rockefeller and Republican legislative leaders hung on Lindsay earlier this month were "inept" and "extravagant." To these charges the commission should have little trouble finding witnesses; twenty-three high-level members of Lindsay's staff have left his

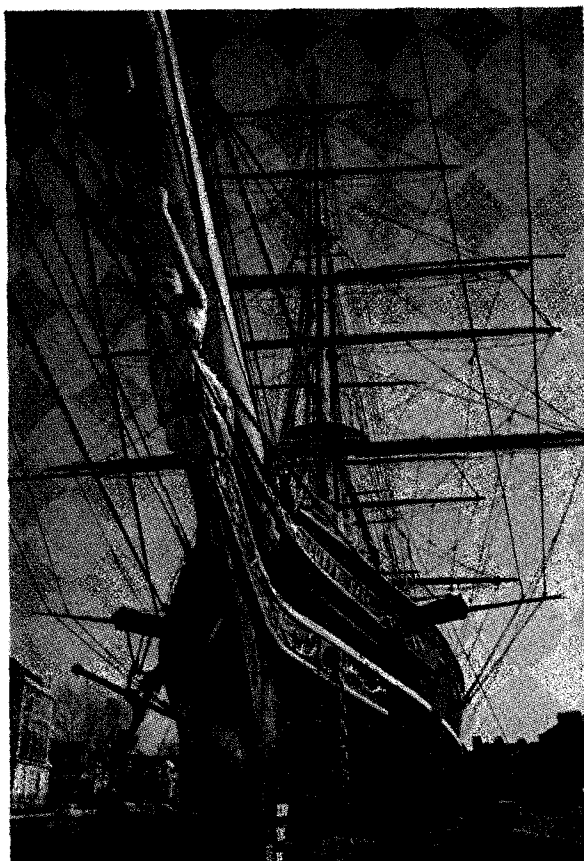
administration since he was reelected, though not always in a huff. On the other hand, Rockefeller, the sponsor of Albany's vast South Mall, for which State Comptroller Arthur Levitt recently predicted a total cost of a billion and a half dollars, may not be in the best position to charge a political rival with extravagance. As for the Republican Legislature that voted for the commission, its members are now fairly well known as the men who, having cut the daily food allotment of New York City welfare recipients to eighty-eight cents on the ground of a dire

shortage of state funds, in the last days of the session amplified the fifteen-thousand-dollar salary of each legislator with a two-thousand-dollar increase in his annual three-thousand-dollar payment in lieu of expenses (known as a "lulu"). They also made financial arrangements that amounted to granting an extra five thousand dollars to each Republican state senator and thirty-five hundred to each Democrat—good money for a part-time job that in an ordinary year occupies them for only a few days each week between early January and mid-May. It is not clear what Lindsay's instantly improvised investigation of the efficiency of the state government will amount to. His commission may not have subpoena powers, and it certainly won't have a quarter of a million dollars to play around with, but there are rumors that it already has a theme song entitled "I Found a Ten-Thousand-Dollar Lulu on a Billion-Dollar Rockefeller Mall."

It is possible, of course, that while many state Republicans are focussing so much of their attention on how to make things tough for Lindsay, his mind is not on them at all. Last week, he was busy commuting to the convention of the United States Conference of Mayors, in Philadelphia, where he helped lead the successful fight for a resolution urging the withdrawal of all United States troops from Vietnam by December 31st. Rockefeller's remarks about the Mayor's strained emotional condition were made the morning before the Governor addressed the hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-plate annual dinner of the Republican State Committee, to which Lindsay had sent a brief note saying that he could not attend, because of a previous engagement. He then went on a three-hour walking tour of the South Bronx and East Harlem. This put him one up on Senator Edward Kennedy, who didn't get to Bedford-Stuyvesant until the following day.

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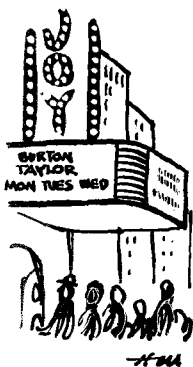
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Gondola, Simca, Hedgehog

VISCONTI's film of Thomas Mann's "Death in Venice" is a peculiar mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carry-on. Seldom can sense of humor have been so grandly cast to the winds. The film is a masterpiece of disregard for everything but the imperious, the beautiful, the symbolic, the cultivated. It is plainly the work of a great man whose command of the metamorphosis of a difficult achievement in literature is subtle and august. It has a wonderful feeling for history on the turn; Visconti has always been able to impart that, like Russian writers. Mann set his story in 1911 or so, responding to the death of Mahler. There is a far drum of change that beats in the movie, as there is in Visconti's "Senso" and "The Leopard." All the same, something mars the work this time. Self-importance, maybe. The fumes of it roll around the edges of the beautiful scenes like the stench that slink through Mann's cholera-riddled Venice.

Dirk Bogarde plays Gustav Aschenbach, made up to look very close to photographs of Thomas Mann himself. The hero of the story was a writer; Visconti's screenplay, done with Nicola Badalucco, turns him back into a composer like Mahler. Aschenbach has forsworn instinct and accident for an art of serenity and concord. His symphonies are greeted with gusts of abuse that affront his ideals as much as they wound his spirit. He also has a turbulent pupil to deal with, named Alfred, who speaks for Schoenberg and storms around the grand piano with furious arguments about music which draw on the Mahler-Schoenberg exchanges. Rows about art are always difficult. "Every chord is a catastrophe!" yells Alfred, hitting the furniture. "Tell me, what lies at the bottom of the mainstream? Mediocrity!" And yet what lies at the bottom of all the swirling talk about beauty is sometimes something better—something that Visconti can do in a very fine way, and that has a likeness to the mood of the aging Prince during the ball scene in "The Leopard": a reminder from the Schoenberg character that Aschenbach's decisions are already taken and that he has run out of time to think about them. Aschenbach's stay

in Venice (the Alfred scenes are interjected) is a story of yielding by a man who has death already in his head, who makes a gondola look a particularly immaculate and shapely coffin, and who conceives his unrequited love for the ravishing fourteen-year-old boy at the Hôtel des Bains in a spirit that includes renunciation and loss from the start.



He wears a dapper hat, a white linen suit so unmerciful to his crabbed figure that it looks as if it had a coat hanger left in the shoulders, and a wool scarf against the danger of a nip in the air. He would use a word like "inclement," you feel, and probably loathe himself for the spinsterishness of it. Arriving in Venice, he pokes at his luggage with his umbrella like a dowager in a farmyard

shooing away an assault of pullets. There are occasional chasms of self-amusement in his testiness, which are some of the best moments in Bogarde's performance. I don't mean the sequence of sardonic laughing that he has to execute about dying—about his own death—which looks an actor's nightmare, being done in closeup and without the context of an enclosing scene. Aschenbach has just taken in the fact that Venice is prey to Asiatic cholera, and that the family of the boy he adores should leave at once, and then, it seems, he suddenly feels the first bite of the disease himself. Or perhaps, with an irony dropped like a sack of cement, he is also laughing at the things that the knowing young Alfred/Schoenberg doesn't know after all. Alfred seems a great bully. (It is a more delicate sarcasm that Visconti should have drawn on Schoenberg to create the character: years after "Death in Venice" was written, Thomas Mann and Schoenberg were to have a furious feud about Schoenberg's solemn contention that the composer in "Doctor Faustus"—who is, after all, a figure in fiction—had stolen the credit for inventing the twelve-tone system.)

The boy, Tazio, played by Bjorn Andresen, is a wonder to look at, with long gold curls and an exquisite face. His mother is played by Silvana Mangano, her head swathed in the cream veiling of a huge hat. The family speaks Polish. Tazio wanders about on the beach with his sailor-suited brothers and sisters; the low background mutter

of their alien language colors Aschenbach's romance with the unattainable. He breakfasts alone, commands a newspaper, watches them out of the corner of his eye, trails the boy through the streets of Venice, where fires lighted against the plague are beginning to fog the air. Back on the Lido, the Hôtel des Bains still seems impregnable. The orchestra plays stately teatime tunes, the indoor palms presumably get watered at some unseen time of day by a platoon of the liveried servants who move around one another mutely and without bumping, like goldfish. Ferdinando Scarfioffi's art direction and Piero Tosi's costumes are beautiful. Winds snap at the awnings of beach huts; women wearing hats as big as the hotel lampshades walk about with children on distant pale sands. Pasquale de Santis' photography is liquid and easy, with a lot of held long-shots that sometimes embody the thought of the dying, pining, observing Aschenbach more humanly than the script does. Visconti's sense of sight has often been more affectionate and detailed than his sense of a life story.

SIMON THE SWISS, so called because he's methodical, is the hero of Claude Lelouch's thriller "The Crook." If he were not played by Jean-Louis Trintignant, who has quietly become the Bogart of his generation, I doubt whether his ambitious omniscience would be so likable. It is not the crackable omniscience of Sherlock Holmes, with his weaknesses for cocaine and the violin and Irene. Simon the Swiss began as a lawyer; presumably finding the paperwork bad for his eyes, or something, he turned to crime. He makes a spectacular escape from prison and seeks out his ex-wife, who has remarried and had his baby in the meantime. The ex-wife drops everything for him, and they have a skin-crawling conversation in a car about their past while their attentive child is leaning over from the back seat.

The clever plot—the script is by Lelouch, Pierre Uytterhoeven, and Claude Pinoteau—concerns a colossal kidnapping haul. You watch it laden with an unwon rush of sentiment about another child, who is kidnapped in the middle of a televised Simca-promotion show. The parch-faced parents, glib and excited, have had a swindling call about winning a Simca. The father works in a bank, and he has a bank clerk's soul. The plot puts him in positions that his character can't sustain, glossing over that cruelty by enrolling an audience's natural loathing of banks

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in a plot turn that holds the bank for ransom by playing on its wish to seem a family-loving institution.

Lelouch may have found his natural grain in this film, which leans not on the popular love interest of his "A Man and a Woman" but on something more like the popular sadism of Hitchcock, exploiting the pang when character traits in weak people are suddenly outscaled and outwitted by criminal events. It is all smooth, gifted, impossible to stop watching, not very admirable. "The Crook" is like a salesman who has his foot in the front door, just self-deprecating enough about his job to make one hear him out. The ending, like a lot of thriller endings, involves a blow from Nemesis that has the vicious nursery morality of the stories in "Struwpeter."

FALSTAFF and Prince Hal, Papageno and Papagena, Popeye and Olive Oyl, Lear and Fool, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, Peter Rabbit and Benjamin Bunny. The ringing characters in fiction are often the paired opposites. Beatrix Potter, creator of the last two, has just been celebrated in the Royal Ballet's film "Tales of Beatrix Potter." The onlie begetter of Peter Rabbit, Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle, Pigling Bland, the tenebrous Mr. Tod, the neurotically housewifely frog called Mr. Jeremy Fisher, whose cautious mackintosh saves him from the guts of a large trout because trouts are displeased with the taste of mackintosh, Miss Potter belongs in the list of great authors of fiction. She wrote about animals endowed with distinct purposes and with identities as clear and convivial as the summer light of Cumberland and Westmorland, where her classics are set. We are in the Lake District, but it isn't Wordsworth's. Miss Potter would never care to tell us that a cloud can be lonely. Her characters are placed in predicaments as concrete as the way she writes English, which has the beat of a grandfather clock. Jemima Puddle-Duck is thwarted by a farmer's wife from hatching her own eggs:

... she set off on a fine spring afternoon along the cartroad that leads over the hill.

She was wearing a shawl and a poke bonnet.

In Beatrix Potter's watercolors, which are made to seem an even greater wonder in the film's devoted use of them, we see Jemima excitably in flight and then alighting rather heavily after the exercise to try some nesting on a tree stump amongst the tall foxgloves. A fox, however, is already

sitting on the stump. He is an elegantly dressed gentleman, as Jemima sees him, with sandy-colored whiskers, reading a newspaper.

The gentleman raised his eyes above his newspaper and looked curiously at Jemima—

"Madam, have you lost your way?" said he. He had a long bushy tail which he was sitting upon, as the stump was somewhat damp.

The crisp details, the alliteration, the firmness of the pretty paragraphing are part of Beatrix Potter's genius. Her characters create a world of human beings transposed, busy with private endeavors, terse about the soporific effects on rabbits of eating too much lettuce, devoted to picnics. The social system is a fixed one, and the vernacular is unmuddled. Her washerwoman hedgehog introduces herself:

"My name is Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle; oh yes if you please'm, I'm an excellent clear-starcher!"

Obsolete skills come up, or long words like "conscientious" and "superfluous," but no five-year-old ever jibs. The rhythm is local, sunlit, aphoristic. This is English as it can best be. No wonder so many phrases have lodged in the back of so many million grown-up heads. "A minnow! A minnow! I have him by the nose." "No teeth. No teeth. No teeth."

Beatrix Potter was born in 1866. She was brought up in some loneliness in London, reprieved by holidays in the North Country that she came from by heredity and by nature. The books, which began to be published only when she was thirty-five, describe a world that she created with the lucidity of exile. The vision has a peculiar social exactness. Her smiling, foxy villains, like the one who sends Jemima Puddle-Duck in search of sage and onions with the intention of later roasting her traditionally flavored, foretell genteel English murder suspects like Dr. John Bodkin Adams and Christie of Rillington Place. The friendships in her books are unbreakable, and the tales avoid the fatal, though not the loss of a beloved pair of galoshes; all the same, she records a world of force, classically passionate, where the eyes of a hypocrite occasionally glitter dangerously through the woods. Characters go on vivid quests, to lay forbidden eggs or to steal lettuce or to furnish a nursery mousehole with booty dragged from an unguarded doll's house.

Miss Potter's mind communicates itself as both downright and delicate. She was to remain on her own, after a forbidden engagement that was ended

by her fiancé's death, until her late forties. Then she married a Lake District lawyer who handled some sheep-farm property she had bought. It seems they were greatly happy. She is described by people who remember her as shrewd and practical, dressed usually in a tweed skirt fastened at the back with a safety pin. The historic things in her stories are extremely matter-of-fact. The movie shares her likings. She was devoted to the excitement of precise catalogues. She will go through the account of an animal duel as if she were doing an inventory. She is magically accurate—so is the Royal Ballet's picture—about the mayhem created by the Two Bad Mice when they break a load of doll's-house plates in fury at plaster hams and fishes that only bend the doll's-house lead knives, and then explode the dolls' bedroom mattress in a storm of feathers, though prudently saving a bolster that may yet go down their mousehole.

The film is a day off, halcyon, prodigal. Sir Frederick Ashron plays Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle, bustling about in an apron with a hand-knitted muffler tucked into the front straps. His hedgehog mask, by Rotislav Doboujinsky—this is the best mask-making outside Russia—looks domestic and piercing. The picture was shot partly in Cumberland, partly in a wonderfully created studio world where scale is everything. The Royal Ballet mice, using their tails as skipping ropes, measure up to a little above the skirting board of a farm kitchen where an iron frying pan hung beside a range throws a shadow in a huge and golden room. We see Jemima Puddle-Duck and the fox (Ann Howard and Robert Mead), and then the love affair between the slope-shouldered Pigling Bland and his adored Black Berkshire lady pig (Alexander Grant and Brenda Last). The two of them have a pigs' pas de deux that is as joyful as any picnic in the world. It ends, as good picnics do, with dark falling, and Pigling Bland leads his love along a Cumberland road in a navy-blue dusk in front of a lit stone farmhouse.

We go to Jeremy Fisher, the dapper-toed, hypochondriac frog who wears pointed galoshes and who braves the rain to fish from a water-lily leaf, equipped with a butterfly sandwich in a brown wicker basket. Jeremy Fisher, danced by Michael Coleman, does the most elating leaps in the picture. He has an elegant brocade waistcoat and Belle Époque thighs; he is a dream of frogness. Then the Two Bad Mice—Wayne Sleep and Lesley Collier—

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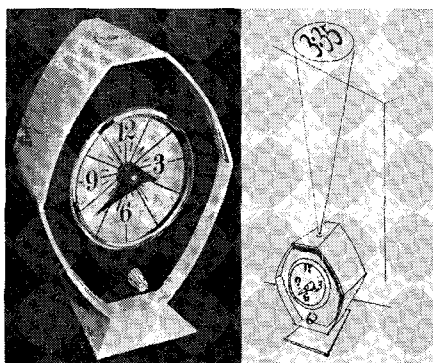
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creep into a nursery that has a Victorian rocking horse looming into the right-hand side of the frame, and a replica of Beatrix Potter's famous drawing of a doll's house in the essential faded pink that she immortalized. The doll's house is big enough for the mouse dancers to rifle but much smaller than the rocking horse; the burglars look alert and radical. In the finale, everyone satisfactorily meets. Peter Rabbit runs riot in a field of lettuces before he finds the whole cast having tea; he hides, being of a shy nature. A squirrel pelts the eaters with nuts and then paddles away in a squirrel flotilla across a Cumberland lake. The pigs lean against each other in a pyramid of dozy affection. A debonair town mouse with a rolled umbrella and a pale-blue frock coat does a dazzling solo, kicking the umbrella as if it were the third leg in a tripod. The unmanageable rural mice trample in jam tarts, and Pigling Bland leads his crinolined beloved in an opiate love duet. Pigs' trotters transform perfectly into feet doing point work. John Lanchbery's music is pastoral and rowdy, full of brilliant turns, like a court scene in a nineteenth-century ballet. The design is by Christine Edzard, the direction by Reginald Mills; the choreography is by Sir Frederick Ashton himself, that droll, spirited man now officially called retired, whose work at Covent Garden has so often skimmed into the blue of fun and dressing up. The last glimpse in the film is a pull-away from a huge Cumberland field with the figure of Sir Frederick's washerwoman hedgehog hurrying rather rheumatically toward a far-off dry-stone wall, bent on some errand of her own as twilight thickens the end of an undimmed summer day. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

Parises' remarks came as the Board of Supervisors reviewed a letter yesterday from Arlee F. Scott, president of Scott Bros. signs, protesting the fact that "scenic corridor" designation would ban billboards from the roadsides.

"I think his point is well-taken. We collect a lot of (tax) money on these signs," Parises declared.

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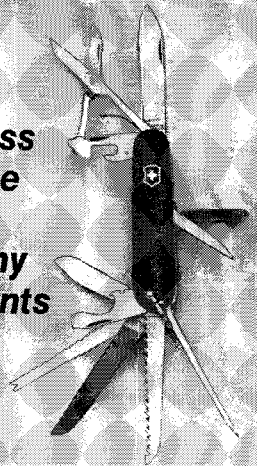
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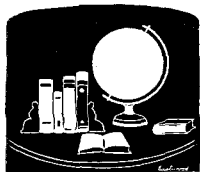
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BOOKS

Red Herring



IF psychiatrists are anything, they are historians; their job requires skill at preparing a case history—the record that enables a doctor to study the past of a particular individual. Yet psychiatrists and psychoanalysts rarely think about the past of their own profession, and the history of psychiatry (or, indeed, medicine) is not taught in many medical schools, so young psychiatrists often come to regard contemporary theories of mental illness as the revealed truths that our era has miraculously unearthed, rather than the latest in a long series of speculations, each of which has a substantial connection with its predecessors. But there *are* some good books on the topic; for psychiatrists, one thinks of, for instance, “The History of Psychiatry,” by Franz Alexander and Sheldon Selesnick. And now there is “George III and the Mad Business” (Pantheon; ten dollars), the product of years of research by two English psychiatrists, Ida Macalpine and Richard Hunter. The book is an ideal one for medical students and young doctors, not to mention the general reader: it is clearly written and utterly without dismaying jargon; furthermore, it is about a particular person, a particular set of “complaints”—and therefore full of concrete descriptions in place of abstractions and polemical theories. Finally, it is a historical study that asks the reader to think about all sorts of contemporary social and political issues—which is to say that the situation in which an English monarch and his subjects found themselves a hundred and fifty years ago is not unique but is potentially the problem of any ruler and his people.

In June of 1788, King George III of England suffered what was called a “bilious fever.” The attack (termed “smart” in those days, rather than “acute” or “sharp”) persisted for a fort-

night, and the King went to Cheltenham to take the brackish waters of a spring that were believed to help gouty patients. During the summer, he became well again, but in the middle of October he once more took sick. His stomach hurt. He had trouble breathing, and cramps in one leg. He was given purgatives, but a fever developed, as well as a slight yellowing around the eyes, and his power of concentration began to fail. His speech became rambling, his spirits were low, and his behavior was erratic. William Pitt, who was his Prime Minister, and the other men in the Cabinet began to wonder what they should do if the King’s condition worsened, which it did.

The King of England was not then a mere symbol of continuity; he shared power with Parliament and his ministers. His “mental illness,” which is what we would call it, precipitated a constitutional crisis, and the nation’s leading physicians fought one another madly (one is tempted to say) over the King’s diagnosis, prognosis, and treatment. Was George truly out of his mind? Would he ever recover? Ought the Prince of Wales to take over? Should the King, increasingly wild and incomprehensible, be restrained and coerced like any “ordinary” madman? These questions suggest only some of the issues. Pitt and Edmund Burke

were battling one another for political power. Pitt had good reason to hope for the King’s recovery and to insist that he be given the benefit of the doubt during his illness; for Mr. Burke and his fellow-Whigs, the accession of the Prince of Wales, who favored their views, to the throne was desirable indeed. The King’s wife and many children and aides and servants and helpers were also willing to scheme and take sides and reveal themselves to be less than totally loyal to him. At stake was power, in jeopardy was a nation’s government, and at odds were those at the top—men whose devotion to King and Country was matched by their devotion to their own ambitions and purposes.

The fifty-year-old George waged a tumultuous and poignant battle for his sanity. He knew, even before his doctors did, that he was losing control of his mind. He felt driven to talk, to keep on the move, however frivolous or absurd the activity. He became confused—at times silent and sullen, at times talkative and expansive. He seemed incurable, and in November of that year it was rumored that he was dead. The Prince of Wales was already allotting ministries to his friends and associates, and the fights between George’s doctors were as severe as his condition, as malicious as the political intrigue. Each doctor, it seemed, had his particular medical theory, his particular political cause. And the need to confine the King (and thereby acknowledge his mental state) intensified the arguments between the physicians. Let us cite Dr. Macalpine and Dr. Hunter:

The situation in which the royal physicians found themselves was not an enviable one. They were frightened by their unmanageable sovereign and his unpredictable behavior. They had to account for his condition and their measures to the ministers of the crown. They had to consider the feelings of the Queen and her family and to bear in mind that the King himself was likely to see their reports in the papers—if not at the time



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LITTLE, BROWN



then surely if he recovered. They were also apprehensive that the future of the Government hung on what they said. They were shadowed by the Prince of Wales and the Chancellor, harassed by public opinion, and had newsmongers breathing down their necks. They had to think of their professional reputation, and above all else loomed the remorseless fact that they did not, as indeed they could not, know what was the matter with their patient.

The doctors unquestionably helped the King feel weaker, more confused, more frustrated, more frightened. They bled him. They blistered his skin. They made him vomit. They gave him cathartics, and little to eat. They talked about the "fever," the "disorder," the "indisposition," the "restlessness." They knew he had lost his mind (once he "talked for nineteen hours without scarce any intermission"), and so they hovered over him, cowering before him in his rages but nevertheless playing tricks on him, lying to him, restraining him by keeping him "swaddled in fine linen." Finally, despite his "oaths" and "indecencies," they got him to Kew, where he would be nearer his London doctors than in Windsor and not so easily observed by the public. There they tied him to his bed and called in a Dr. Willis, "the keeper of a madhouse in Lincolnshire," a man "of peculiar skill and practice in intellectual maladies." His presence embarrassed not only the King but many in the royal entourage; "the poor Queen had most painfully concurred in a measure which seemed to fix the nature of the King's attack in the face of the world."

Dr. Willis came with his physician son and three keepers, called "physical assistants." He talked about "breaking in" patients, rather as horses are tamed. The battle between the doctors and the poor, beleaguered, self-doubting, but assertive and courageous King intensified: "No account of the illness from this point on can disregard the King's treatment, and to what extent the turbulence he displayed was provoked by the repressive and punitive methods by which he was ruled."

The King took an intense dislike to his new doctors, and was declared to have a delusional hatred of them. They began applying not only force to his body but another label to his state of mind—"consequential madness." They boasted of their experience with madness. They tied George in a chair and lectured him for hours. (The elder Dr. Willis had been a clergyman.)

When he objected, he was gagged. Nevertheless, he gradually improved. ("Not always can nature be trusted to triumph against such odds," the authors of this book dryly observe.) He became more composed. He slept better. His appetite improved. Eventually, he was once again able to speak and write coherently. At the end of February of 1789, he ordered an end to his physicians' public reports on his condition.

For the next twelve years, during which he was in good health, doctors all over England kept speculating on what had happened to their King, and how he should have been treated. One ascribed the illness to "nervous fevers," and chastised his medical colleagues for the cruel treatment of the King. Rather than starve, purge, and bleed

him, efforts should have been made "to invigorate, by all possible means, the body, and to afford every consolation to the mind of their royal patient." There was talk of his "species of mania." The speculations heightened in February of 1801, when he lapsed into a "hurry of spirits." The Drs. Willis returned. Again the patient was berated, intimidated, brutalized, and his relatives and friends helplessly obeyed the arrogant commands of the Doctors, versed as they were in "the mad business." Yet the King recovered in a month or two, only to fall sick in 1804 and once more in 1810. He had by then been king for fifty years, and this last attack in effect brought an end to his rule. He was growing senile, and he was put in the care of the Queen, a group of advisers, and the Prince of Wales, now the Prince Regent. He died in 1820, at the age of eighty-two, still under constraint:

What had placed George III at such a disadvantage as a patient were the exigencies of being King. Now these had ceased, and yet—however sad to say, he was treated worse than many of his subjects might have been—he was still kept prisoner in close solitary and silent confinement.

In these words, Dr. Macalpine and Dr. Hunter declare their great sympathy for George III. They have written a lucid account of a perplexing royal illness, and they offer a diagnosis that contradicts the King's doctors and all the speculations of their confreres—that the King was afflicted with porphyria, a disease known only since the nineteen-thirties. In every cell of the body there are purple-red pigments, or porphyrins, which give blood its color. Patients suffering from porphyria se-



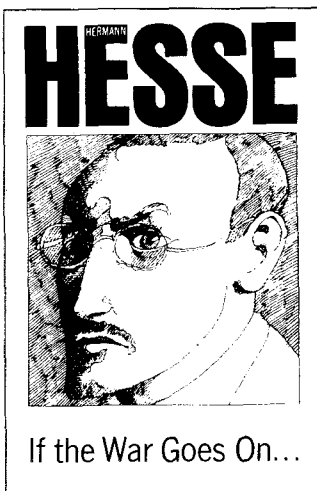
crete abnormal amounts of pigments, and this can damage the nervous system. The disease, which is hereditary, is transmitted as a Mendelian dominant, which means that half the offspring of an affected parent can be afflicted. The exact nature of the biochemical disorder is not known, and no specific treatment exists. One sign of porphyria is discolored urine. King George's physicians mentioned "dark" or "bilious" or "bloody" urine in their reports, but porphyria is not the only disease that can cause such a development.

This diagnosis of King George would not be convincing unless Dr. Macalpine and Dr. Hunter could prove that the reports of the royal physicians accord with present-day knowledge of how porphyria has manifested itself in the few patients who suffer from it. The two authors had also to adduce evidence that George's disorder plagued his ancestors and his descendants. Porphyria is, as I have said, an inherited disease, but it resembles a wide variety of infections, neurological diseases, and psychiatric disorders. The history of the Houses of Stuart, Tudor, and Hanover had to be scrutinized for evidence of similar seizures. And are any living descendants of George susceptible to porphyria? One can carry the disease but lack any symptoms. The excess pigment shows up in laboratory tests, but without these an afflicted person will be unaware that anything unusual has happened to him.

Our first task was to ascertain whether porphyria actually occurred in the family. We therefore searched for living descendants in whom its existence could be established in the laboratory. Although this meant a bold intrusion into privacy for which we still feel apologetic, we were fortunate to obtain the necessary cooperation which made it possible to diagnose it in four living family members. This provided the material evidence of necessity lacking in posthumous diagnosis.

After intensive search, the authors feel that they can demonstrate strong evidence of porphyria in a number of England's kings, dukes, and duchesses. No one will ever be able to establish whether Mary Queen of Scots, say, or George IV, the eldest son of George III, had porphyria, but they certainly had symptoms not unlike those of George III, though not as severe. Even today, doctors can fail to spot porphyria or mistake it for something else; even today, the diagnosis is not always clear-cut. The authors do not say that certain people in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries could have suffered only from that disease; the tone of "George III and the Mad Busi-

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ness" is quiet, thoughtful, and undog-
matic. "Facts have their limits, but the-
ories seemingly none," say the authors.
They have not forgotten their words.
And they have added an account of
how psychiatrists and certain historians
have considered King George—as a
neurotic, a manic-depressive, a victim of
a psychosomatic disturbance, and so on.
Every whim and fancy, every habit
and decision has been abstracted to
fit the needs of this or that psychiatric
or psychoanalytic ideologue. The au-
thors of this book speak of the "mor-
alising and patronizing attitude" and
the "strange lack of sympathy" in ac-
counts of the King's difficulties. Other
historical figures, too, have been post-
humously "analyzed" in such a way
that they become caricatures of them-
selves—and, indeed, of any human
being—and thousands of other patients
are still described in a degrading, in-
sulting manner, and treated like King
George; that is, stripped of their dig-
nity, locked up, and kept locked up.
The two psychiatrists who have writ-
ten about King George deserve thanks
from their own countrymen for help-
ing set straight a period of English his-
tory, from readers lucky enough to
come across this book, and from those
of us who have daily cause to know the
injustices that thrive even in the best
clinics and hospitals. —ROBERT COLES

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WINTER OF THE FISHER, by
Cameron Langford (Norton). An
animal novel that is actually a novel.
Mr. Langford has chosen in the
fisher—a large, weasel-like predator
of the Canadian forest, whose beau-
tiful black-brown pelt has led to its
near extinction—an interesting sub-
ject, and he demonstrates a convinc-
ing understanding of its nature, but
he goes far beyond the usual tour-
de-force depiction of the growing-
hunting-mating cycle. He confronts
his fisher—a young, first-wintering
male—with an elderly and friendly
Ojibway Indian recluse. He then
confronts the fisher with a white and
hardworking trapper. He then con-
fronts the Indian with the trapper in
a situation created by the animal
presence. The result of these con-
frontations is an extraordinary ten-
sion, and a glimpse—oblique but
lasting—of animality, of wildness.

GENERAL

ROBERT, EARL OF ESSEX, by Robert
Lacey (Atheneum). This first-rate

biography offers a modern look at
Queen Elizabeth's turbulent favor-
ite, who lost his head first metaphori-
cally and then literally; it also de-
scribes Tudor autocracy at the end
of its rope. Both Elizabeth and Essex
were acutely concerned with mon-
ey—he with making it, and she with
the difficulties of public finance at a
time when the costs of English gov-
ernment had begun to outstrip its in-
come. Essex sought his fortune in
warlike enterprises which the Queen
disliked because they were expen-
sive but which, as Mr. Lacey points
out, were in every case undertaken
as part of British policy. The matter
was, simply, that Essex was just not
up to the jobs he held, and Eliza-
beth, the author thinks, was at fault
for appointing him. Essex was ahead
of his time in appealing for the sup-
port of public opinion against the
court, but was a man of his time in
having no idea how to use the popu-
lar backing he won. Englishmen,
Mr. Lacey remarks, did not learn to
manipulate an aroused citizenry un-
til the reign of Charles I, which
ended with the monarch, not the
rebel, on the block. Mr. Lacey's tale
is no love story—he doubts whether
either Elizabeth or Essex was capa-
ble of love—but, instead, a story of
the allurements of power.

CONFESSIONS OF A WHITE RACIST, by
Larry L. King (Viking). This is the
work of a born Texan, and so to
Northern white readers it may very
well appear—at the start, anyhow—
to have little to do with them and
their sins against their black fel-
low-citizens. But Mr. King is an
engaging and persuasive narrator,
and as his memoir proceeds from the
South to the North, from civilian life
to the Army, from a congressman's
Washington office to Harvard Uni-
versity, the reader begins to see that
his confessions belong to all white
people. Mr. King, an enormously
kind and smart man who used to be
an optimist about race relations, is
not a bit happy about the present
separatist mood of black youth, but,
on the basis of his experience, he sees
how it arose. So will the reader.

Two Latin-speaking young men were
in conversation in the pint-sized lobby of
Eros 1. One of them was the ticket-
taker. He said the theater had been
there "about a year."—Pete Hamill in
the Post.

That's easy. *Aedificium cinematicum
iam unum annum adest.*

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